

Hymns of the Christian Life



EDITED BY

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER ^{AND} REV. A. B. SIMPSON



NEW YORK
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Benson

HYMNS
OF THE
CHRISTIAN LIFE
New and Standard Songs

FOR THE
SANCTUARY, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS,
MISSION WORK AND REVIVAL SERVICES

EDITED BY
CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER ^{AND} REV. A. B. SIMPSON

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise
unto our God!" *Ps. xl. 3.*
"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing
praise to my God while I have my being." *Ps. civ. 33.*

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PRICE LIST ON LAST PAGE

WITHDRAWN

PREFACE.

THE musical taste of our day is in a state of transition. Beyond controversy the people *will* have new tunes and hymns that move in a more spirited time than those which our fathers sang. But this fact should not send us to an extreme, and cause us to relegate all the old hymns to the dusty past. Experience has proven a thousand times that the safest path lies in the middle of the road, avoiding either edge; and this is surely the best course to pursue in the selection of our sacred music. Between the Scotch Psalter and the Salvation Army Song Book there is a wide stretch of territory in which the careful explorer will find much that is good, and possessing that rare quality, endurance.

Bearing in mind these facts, the preparation of HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE has been conducted with the greatest care in the selection of material; almost every well-known composer has been drawn upon; and no expense has been spared to secure the largest number of the best hymns that can be crowded into the unusually large space allowed. The music has been thoroughly tested; the words critically examined; and the whole reviewed many times.

Special attention is called to the arrangement under classified topics, an advantage not to be found (with one exception), in any modern American hymn book outside the church hymnals. This classification is of immense value to all pastors, evangelists, and leaders of meetings generally, enabling them at once to turn to a large number of hymns on a given subject.

The topics of *Invitation*, and *Salvation* will be found unusually rich for Gospel Work. Many choice solos have been introduced, for special use.

With the belief that a book has been at last prepared that is fully suited for a modern church hymnal, and at the same time adapted to the needs of the prayer meeting, and general gospel work, we present HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, for the service of our common Lord and Saviour, praying His blessing upon it, for His name's sake.

THE PUBLISHERS.

HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Slow.

1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
 2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts we pray;
 3. From all sin, grant us ex - emp-tion, Wash us in the cleans-ing flood;
 4. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;

Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
 To Thine im - age, Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
 Let us know the full re - demp-tion Pur - chased for us by the blood.
 Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.

D.S. Breathe up-on us, Breathe up-on us, Lord, bap - tize us now with fire.

CHORUS.

rit. D.S.

Breathe up - on us, Breathe up-on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire. . .

2. Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin; His
 2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire; His
 3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer; His
 4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour; And

power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
 power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
 voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
 while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.

CHORUS.

O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
 4th v.—O Spir - it of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And

pur - i - fy each wait - ing heart; Bap - tize us with pow'r to - day.
 like a rush - ing, night - y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3.

O Blessed Paraclete.

Tune, Boylston, p. 7.

- 1 O blessed Paraclete
 Assert Thine inward sway;
 My body make the temple meet,
 For Thy perpetual stay.
- 2 Too long this house of Thine
 By alien loves possessed,
 Has shut from Thee its inner shrine,
 Kept Thee a slighted guest.

- 3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
 The veil of my poor heart;
 Enter Thy long forbidden rest,
 And nevermore depart.
- 4 Oh, to be filled with Thee!
 I ask not aught beside;
 For all unholy guests must flee,
 If Thou in me abide.

A. J. GORDON, by per.

Holy Spirit, Come.

ALEX. M. CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour dear, Set me free from slav-ish
 2. May Thy blood, for sin once spilt, Cleanse me from my crim-son
 3. Bless-ed Lord, oh, bless-ed Lamb, Now I come just as I
 4. May Thy sanc - ti - fy - ing power Aid me in life's dark-est

fear, Fill me with Thy per - fect love, Fit me
 guilt, May its nev - er ceas - ing flow, Wash and
 am, This my prayer, my on - ly plea, That Thy
 hour, Free me from the guilt of sin, Wash and

CHORUS.

for a home a - bove. Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O
 keep me white as snow.
 blood was shed for me.
 keep me pure with - in.

Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O

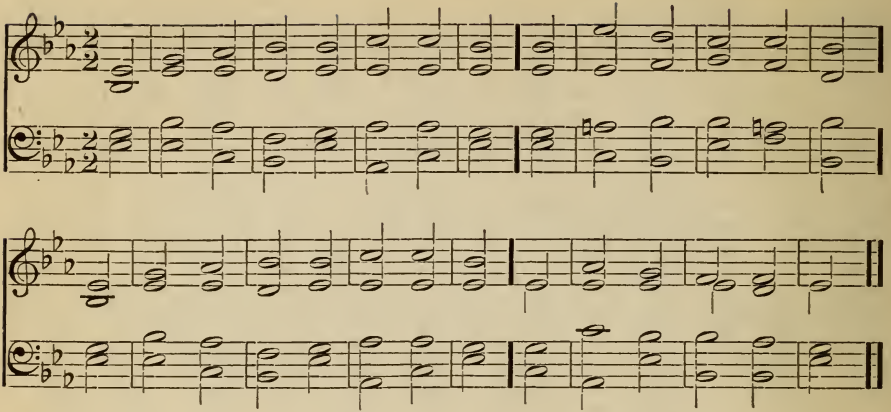
come, Give me vic - to - ry, . . Wash me

come, Give, O give me vic - to - ry, . .

in . . the cleansing blood, Sanc - ti - fy . . and per - fect me.

Wash me in the cleans-ing blood, (5) Sanc - ti - fy and per - fect me.

Tallis. C. M.



5. The Peace of God. C. M.

- 1 The world knows not the perfect peace
The Lord gives to His own;
He causeth every sob to cease,
He husheth every moan.
- 2 The world can never take away,
Nor mar its blissful rest;
It shineth as the perfect day;
For those who trust, are blest.
- 3 The peace of God, it knows no jar,
No discord, no distress;
It stills the clamor of soul-war,
And stays its bitterness.
- 4 It lays the passions of the heart
And every vague alarm;
It quiets with its magic art
Forebodings, fears of harm.
- 5 O blessed peace, O holy calm,
The hush of thy repose
Is soothing as the healing balm
Which Gilead's forest knows.
- 6 Descend, O silver-winged dove,
Descend with heavenly flight,
Diffuse abroad thy perfect love,
And fill the world with light.

F. W. FARR.

6. Low at the Cross.

Tune, *The Solid Rock*. Key G.

- 1 Low at the foot of Calvary's cross,
A waiting, seeking soul I kneel;
Counting all earthly gain but loss,
And longing for Thy Spirit's seal;
Come, Lord, and with Thy touch divine,
Fire with Thy love this heart of mine.

- 2 I would Thy life reflect below,
And daily in Thine image shine;
For this the Holy Ghost bestow,
Baptize me with a love like Thine;
Exchange my weakness for Thy might,
And flood my soul with heavenly light.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
For this my all to Thee I give;
My only joy, my heart's desire,
Henceforth for souls alone to live;
Now, let me prove Thy love divine,
And realize its fulness mine.

7. Bathurst.

Tune, *Pentecost*. p. 10.

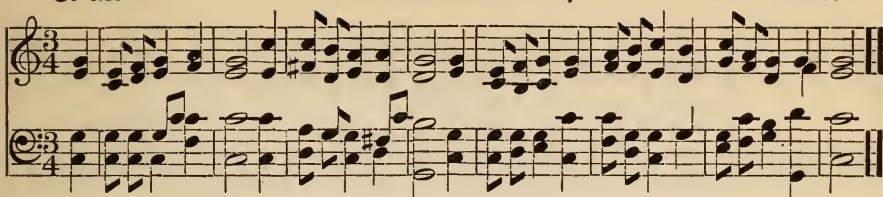
- 1 Eternal Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,
And stir them with Thy breath.
- 2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray
To melt the icy soul.
- 3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall,
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.
- 4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truth record,
And there its peace impart.
- 5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

BATHURST.

Boyleston.

S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



8. Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

J. MONTGOMERY.

9. Come, Holy Spirit.

Tune, Rockingham, p. 13.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with Thy fiery, cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty, rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

5 Oh, leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

C. WESLEY.

10. Come, Holy Spirit, come.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Oh, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

B. BEDDOME.

11. I Worship Thee.

1 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for Thy company.

2 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
I grieved Thee long, alas! Thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
At last it conquered me!

4 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
With Thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

W. F. WARREN.

Meribah. C. M. P.

LOWELL MASON.



12. The Holy Spirit.

Tune, Meribah.

1 Come, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light;
Come, Father of the pure!

Giver of gifts, and light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such as comforts, as endure.

2 The soul's refreshment and her guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor, rest,
Sweet solace in our woe!

Come, blissful Light; oh, come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our fervor glow.

3 Where Thou art Lord, there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy flame can kill;

Oh, let that flame now burn! [stains,
Lord, heal our wounds and cleanse our
Fountain of grace! and with Thy rains
O Holy Ghost return.

FREDERICK FABER.

13. O Spirit of the Living God.

Tune, Rockingham, p 13.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path; [might;
Souls without strength, inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY.

14. Holy Spirit.

Tune, Azmon, p 16.

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light, to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy
wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

A. REED.

Rosefield. 7. 61.

REV. HENRI ABRAHAM CÆSAR MALAN.



15. Gracious Spirit.

Tune Rosefield.

1 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would holy be:
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNCH.

16. Quicken, Lord.

Tune, Rosefield.

1 Quicken, Lord, Thy church and me;
Send the promised Spirit down;
Holy One, Eternal Three,
All Thy former mercies crown:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Send another Pentecost.

2 Let the living fire descend,
Cloven tongues on every head,
Tongues which all may comprehend —
Speak Thy life into the dead!
Suddenly the power of grace
Send from heaven, and fill this place.

3 Send the rushing mighty wind,
Give the utterance Divine;
Let us know the Spirit's mind;
Let us speak in words of Thine:
Send a pure baptismal shower —
Tongues of fire, and words of power.

4 As of old, so be it now,
Now the glorious scene repeat;
See Thy humbled people bow,
Waiting lowly at Thy feet,
Crying all with one accord —
Send the promised Spirit, Lord!

B. GOUGH.

17.

Pentecost. C. M.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Spir - it of burn - ing! Quick de - scend, Like might - y rush - ing
2. Con - sume, O Lord! my tin - and dross, With ho - ly love in -
3. The Spir - it comes, the fire now falls, In my en - rap - tured
4. With ho - ly zeal, in won - drous light, The path my Mas - ter

wind; Thy strength un - to my weak - ness lend, My all in Christ to find.
spire; Nail my af - fect - ions to the cross, And set me all on fire.
soul; The voice of Je - sus sweet - ly calls, While end - less glo - ries roll.
trod, I walk by faith and not by sight, Kept by the Son of God.

Copyright, 1886, by R. Kelso Carter. From "The Silver Trumpet," by per.

18.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s D.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side }
{ Gent - ly lead us, by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }

D.C. *Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness here;
When the storms are raging sore
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

19. New Haven. 6, 4.

ROBERT II., KING OF FRANCE. Tr. by R. PALMER.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Di-vine-ly
 2. Come, Light serene, and still Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast, We know no
 3. Come, all the faithful bless; Let all who Christ confess His praise employ: Give virtue's

good Thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: Oh, come today!
 dawn but Thine, Send forth Thy beams divine, On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest.
 rich reward; Victorious death accord, And, with our glorious Lord, E-ter-nal joy!

20. Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow:
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal-low'd pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

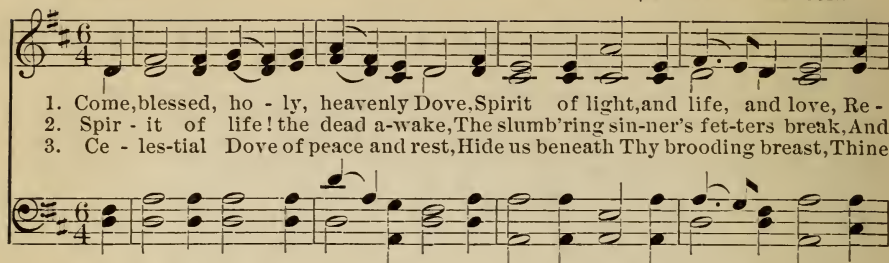
D.S. Fill me with Thy hal-low'd pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 CHORUS. D.S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now.

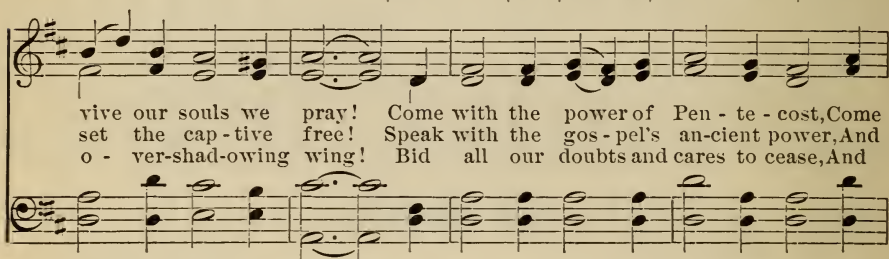
21. Come Seven-fold Holy Spirit.

A. B. S.

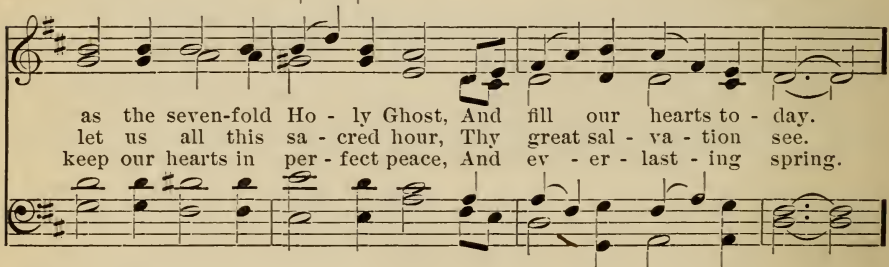
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Come, blessed, ho - ly, heavenly Dove, Spirit of light, and life, and love, Re -
 2. Spir - it of life! the dead a-wake, The slumb'ring sin-ner's fet-ters break, And
 3. Ce - les-tial Dove of peace and rest, Hide us beneath Thy brooding breast, Thine

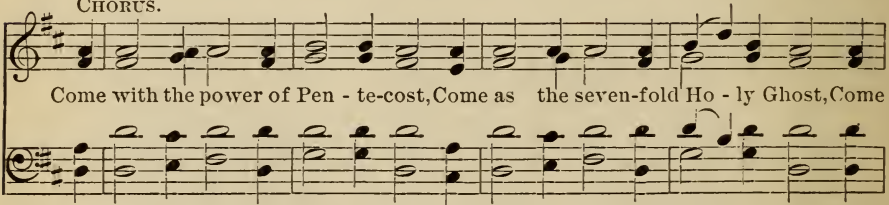


vive our souls we pray! Come with the power of Pen - te - cost, Come
 set the cap-tive free! Speak with the gos-pel's an-cient power, And
 o - ver-shad-owing wing! Bid all our doubts and cares to cease, And

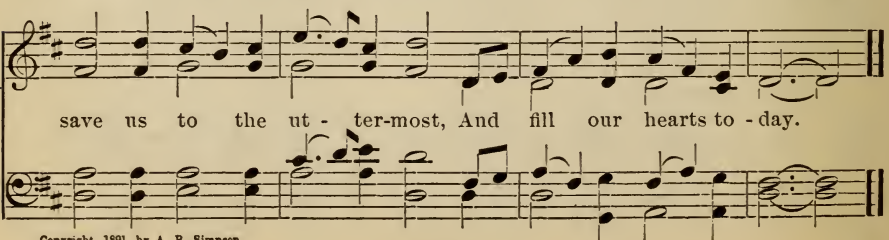


as the seven-fold Ho - ly Ghost, And fill our hearts to - day.
 let us all this sa - cred hour, Thy great sal - va - tion see.
 keep our hearts in per - fect peace, And ev - er - last - ing spring.

CHORUS.



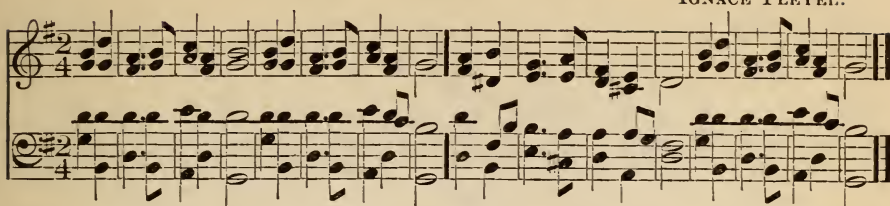
Come with the power of Pen - te-cost, Come as the seven-fold Ho - ly Ghost, Come



save us to the ut - ter-most, And fill our hearts to - day.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



22. Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

Tune, Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love,
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. STOCKER.

23. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

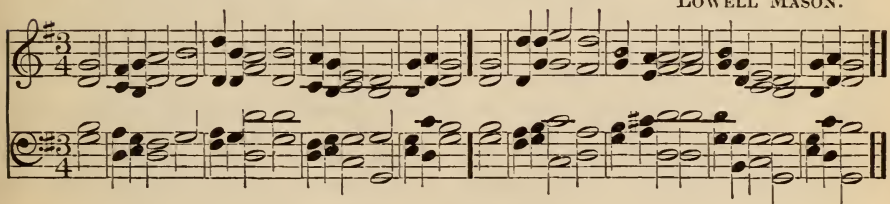
Tune, Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme — and reign alone.

A. REED.

Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

*Music on opposite page.*

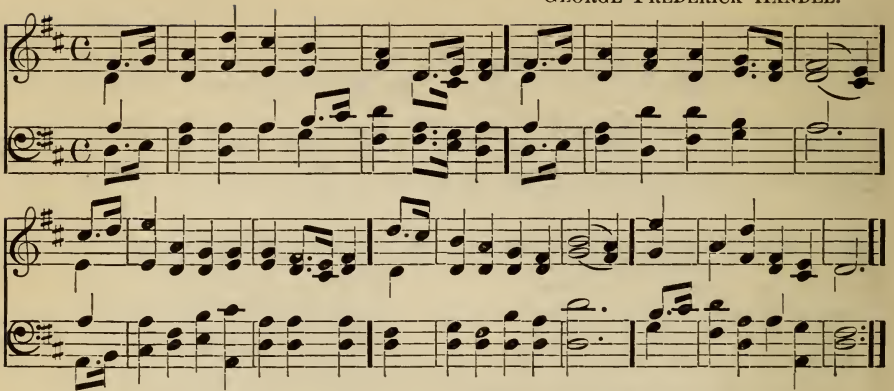
- 4 Spirit of Holiness! we pray,
Take every stain of sin away,
And all our being fill;
Baptize us with Thy perfect love,
And let our lives and actions prove
Thy good and perfect will.
- 5 Spirit of Power! with heavenly fire,
Our souls endue, our tongues inspire,
Stretch forth Thy Mighty Hand;
Thy Pentecostal gifts restore,
The wonders of Thy Power once more,
Display in every land.

- 6 Spirit of Love! upon us shed,
The oil that fell on Aaron's head,
And bathed his holy feet:
O let our hearts like censers glow
And love like burning incense flow
In fragrant odors sweet.
- 7 Spirit of Hope, our vision clear,
For lo! the Bridegroom draweth near,
His star is in the east;
Show us its faintest rising beam,
Wake us with morning's earliest gleam,
And robe us for the feast.

Christmas. C. M.

[THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



24. He Comes! He Comes!

Tune, Christmas.

- 1 He comes! He comes! that mighty
New being to impart; [Breath,
His uncreated freshness fills
Each consecrated heart.
- 2 Earth quakes before the rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound;
And mightily the tempest wheels
The upper room around.
- 3 One moment and the Spirit hangs
O'er us with dread desire;
Then breaks upon the heads of all,
In cloven tongues of fire.
- 4 Most gracious Spirit, Comforter,
Sweet must Thy presence be;
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee.

FREDERICK FABER, *alt.*

25. O Holy Ghost!

Tune, Christmas.

- 1 O Holy Ghost! Thyself true God!
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!
- 2 An undivided nature shared
With Father and with Son;
A Person by Thyself, with Them
Thy simple essence One.
- 3 A deep, wide flowing ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated Love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

- 4 Thou art a sea without a shore;
Awful, immense Thou art;
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.
- 5 Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumines.
- 6 O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
My heart is fit to break
With love of all Thy tenderness,
For us poor sinners' sake.

FREDERICK FABER.

26. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

Tune, Royston, page 7.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

J. HART.

Music on opposite page.

- 4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

27. O for that Flame.

Tune, SESSIONS.

BATHURST.

1. Oh, for that flame of liv-ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
 2. Where is that Spir-it, Lord, which dwelt In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him Thine?
 3. That Spir-it, which from age to age Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways?

Which bade their souls to heaven aspire, Calm in dis-tress, in dan-ger bold.
 Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy di-vine?
 Bright-ened I-sai-ah's viv-id page, And breathed in Dav-id's hallowed lays?

4th and 5th verses on opposite page.

28. Oh, Have We Grieved Thee?

FREDERICK FABER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, have we grieved Thee, gracious Spirit? Wayward, wanton, cold are we; And
 2. Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited While our hearts were slowly turned! How
 3. Now in our hearts, O bless-ed Spir-it, We would take Thee for our Lord; In
 4. O Com-fort-er! tho' now we can-not Love Thee as Thou lov-est us; If

still our sins, and ma-ny wanderings, Nev-er yet have wea-ried Thee.
 oft-en hath Thy love been slight-ed, While for us it grieved and burned!
 per-fect love now make us faith-ful, To Thy least and light-est word.
 in our hearts Thy flame be kin-dled, They shall not be al-ways thus.

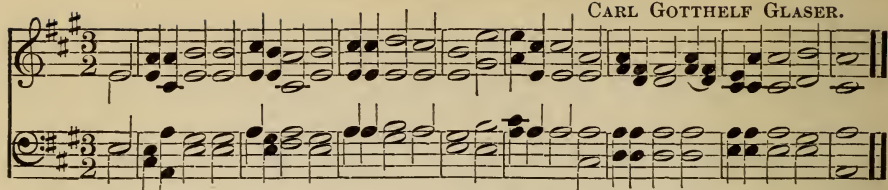
cleans-ing fires with-in us kin-dle, Bless-ed Spir-it, Dove Di-vine!

CHORUS.

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children, Give us grace, and make us Thine; Thy

Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



29. Enthroned on High.

- 1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord,
Thé Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

THOMAS HAWEYS.

30. Jesus, Thine All-victorious.

- 1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

31. Jesus, My Life.

- 1 Jesus, my life, Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to Thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell and earth and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.
- 3 More of Thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord; Thy foes control,
Who would not own Thy sway;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul;
Shine to Thy perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode;
Oh, make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

CHAS WESLEY.

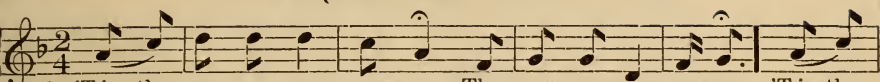
32. Holy Father.

Tune, Breathe Upon Us, p. 3.

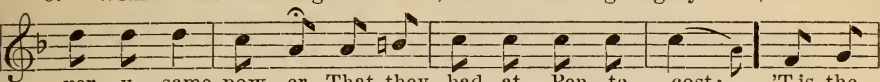
- 1 Holy Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of thought,
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.
- 2 Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul, and heart and will;
Empty us and cleanse us thoroughly,
Then with all Thy fullness fill.
- 3 Lord; we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be;
Yet fulfill to overflowing,—
Thy great meaning let us see.
- 4 Make us in Thy royal palace,
Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fullness fill our chalice
From Thy never-failing spring.
- 5 Father, by this blessed filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray!
We are waiting, Thou art willing!
Fill us with Thyself to-day!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

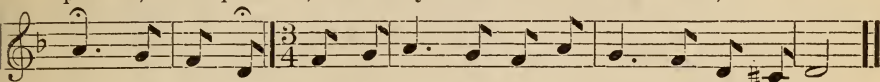
Pentecostal Power.



1. 'Tis the ver - y same pow - er, The ver - y same power, 'Tis the
 2. While with one ac - cord assembled, All in an up - per room, Came the
 3. With clov - en tongues of fire, And a rush - ing mighty wind, Came the



ver - y same pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'Tis the
 pow - er, the pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'Tis the
 pow - er, the pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'Tis the



pow'r the pow - er; 'Tis the pow'r that Je - sus promised should come down.

4 'T was while they were all praying,
 And believing it would come,
 Came the power, etc.

5 Some thought they were fanatic,
 Or were drunken with new wine;
 'T was the power, etc.

6 Three thousand were converted,
 And were added to the church,
 By the power, etc.

7 The martyrs had this power,
 As they triumphed in the flames;
 'T was the power, etc.

8 Our fathers had this power,
 And we may have it too;
 'T is the power, etc.

9 'T is the very same power,
 For I feel it in my soul;
 'T is the power, etc.

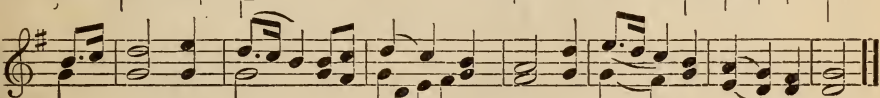
Come, Holy Spirit. c. m.

I. WATTS.

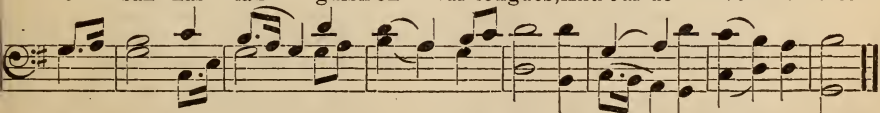
Tune, ST. MARTIN'S.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de vo - tion dies.



4 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

35.

Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

FINE.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kindling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }
 { High - er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }
 2. { Now I am from bond - age freed, Ev - ery bond is riv - en; }
 { Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en; }

D.C.— 1. *I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*
 2. *I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!* D.C.

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive,— Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!
 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty— Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!

3 Let the testimony roll,
 Roll through every nation;
 Witnessing from soul to soul,
 This immense salvation;
 Now I know it's full and free,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 For I feel it saving me,
 Glory! glory! glory!
 4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin He frees us;

Let the golden harps of God
 Ring the wondrous story;
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
 Glory! glory! glory!
 5 Let the trump of jubilee,
 The glad tidings thunder;
 Jesus sets the captives free,
 Bursts their bonds asunder;
 Fetters break and dungeons fall,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 This salvation's free to all,
 Glory! glory! glory!

36.

The Oil of Gladness.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The oil of glad - ness on my head, By Je - sus' hand was poured; And
 2. I hard - ly tho't that it could be, So changed had all be - come, When
 3. The crown of God's a - noint - ing oil, He placed up - on my brow, And

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THE HOLY SPIRIT.]

CHORUS.

all my grate-ful spir-it said, Was praise, oh, praise the Lord. Com - fort-er
 first the spir - it set me free, And made my heart His home.
 oh, how smooth with-in my soul, The wheels are turning now.

bless-ed now in me re - side. Ho - ly A-noint-ing, ev-ermore a - bide.

4 In blissful har-mony they move,
 Beneath the Master's skill;
 The spring of every action, love,
 And Jesus' perfect will.

5 Stay Thou forever in my breast,
 I cannot part with Thee,
 I've chosen Thee Thou heavenly guest,
 And Thou hast chosen me.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
 Glow within this heart of mine;
 Kindle every high desire;
 Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine;
 Fill and nerve this will of mine;
 By Thee may I strongly live,
 Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
 King within my conscience reign;
 Be my law, and I shall be
 Firmly bound, forever free.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

37. Fading is this World.

Tune, Hendon, p. 257.

1 Fading is this world to me,
 Fleeting are its pride and fame;
 Clinging closer, Lord, to Thee,
 Richer, sweeter grows Thy name.

2 Longing that great rest to feel,
 Flowing from Thyself within;
 Quickening Spirit, come and heal,
 Save from fear and shame and sin.

3 Kneeling, waiting at Thy feet,
 Willing now with all to part;
 Feeling all things else but dross,
 Thou dost cleanse and fill my heart.

4 Rising to new life with Thee,
 Walking now in sweet release,
 Knowing Thou dost dwell in me,
 Jesus, Saviour, I have peace.

39. The Gracious Comforter.

Tune, Seymour, p. 221.

1 Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
 Sent the gracious Comforter;
 Promise of our parting Lord,
 Jesus, to His Heaven restored.

2 Christ, who now gone up on high,
 Captive leads captivity;
 While His foes from Him receive
 Grace, that God with man may live.

3 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
 Enter our devoted breast:
 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Kindle there the gospel fire.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,
 Principle and Lord of life:
 Life divine in us renew,
 Thou the Gift and Giver too!

CHARLES WESLEY.

38. His Grace Entreated.

Tune, Hendon, p. oo.

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
 Dawn upon this soul of mine;
 Word of God, and inward Light!
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

40.

Speak to the Rock.

[THE HOLY SPIRIT.]

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Faint-ing in the des-ert, Is-rael's thousands stand At the rock of Ka-desh.
 2. Bless-ed Rock of A-ges, Thou art op-en still, Blessed Ho-ly Spi-rit
 3. Oh, for trust more simple, Ful-ly to be-lieve, Oh, for hearts more childlike

Hark! the Lord's command, Speak to the Rock, Bid the waters flow, Strike not its bosom
 All our be-ing fill; Still Thou dost say, Wherefore struggle so? Call to the spirit,
 Free-ly to re-ceive; E'en as a babe, On its mother's breast, So on Thy bosom

REFRAIN.
 Opened long a-go, Speak to the Rock 'Till the wa-ters flow. Speak to the Rock,
 Whisper soft and low, Speak to the Rock Bid the wa-ters flow.
 Let my spirit rest, Filled with Thy life, With Thy blessing blest.

Bid the waters flow, Doubt not the Spirit, Giv-en long a - go; Take what He

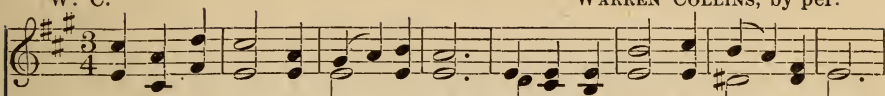
wait - eth,
 waiteth, waiteth, Freely to be-stow, Drink 'till its fulness All Thy be-ing know.

PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]

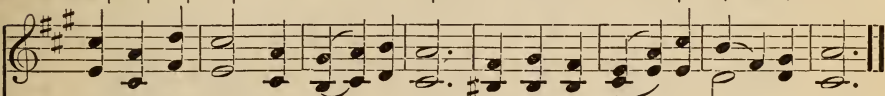
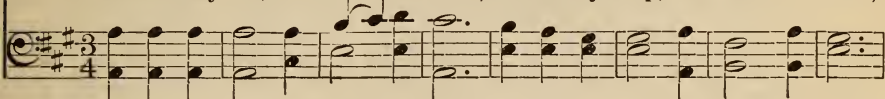
41. Joy of My Soul.

W. C.

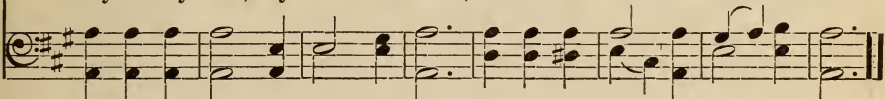
WARREN COLLINS, by per.



1. Joy of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is so sweet when Thou art near;
2. Keep Thou the vig-il of my heart, Lest from my soul, Thy grace de-part;
3. Oh! may no earth-ly shad-ow fall, A-round my heart, Lord, keep it all;
4. Be Thou my life, for I am weak; No earthly help, but Thee I seek;



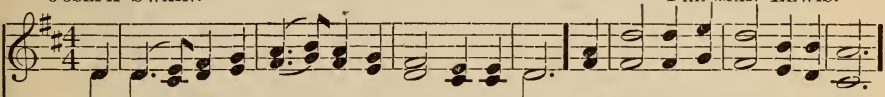
In Thy blest love all fear I hide, Most gracious Lord, in me a - bide.
Oh! may Thy love fill ev - 'ry need, For of Thy boun - ty I would feed.
Be Thou the light of heavenly fire; Thy Spir-it, Lord, I so de - sire.
Joy of my soul, my Sav - iour dear, Life is so sweet when Thou art near.



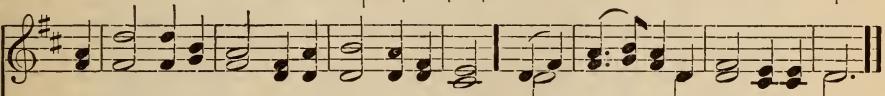
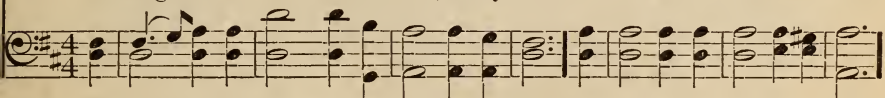
42. Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

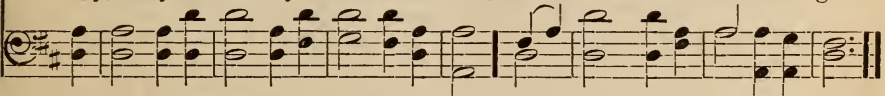
FREEMAN LEWIS.



1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love;
3. Oh, why should I wan - der, an a - lien from Thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
4. Ye daughters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The Star that on Israel shone?



My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wilderness rove?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my Be - lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone?



- 5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word; [voice,
He speaks! and eternity, filled with His
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 6 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow
Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my
And in Thee I will ever rejoice. [all,

43.

Rock of Ages.

PRAYER AND WORSHIP.

Soprano prominent.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Rock . . . of A ges, cleft . . . for me,
 2. Could . . . my tears . . . for - ev er flow,
 3. While . . . I draw . . . this fleet - - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, could my tears for - ev - er flow.
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, while I draw this fleet-ing breath,

Let . . . me hide . . . my - self . . . in Thee;
 Could . . . my zeal . . . no lan guor know,
 When . . . mine eyes . . . shall close . . . in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in Thee;
 Could my zeal no languor know, Oh, could my zeal no languor know,
 When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, when my eyes shall close in death,

Let . . . the wa - - - ter and . . . the blood,
 These . . . for sin . . . could not . . . a - - - tone;
 When . . . I rise . . . to worlds . . . un - - - known,

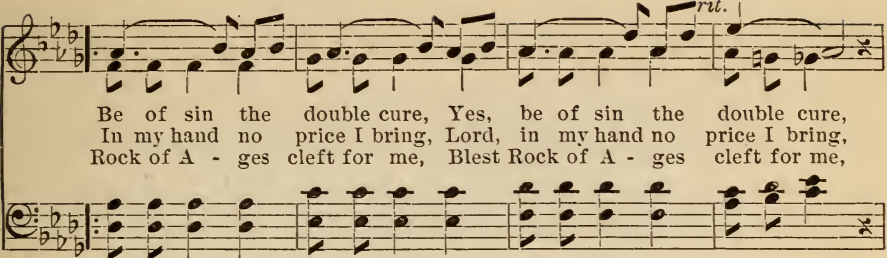
Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh, let the wa - ter and the blood,
 These for sin could not a - - - tone, No, these for sin could not a - - - tone;
 When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, when I rise to worlds un-known,

From . . . Thy wound - - - ed side . . . which flow'd,
 Thou . . . must save . . . and Thou . . . a - - - lone,
 And . . . be - hold . . . Thee on . . . Thy throne,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, from Thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, thou must save and Thou a - lone,
 And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, and be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

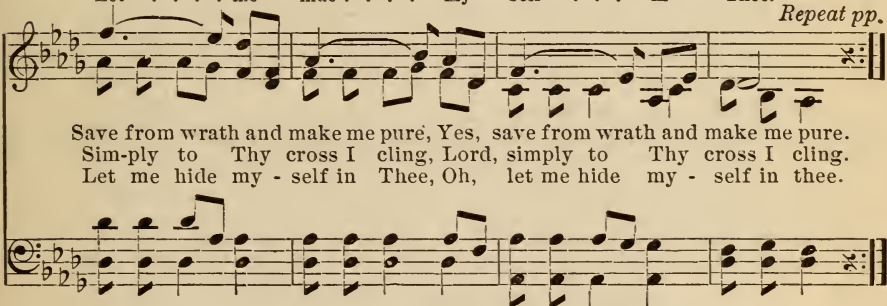
PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]

Be of sin the dou - - ble cure,
In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me,



Be of sin the double cure, Yes, be of sin the double cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, in my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,

Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - - - - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.

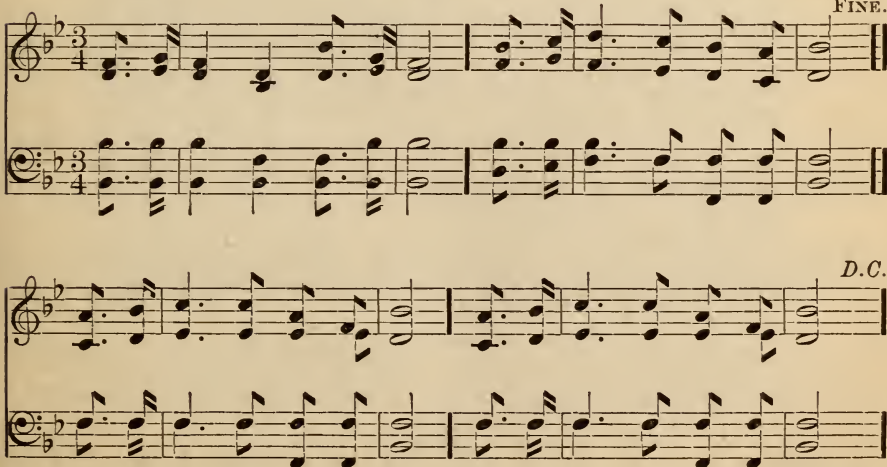


Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, simply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in thee.

Repeat pp.

Rock of Ages. 6 lines, 7s.

A. TOPLADY. SECOND TUNE. Tune, TOPLADY.



FINE. D.C.

44.

Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE, 1827.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Has spurned to-day the voice di - vine—

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be - gin; Let Him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

45.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

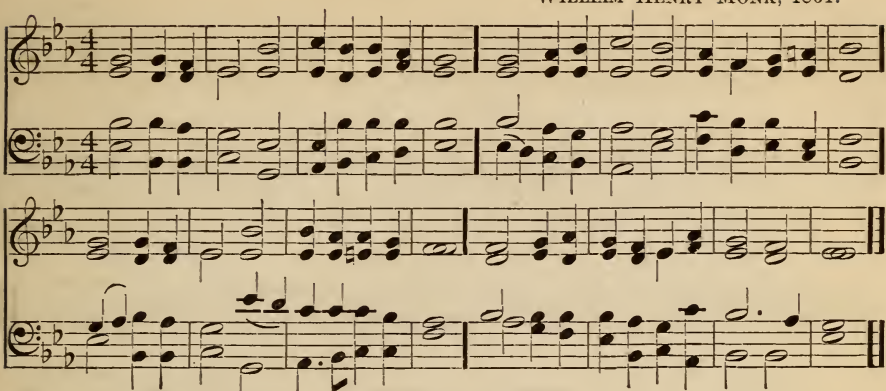
FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 D. c. Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. c. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
 D. c. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twill twist me and the peace-ful rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Eventide. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.



46. The Night Cometh.

1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

5 Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1847.

47. Near the Throne.

Tune, Near the Cross, Key of G.

1 Jesus, keep me near the throne
There Thy glory seeing;
Resurrection, life and power
Fill my raptured being.

CHORUS.

Near the throne, near the throne
Will I keep forever,
From my loving Saviour's side
Nothing me shall sever.

2 Near the throne a trusting soul
Jesus' power upholds me,

There His arm protects me while
Gracious love enfolds me.

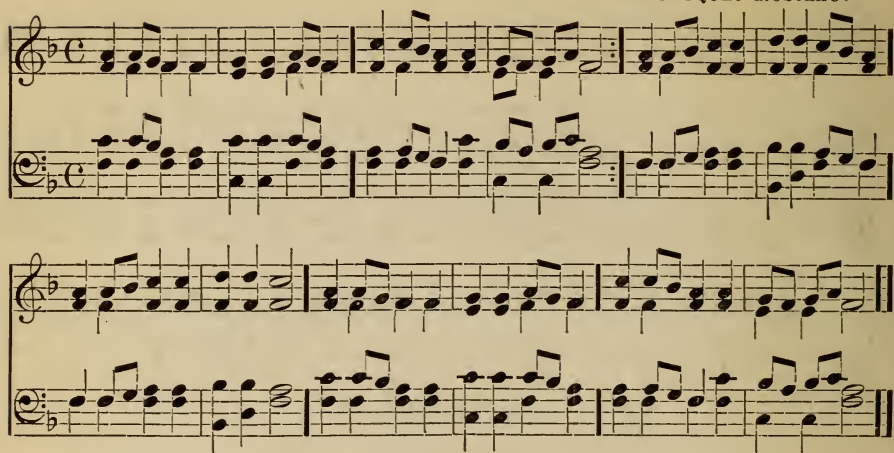
3 Near the throne, O risen Lord,
Flash its brightness o'er me;
Help me live from hour to hour
With its light before me.

4 Near the throne I'll watch and pray
The world and Satan scorning,
Till the Lord shall take me home
To meet Him in the morning.

Rev. F. W. FARR.

Greenville. 8. 7. 4.

JEAN JACQUES ROSSEAU.



48. Lord, Dismiss Us.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, when e'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey;
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.
 WALTER SHIRLEY.

49. For a Blessing On The World.

1 Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From the gospel
 Now supply Thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing,
 Which Thy word's designed to give;
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,

Joyfully the truth receive;
 And forever
 To Thy praise and glory life.

JONATHAN EVANS.

50. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,

Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and Trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

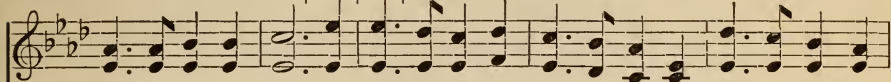
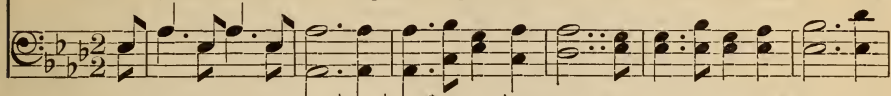
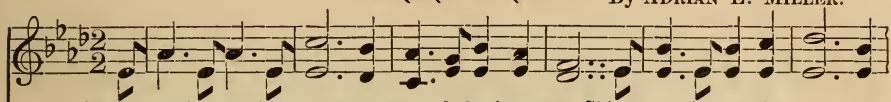
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,

May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

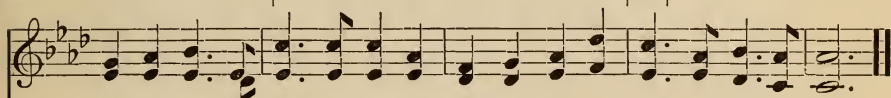
WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

Shine On.

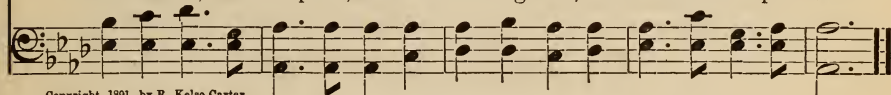
By ADRIAN E. MILLER.



1. great E-ter-nal One; Oh, let the Prince of Peace come in, And take a-way our
2. great Immortal One; Oh, let Thy life flow in my soul, And cleanse, and make my
3. great Victorious One; Ho-san-na to the cru-ci-fied; Oh, let Thyself hence-



ev-ery sin; E-ter-nal glo-ry we shall win, And ev-er dwell with Him.
bod-y whole, Per-fect me as the years shall roll, And let me reach the goal.
forth a-bide, And keep me, neath the flowing tide, The fountain o-pen wide.



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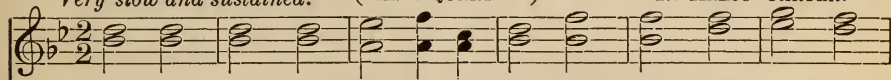
R. K. C.

Save Me Lord.

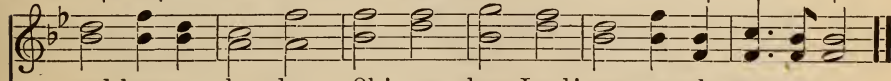
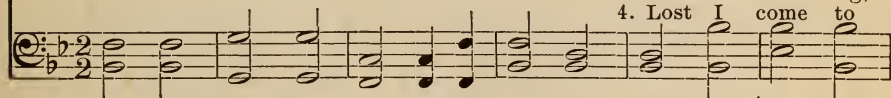
R. KELSO CARTER.

Very slow and sustained.

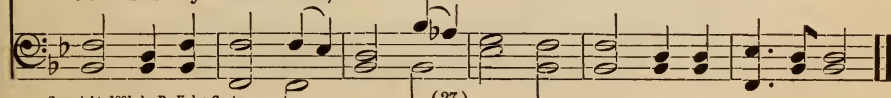
(MALE QUARTET.)



Oh, God! my Lord, save, save me now, Lord! 1. I am weak Lord,
2. None but Thou Lord,
3. I am sink-ing,
4. Lost I come to



and heav-y la-den, Oh! my dear Lord! save me, oh, save me now.
can o-ver-come, Lord,
save or I per-ish;
Je-sus my Sav-iour;



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53.

Depth of Mercy. 7.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face,
 3. Now in-cline me to re-pent, Let me now my sins la-ment;

Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
 Would not heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
 Now my foul re-volt, de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

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4 Kindled His relents are,
 Me, He now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up,"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

54.

My Jesus I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON, by per.

1. { My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, . . . My gra-
 For Thee all the pleasures of sin I . . . re-sign; (D.S.) If ev-
 2. { I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, . . . I love
 And purchased my par-don when nailed to . . . the tree; (D.S.) If ev-

1 2 FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

cious Redeem-er, My Saviour art Thou, . . . } Oh, Jesus, Saviour mine.
 er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, . . . 't is now. }
 Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, . . . }
 er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, . . . 't is now. }

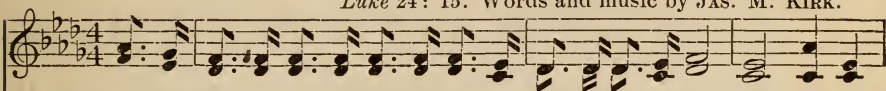
PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendeth me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. CHO.

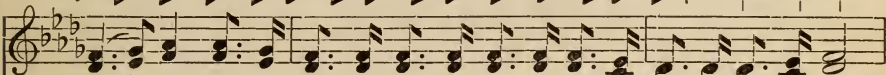
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. CHO.

55. Saviour Draw Near Us.

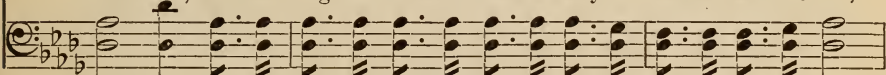
Luke 24: 15. Words and music by JAS. M. KIRK.



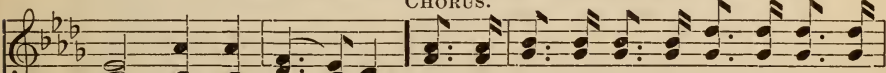
1. When we journey by the way-side and our hearts are filled with gloom, Saviour draw
2. When we've trusted in the promise and the answer's long de-layed, Saviour draw
3. When we're striving for the vict'ry o'er some long-besetting sin, Saviour draw
4. When the way grows ve-ry narrow and we see no light a-head, Saviour draw



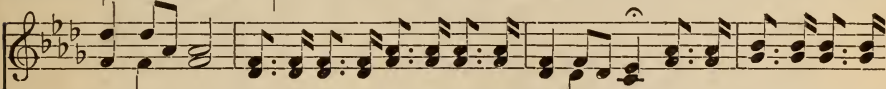
near us; And our ma-n-y prayers seem buried in the dark and si-lent tomb,
near us; And the tempter's dart sas-sail us just to make our hearts a-fraid,
near us; And the bat-tle rag-es wild-ly and 'tis all un-rest with-in,
near us; And we long to know the reason why in darkness we are led,



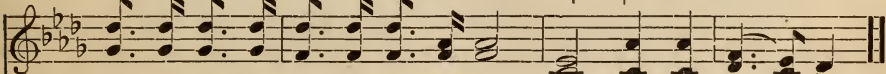
CHORUS.



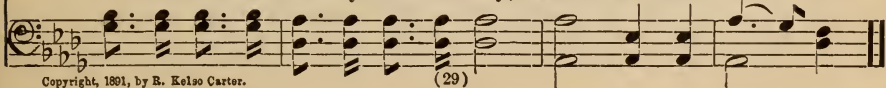
Sav - iour draw near us. Lord re-veal Thyself as liv - ing nev - er-



more to die, Crowned and reigning victor over earth and sky; Tell us Thou art watching



o'er us and will al-ways hear our cry, When we draw near Thee.



56.

Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-som'd from the fall,
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

57.

Crown Him Lord of All. C. M.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,

2

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

58. **Lead, Kindly Light.**

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on,

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is

on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
 gone! And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

59. **Jesus Is Gcd. C. M.***Tune, Coronation, p. 29.*

- 1 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
 Of golden angels sing
 Songs of adoring praise to Him,
 Their Maker and their King.
- 2 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
 On Calvary's cross true God,
 He who in heaven eternal reigned,
 In time on earth abode.

- 3 Jesus is God! oh, could I now
 But compass land and sea,
 To teach and tell this single truth,
 How happy I should be!
- 4 Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
 I would proclaim so loud.—
 Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
 Is everlasting God.

60. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim
 sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Mer - ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i-ty! A - MEN.

61. Jesus My All.*

R. K. C.

"Him that filleth all in all." EPH. 1: 23.

R. KELSO CARTER, 1879.

1. Je - sus my Pro - phet stands, Je - sus my all, Bear - ing in
 2. Je - sus my Priest for me, Je - sus my all, Drained up - on
 3. Je - sus my King as - cends, Je - sus my all, Mer - cy with

* Air of National Hymn, "Land of the Free." Pub. by Jno. Dougherty, Chester, Pa.

Words copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]

wound-ed hands God's lov-ing call. Out of sin's rag-ing strife,
Cal - va - ry, Worm-wood and gall. Sin - less tho' much en-ticed,
jus-tice blends, Ov - er the fall, Je - sus sal - va - tion brings.

Break-ing the way of life, Pro-phet with blessings rife, Je - sus my all.
Lamb that was sac - ri-ficed, Je - sus my Priest, the Christ, Je - sus my all.
Je - sus, the ech - o rings, Je - sus the King of kings, Je - sus my all.

62. Lord, Undertake For Me.

F. B. H.

Alt. and arr. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. O Lord, ex-alt-ed far on high, To me, in deep-est need, draw nigh, And
2. When the fierce tempter's fl - ery dart As-sails my weak and wayward heart, Give
3. A - mid the world's vain pomp and show, Make me Thy deep-er joys to know, And
4. Then, Lord of glo - ry, life and light, Il - lume my dull and blind-ed sight, Grant
5. My heart with Thy good spir-it fill, Be my support in ev - 'ry ill, And

hear my sup-pli-cat-ing cry; Lord, undertake for me! On Thee . . I call, . . My
faith to keep the better part; Lord, undertake for me!
following Thee, all else forego; Lord, undertake for me!
me to hear Thy voice aright; Lord, undertake for me! On Thee I call,
per-fect all Thy ho - ly will; Lord, undertake for me!

trust is all in Thee; Thou art my rock, my strength, my all; Lord, undertake for me.

63.

Saviour, Hide Me.

A. L. SKILTON.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. Sav-iour hide me Clos-e be-side Thee, When the storms are rag-ing
 2. Thro' the mys-t'ry Of life's his-t'ry, Lead me, Sav-iour, safe a-
 3. When in sor-row Let me bor-row Sun-shine from the world of
 4. In death's hour Give me pow-er To re-sist the swell-ing

wild; Keep me near Thee, Let me hear Thee When Thou speakest to Thy child.
 bove; Up the mountain To the fount-ain Of Thy ev-er-last-ing love.
 light; In my sad-ness Give me glad-ness To o'ercome the mor-al night.
 tide; Hov-er o'er me, Go be-fore me, Lead me safe on Canaan's side.

CHORUS.

Doubt-ing nev-er, trust-ing ev-er, Sav-iour, I will fol-low

rit.
 Thee; Till I see death's lift-ed cur-tain, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

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64.

Remember Me. c. m.

R. K. C. (Old Chorus.)

Arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Je-sus, for me Thy blood was spilt Up-on th'ac-curs-éd tree;
 2. A-mid sin's dark and rush-ing flood, I desperate cling to Thee;
 3. Re-mem-ber all my help-less-ness, And my in-firm-i-ty;

Words by per. Jas. J. Hood. Melody by per. Oliver Ditson Company.

PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]

FINE.

Re - deem and cleanse my soul from guilt, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!
My on - ly hope is Je - sus' blood, My Lord, re - mem-ber me!
Be Thou my per - fect right-eous-ness, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!

Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me!
CHORUS. D.S.

O Je - sus, my Sav-iour, I look to Thee;

- 4 Deliver me from all my sin,
And give full liberty;
Renew and cleanse, without, within,
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 5 Soul, spirit, body, blameless keep,
Thy coming, Lord, to see;
Destroy the sting of death's last sleep,
And, Lord, remember me!

65. Hide Me in the Cleft.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, While up - on life's troubled sea; Sorrow's
2. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, O - ver shad-ow day by day; Keep me
3. When the clouds shall gather near me, When of dearest friends bereft, Then my
4. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Till the storms of life are past; Hide me

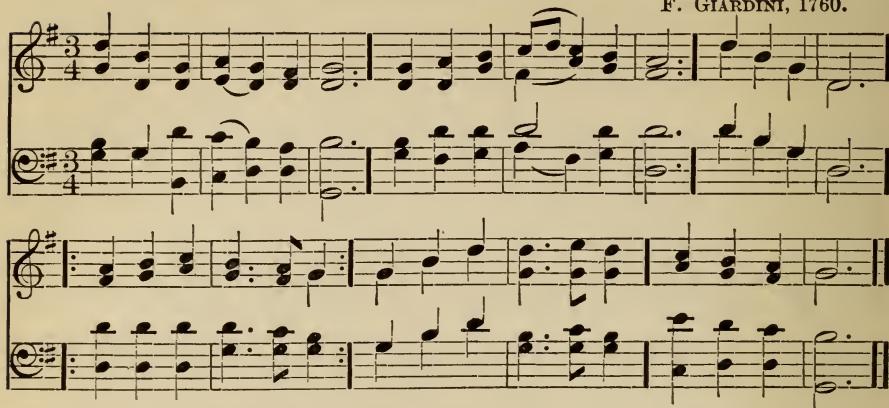
CHORUS.

waves shall not o'erwhelm me. If I sweet-ly rest in Thee. Hide me, hide me, Saviour,
from the rocks and breakers, Waiting all a-long the way.
lov - ing Saviour hide me. Sweetly hide me in the cleft.
till I reach the harbor Where Thy ransomed rest at last.

hide me, Hide me sweetly in the cleft; In Thy bleeding side. O hide me, Hide me, hide me in the cleft.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI, 1760.



66. Come, Thou Almighty King.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

MARTIN MADIN, 1757.

67. Grace at Table.

Tune, "Blessed Be the Name," p. 267.

1 We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
REF. Blessed be the name of the Lord.
But more because of Jesus' blood,
REF. Blessed be the name of the Lord.
CHO. Blessed be the name, etc.

2 Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from
CHO. Blessed be the name, etc. [heaven.]

3 Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here as everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

Used by JOHN WESLEY.

4 Praise shall our grateful lips employ
While life and plenty we enjoy,
Till, worthy, we adore Thy name,
While banqueting with Christ the Lamb.

JOHN CENNICK.

5 We thank Thee, Lord, for daily bread,
Which from Thy bounteous hand is given,
Oh, may our souls thro' grace be fed
On Christ, the Bread of life from Heaven.

6 Father, Thy mercy hath supplied
Our wants from Thine unbounded store;
Oh, may our souls thro' Christ that died,
Be fed, and never hunger more.

H. L. HASTINGS.

Tune, "His Yoke is Easy."

6 We praise Thee, O Lord, for this our
Thou hear'st our daily cry, [food;
And every day, in Thine own way,
Thou dost our wants supply. [light.
CHO. His yoke is easy, His burden is
R. K. CARTER.

Tune, "Trust and Obey," p. 218.

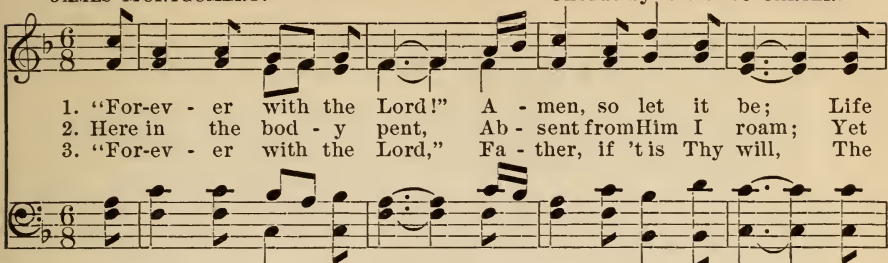
7 As we sit round the board,
By the grace of the Lord,
All our needs are supplied every day;
In His word we confide,
And the Lord doth provide
If we only will trust and obey.
CHO. Trust and obey, etc.

(36) R. K. CARTER.

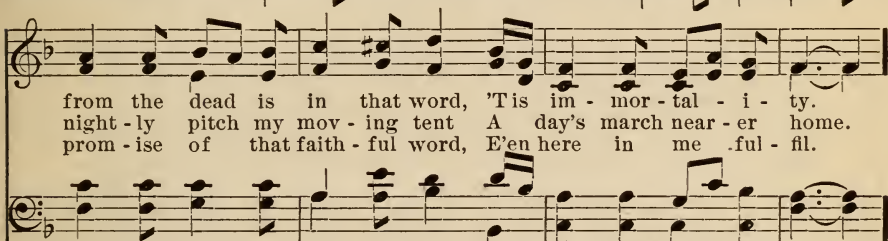
68. Forever With the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Chorus by R. KELSO CARTER.

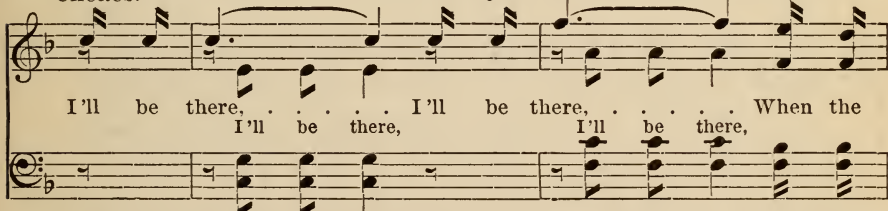


1. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be; Life
 2. Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet
 3. "For-ev - er with the Lord," Fa - ther, if 'tis Thy will, The

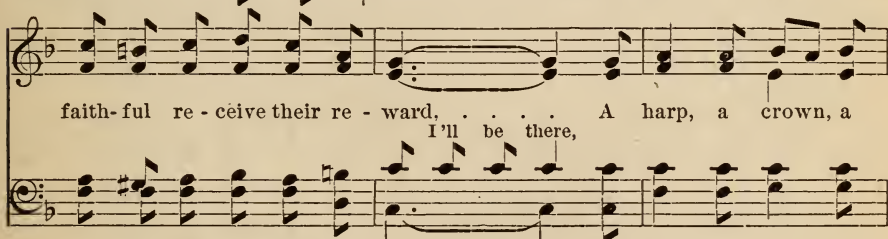


from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
 night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.
 prom - ise of that faith - ful word, E'en here in me - ful - fl.

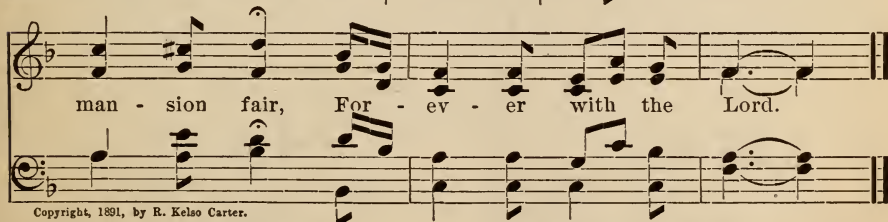
CHORUS.



I'll be there, . . . I'll be there, . . . When the
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,



faith - ful re - ceive their re - ward, . . . A harp, a crown, a
 I'll be there,



man - sion fair, For - ev - er with the Lord.

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4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat around the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord."

69.

Perfect Peace.

R. KELSO CARTER.

"Peace I leave with you." RUSSIAN AIR, arr. by R. K. C.

1. Like a riv - er, like a riv - er, Like a might-y flood, Fail-ing nev - er,
 2. Je - sus, Sav-iour, Je - sus, Sav-iour, Now my pray'r at - tend; Bles-sed Giv - er,
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come with tongues a - flame, Hov - er o'er me,

wid-'ning ev - er, Flows the peace of God. Bear - ing on its bos - om
 like a riv - er, Let Thy peace de - scend. In the time of tri - al,
 walk be - fore me, Come, in Je - sus' name! Come re - fin - ing fire,

Ev - 'ry trusting soul, Thro' the gates of glo - ry, Deep its wa - ters roll.
 Keep me by Thy power, Comfort and sus - tain me, Ev - 'ry day and hour.
 Now ap - ply the blood; Plunge me in the riv - er Flowing down from God.

REFRAIN.

Ev - er on - ward go - ing, go - ing, Joys that never cease; Like a riv - er flow - ing, flow - ing,

Is God's perfect peace, Like a riv - er, flow - ing, flow - ing, Is God's perfect peace.

70. WILLIAM WILLIAMS. Guidance. 8. 7.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land: I am weak but Thou art might - y; Hold me
 streams do flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me
 fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me

with Thy pow'r-ful hand: Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven,
 all my jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv'r - er, Strong De - liv'r - er,
 safe on Canaan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

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71. Morning Prayer. C. M.

Tune, Azmon, p. 16.

- 1 Here in this bright, refreshing dawn,
 With all my powers awake,
 I come to Thee, who made the morn,
 And ev'ry wish I take.
- 2 In this bright hour I give to Thee
 My consecrated will;
 And pray Thee, Lord, to manage me,
 And keep me from all ill.
- 3 Whatever may my way betide,
 If Thou, my Lord, art near,
 And with me all the way abide,
 No evil will I fear.
- 4 Thus resting, Lord, my soul on Thee,
 O Saviour, Jesus, come;—
 Abide! O Lord, abide with me,
 And make my heart Thy home.

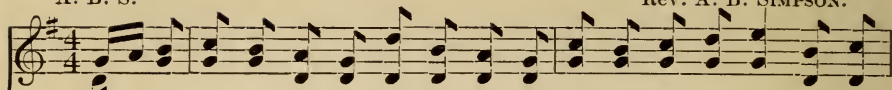
Mrs. S. M. SPERRY.

72.

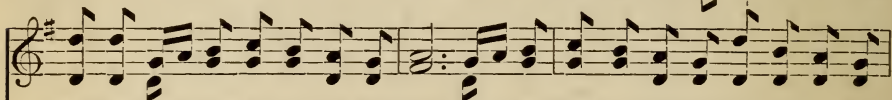
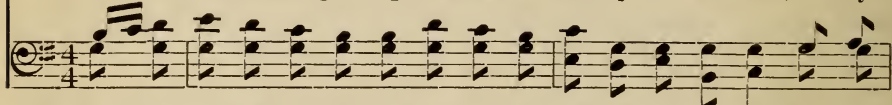
Waiting on the Lord.

A. B. S.

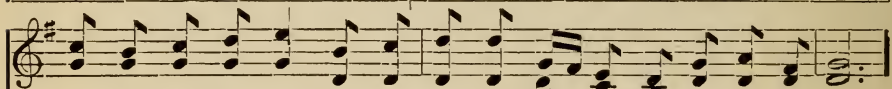
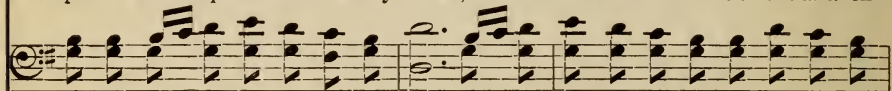
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



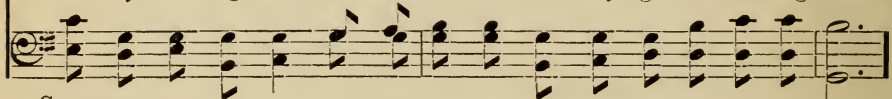
1. I am wait-ing in com-mun-ion at the bless-ed mer-cy-seat, I am
2. Oh, the per-fect peace He gives me as I wait up-on the Lord, And my
3. Oh, the heights of joy He gives me as I wait up-on the Lord, And the
4. Oh, the life and strength He gives me as I wait up-on the Lord, And my



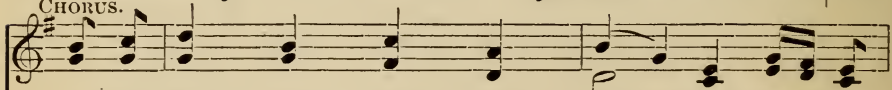
wait-ing, sweet-ly wait-ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing of His full-ness, I am
spir-it sinks in-to His blessed will, While He qui-ets all the throbbings of my
fullness of His Spir-it floods my soul; All the gales of heaven are blowing, all the
spir-it feeds up-on the heav'nly Bread, As I drink the life of Je-sus and in



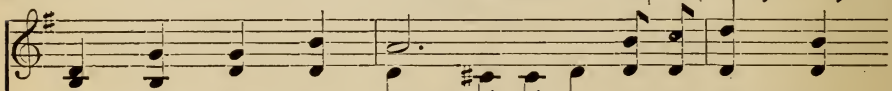
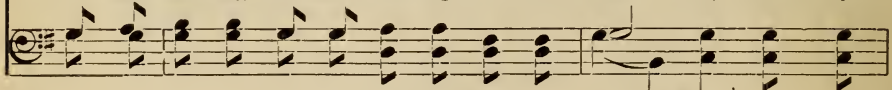
sit-ting at His feet, I am heark-n'ing to the whispers of His love.
fev-er-ed heart and brain And up-on His bless-ed bo-som holds me still.
springs of joy are full, And the tides of glo-ry o'er my be-ing roll.
all my be-ing share All the full-ness of my glorious Liv-ing Head.



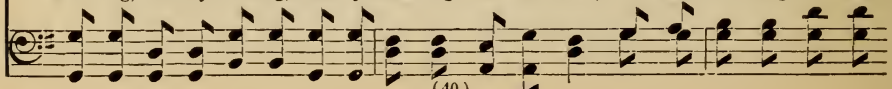
CHORUS.



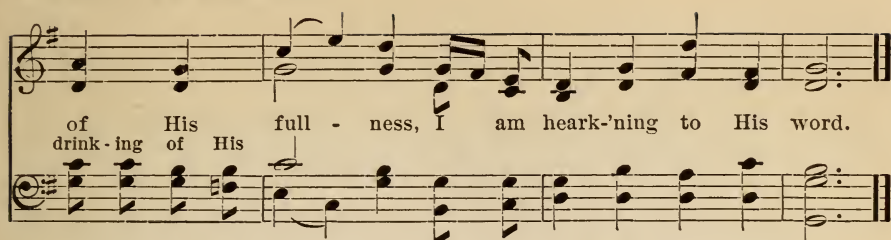
I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, sweet-ly
I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, sweet-ly



wait-ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing
wait-ing, sweet-ly wait-ing, sweet-ly wait-ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing, I am



PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]



of His full - ness, I am heark'-ning to His word.
drink - ing of His

- 5 Oh, the service that He gives me as I wait upon the Lord, [love,
Ministries of faith and prayer for them I And the visions of His glory o'er me
As I bring Thy Spirit's burdens while the I can almost see the dawning of the glad
Saviour lends His ear [above. Millennial Day, [ern skies.
And presents them at the mercy-seat And the Morning Star ascend the east-

73. Revive Us Again.

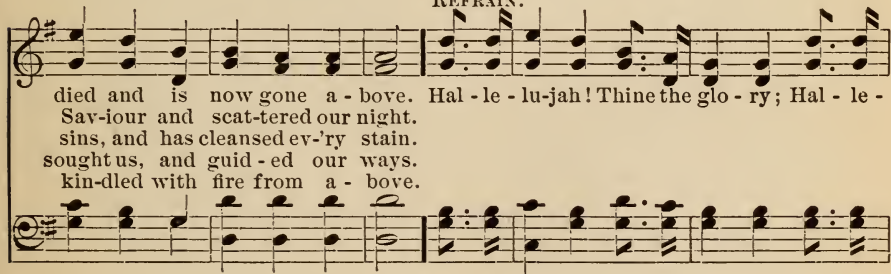
WM. PATON MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

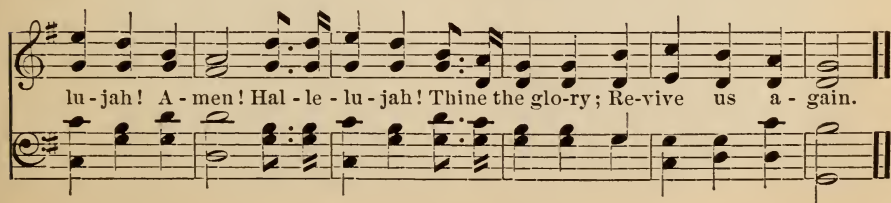


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

REFRAIN.



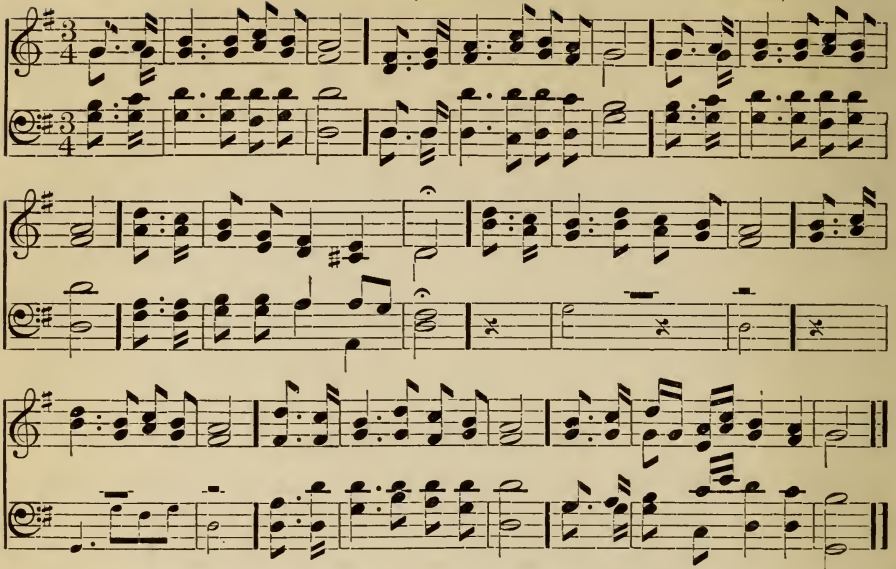
died and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -
Sav-iour and scat-tered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'-ry stain.
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.



lu-jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re-vive us a - gain.

7s, 6 lines.

[PRAYER AND WORSHIP.
LOWELL MASON, 1824.]



74. Safely Thro' Another Week.

- 1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Thro' the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,—
Often made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

75. Behold the Throne of Grace.

Tune, Laban, p. 244.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see;
Provides from those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for Thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine!

NEWTON.

1. En-lar-ge my heart, O Lord, to prove The fullness of Thy Spirit's pow'r; Fount-
 2. Come and pos-sess my in-most soul, Je-sus my Lord, who died for me; Thy
 3. O doubting heart, by fears oppress'd, Why longer in the twilight room? This

ain of par-don, peace and love, Cleanse and refresh me ev-'ry hour.
 sa-cred wounds can make me whole, Can make me die to all but Thee.
 mo-ment en-ter in-to rest—"The Spir-it and the Bride say, Come!"

Oh, teach me all Thy per-fect will, And let me have no will be-side; Bid
 Thou call-est sin-ners such as I, To feast up-on Thy hidden store: Fam-
 Here, lay thy bur-dens on My heart—The heart that pour'd its life for thee; See

na-ture's clam'ring tongue be still, Am-bi-tion, pleas-ure, ease, and pride
 ished, be-fore Thy feet I lie—Speak, and I ne'er shall hunger more.
 each af-flict-ing stain de-part, And take thy blood-bought liber-ty.

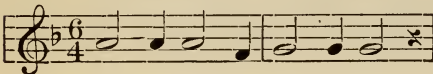
4 I hear Thy voice, O Lord of Life!
 I trust Thy truth, O Lord of Love!
 Listening, all sounds of earthly strife
 Are lost in music from above.
 Listening, I join the rapturous song,
 That swells thro' Heaven's unceasing
 years; [strong,
 Trusting, my fainting heart grows
 For Thou hast wiped away my tears.

5 The yoke of inbred sin is gone,
 My soul exults in sweet release;
 Thou giv'st me faith to wear the crown
 Of perfect love and perfect peace.
 Oh, marvel of redeeming grace!
 Oh, miracle of cleansing power!
 Even I with joy shall see Thy face—
 Even I am more than conqueror.

Shirland. S. M. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



77. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.



1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

78. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Tune, Shirland.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Nearer my home today, am I,
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be;
Nearer today the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But lying dark between,
Winding down through the night;
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now perchance my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, today, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

PHOEBE CARY.

Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.
AARON WILLIAMS, 1760.79. From Every Stormy Wind that
Blows. *Tune, p. 24.*

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

BOEHM.

80. Jesus! What Dreadful Agony.
C. P. M.*Tune, Meribah, p. 8.*

1 Jesus! what dreadful agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtue rife;
Oh, may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
The sinner's Tree of Life.

2 Jesus! who came to seek and save,
Absolved the thief and promise gave
Of peace among the blest;

Ah! do Thou give me penitence
Like this, that I when summoned hence,
In Paradise may rest.

3 Jesus! Redeemer, all the price
Of sin, vicarious sacrifice,
Did pay to set me free;
Oh, when I yield my panting breath,
Be Thou beside me, and in death,
Good Lord, remember me.

FREDERICK FABER, *alt.*81. My God! How Wonderful Thou
Art. C. M.*Tune, Mear.*

1 My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

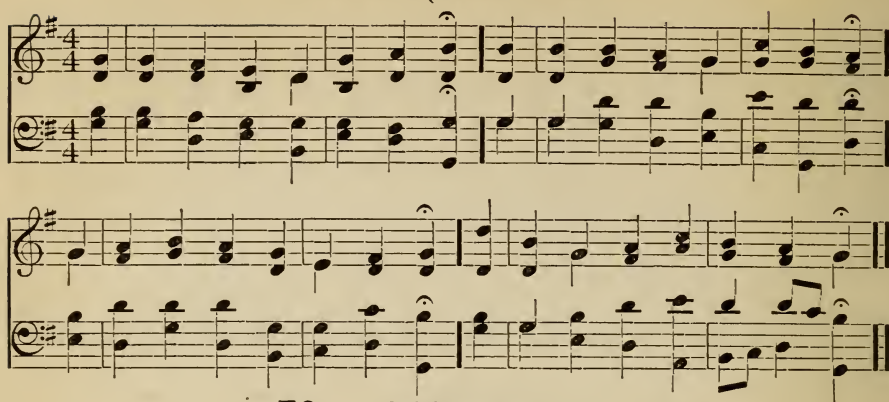
2 Oh, now I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

4 Oh, then this worse than worthless heart,
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

FREDERICK FABER.

Old Hundred. L. M.



82. Old Hundred.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
In every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

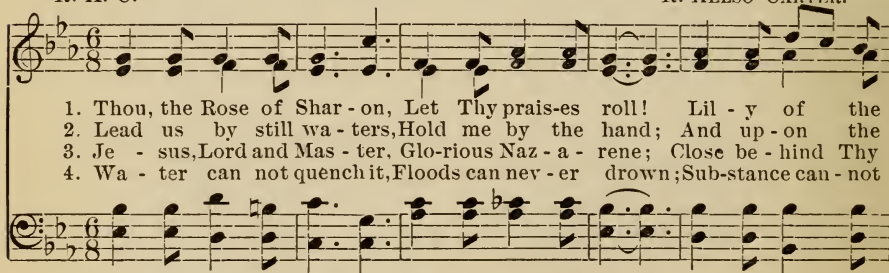
3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring!
In songs of praise divinely sing!
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song—
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

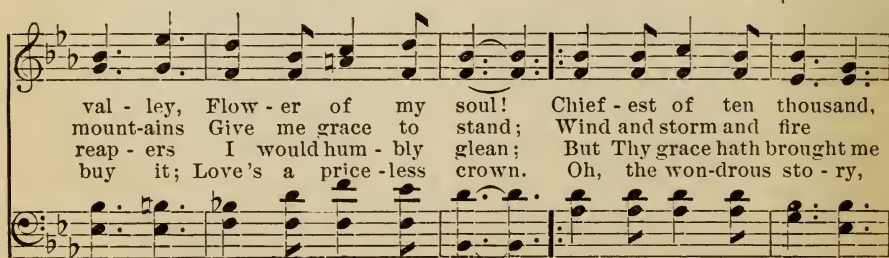
83. The Rose of Sharon.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Thou, the Rose of Shar-on, Let Thy prais-es roll! Lil-y of the
2. Lead us by still wa-ters, Hold me by the hand; And up-on the
3. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, Glo-rious Naz-a-rene; Close be-hind Thy
4. Wa-ter can not quench it, Floods can nev-er drown; Sub-stance can-not

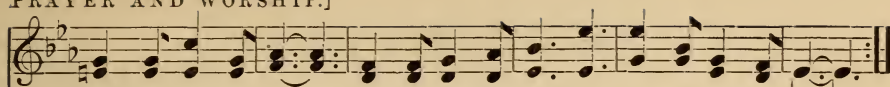


val-ley, Flow-er of my soul! Chief-est of ten thousand,
mount-ains Give me grace to stand; Wind and storm and fire
reap-ers I would hum-bly glean; But Thy grace hath brought me
buy it; Love's a price-less crown. Oh, the won-drous sto-ry,

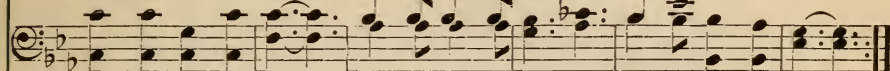
Copyright, 1886, by R. Kelso Carter.

CHO. *Thou, the Rose of Sharon,*

PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]



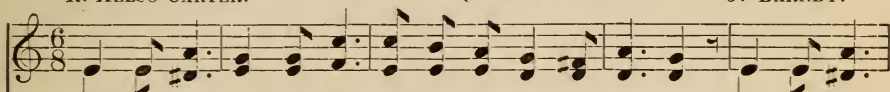
Round my heart en-twine: I am my be-lov-ed's My beloved is mine!
 Rag-ing, but my choice Ev-er is to list-en For Thy still, small voice.
 To Thy house a-bove, And Thy banner o'er me, Ev-er-more is Love.
 Mys-ter-y di-vine, I am my be-lov-ed's, My beloved is mine.



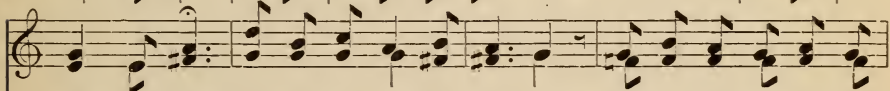
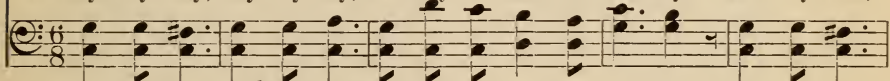
Let Thy prais-es roll! Lil-y of the val-ley, Flow-er of my soul.

84. R. KELSO CARTER. **Sweet and Low.**

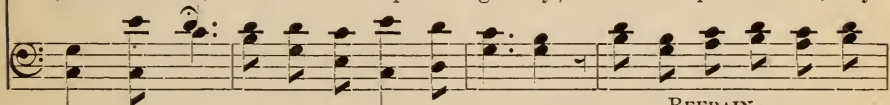
J. BARNBY.



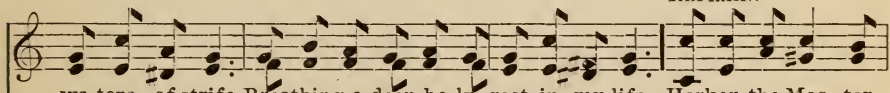
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Je-sus my Lord is call-ing: Soft-ly flow,
2. Strong and true, strong and true, Safe in His bo-som hold-ing, Je-sus keeps,
3. Swift as light, swift as light, An-gels are downward sweep-ing; Cloth'd in white,
4. Day by day, day by day, Sweet-ly I learn the sto-ry, Mer-cy free,



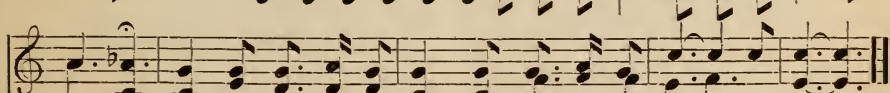
sweet and low, Gen-tly His accents fall-ing; Calm-ing the wild surg-ing
 nev-er sleeps, Sweetly my soul en-fold-ing; Ten-der-ly shield-ing when
 pure and bright, Love's faith-ful vig-ils keep-ing; Guard-ing my path with the
 CHRIST IN ME, This is the hope of glo-ry; Love is per-fect-ed, my



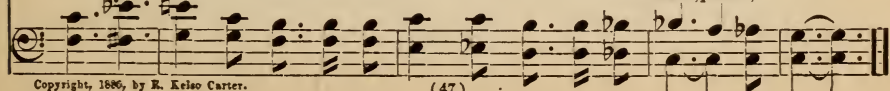
REFRAIN.



wa-ters of strife, Breath-ing a deep, ho-ly rest in my life. Harken, the Mas-ter
 fierce tempests roar, Bearing me calmly and safe-ly to shore.
 staff and the rod, Feed-ing my soul on the word of my God.
 fears backward roll, Peace like a riv-er flows o-ver my soul.

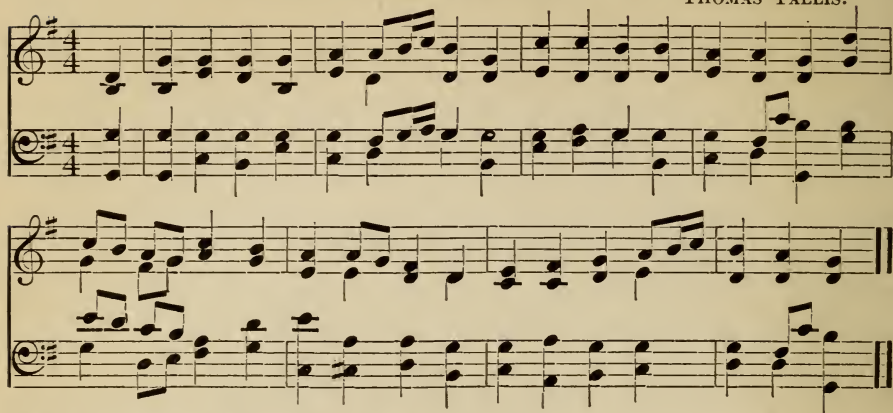


spea-keth: "Storms o-bey my will, Love thy heart shall fill: Peace, be still!"
 Peace, peace,



Tallis' Evening Hymn. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



85. Thy Servant Heareth. I. Sam. iii: 9.

Tune, Tallis' Evening Hymn.

1 Lord, hast Thou not one word for me?
To bind my soul more close to Thee,
That every evil I may flee;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

2 One word, to show how weak am I
When in my strength alone I try,
In vain I toil, in vain I sigh;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

3 One word, to show how near Thou art,
For Thou dost dwell within my heart;
And of Thy life I share a part;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

4 One word of power, oh, let me hear,
Above the hearts most anxious fear;
Thy still, small voice, yet deep and clear;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

One word of final triumph, Lord,
Sweet hope Thy promises afford;
To dwell with Thee in sweet accord;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

C. L. HAMLEN.

86. Come, My Soul. 7s.

Tune, "Depth of Mercy," p. 23.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;

Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

NEWTON.

87. Prayer is the Soul's. C. M.

Tune, Pentecost, p. 10.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

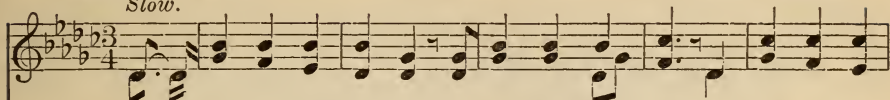
5 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

MONTGOMERY.

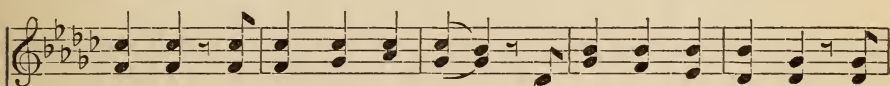
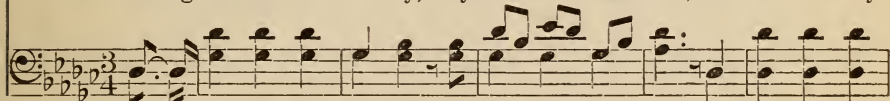
88. The Lord is My Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

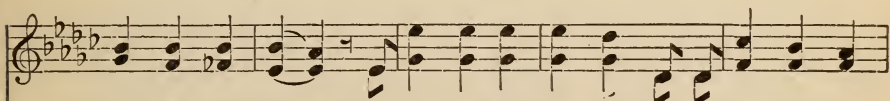
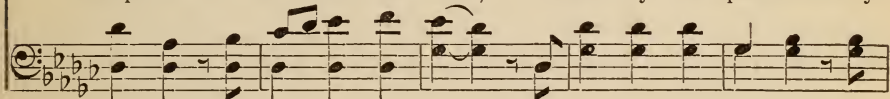
Adapted and arranged by R. KELSO CARTER.

Slow.

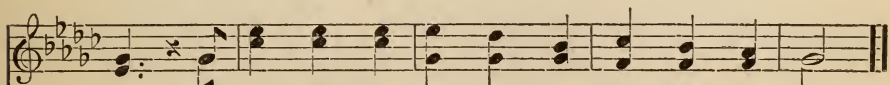
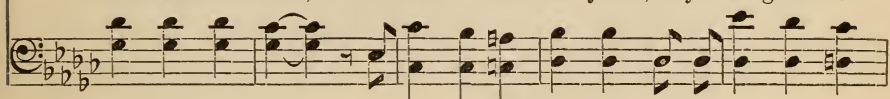
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my



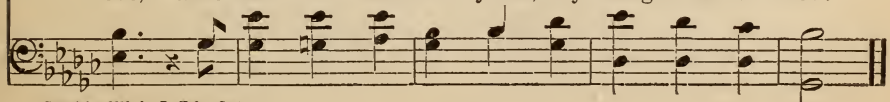
pas-tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
 meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er, With perfume and oil Thou a -
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op -
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er
 noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy Prov - i - dence
 fore-fath-ers trod, Thro' land of their so - journ, Thy Kingdom of



pressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
 near, No harm can be - fall, with my com-fort - er near.
 more, Oh, what shall I ask, of Thy Prov - i - dence more.
 love, Thro' land of their so - journ, Thy King-dom of love.

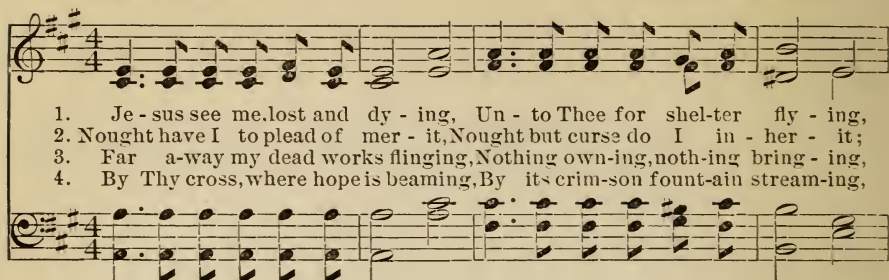


89.

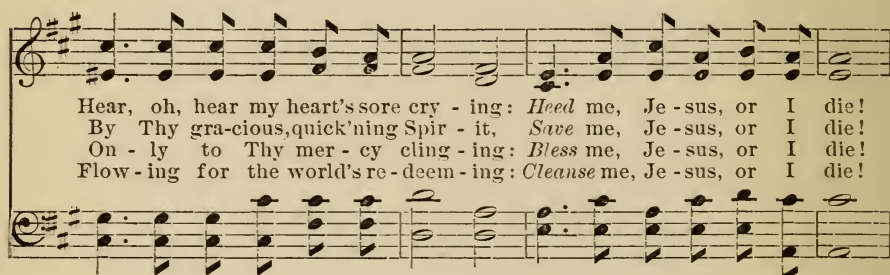
The Penitent's Plea.

Rev. R. M. OFFORD.

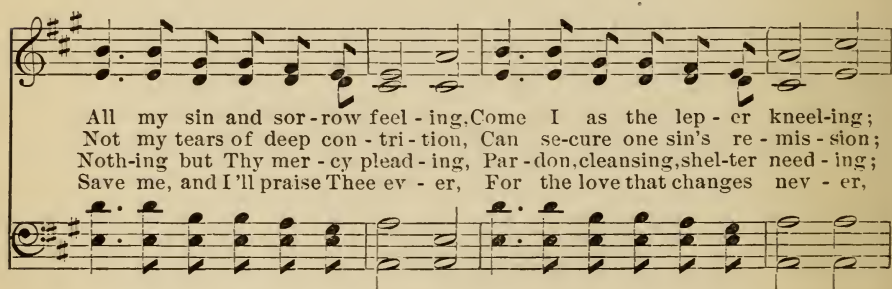
R. KELSO CARTER, 1884.



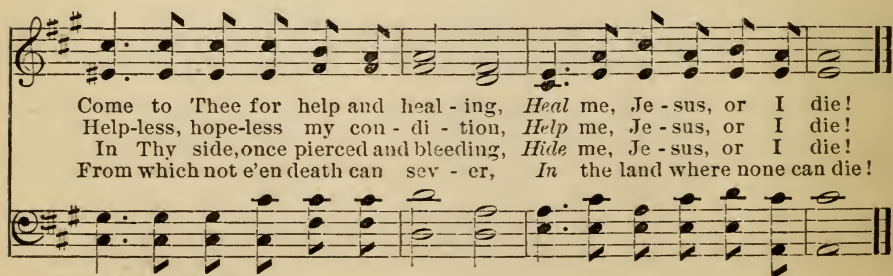
1. Je - sus see me, lost and dy - ing, Un - to Thee for shel - ter fly - ing,
 2. Nought have I to plead of mer - it, Nought but curse do I in - her - it;
 3. Far a-way my dead works flinging, Nothing own-ing, noth-ing bring - ing,
 4. By Thy cross, where hope is beaming, By its crim - son fount - ain stream - ing,



Hear, oh, hear my heart's sore cry - ing: *Heed* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 By Thy gra - cious, quick'ning Spir - it, *Save* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 On - ly to Thy mer - cy cling - ing: *Bless* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 Flow - ing for the world's re - deem - ing: *Cleanse* me, Je - sus, or I die!



All my sin and sor - row feel - ing, Come I as the lep - er kneel - ing;
 Not my tears of deep con - tri - tion, Can se - cure one sin's re - mis - sion;
 Noth - ing but Thy mer - cy plead - ing, Par - don, cleansing, shel - ter need - ing;
 Save me, and I'll praise Thee ev - er, For the love that changes nev - er,

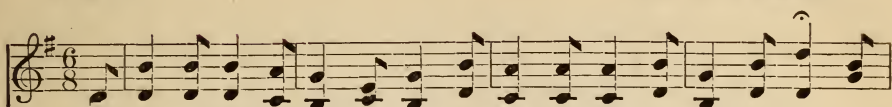


Come to 'Thee for help and heal - ing, *Heal* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 Help - less, hope - less my con - di - tion, *Help* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 In Thy side, once pierced and bleeding, *Hide* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 From which not e'en death can sev - er, In the land where none can die!

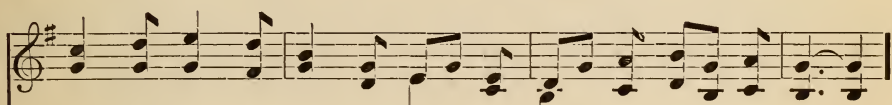
I Take, He Undertakes.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. I clasp the hand of Love di-vine, I claim the gra-cious prom-ise mine, And
 2. I take sal - va-tion full and free, Thro' Him who gave His life for me, He
 3. I take Him as my ho - li-ness, My spir - it's spot-less heavenly dress, I
 4. I take the promised Ho - ly Ghost, I take the power of Pen - te-cost, To

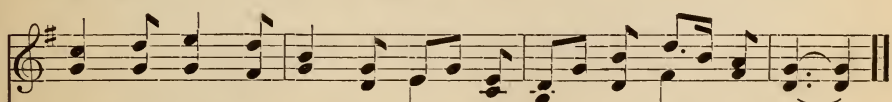


this e - ter - nal coun - ter - sign, "I take, He un - der - takes."
 un - der-takes my All to be, "I take, He un - der - takes."
 take "The Lord my Right-eous-ness," "I take, He un - der - takes."
 fill me to the ut - ter - most, "I take, He un - der takes."

CHORUS.



I take Thee, bless - ed Lord, I give my - self to Thee,



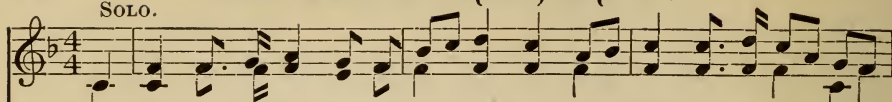
Thou, ac - cord - ing to Thy word, Dost un - der - take for me.

5 I take Him for this mortal frame,
 I take my healing through His name,
 And all His risen life I claim,
 "I take, He undertakes."

6 I simply take Him at His word,
 I praise Him that my prayer is heard,
 And claim my answer from the Lord,
 "I take, He undertakes."

91. Will You be There, and I?

SOLO.

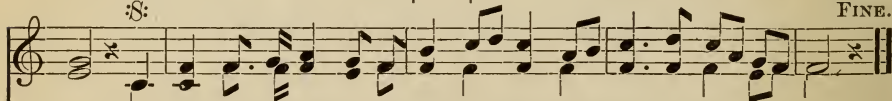


1. I know there's a bright and a glo - rious land A - way in the hea - vens
 2. In robes of white, o'er streets of gold Be - neath a cloudless
 3. From ev - 'ry king - dom of earth they come, To raise their an - thems

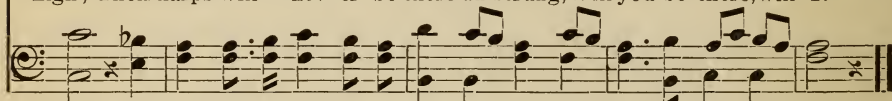


:S:

FINE.



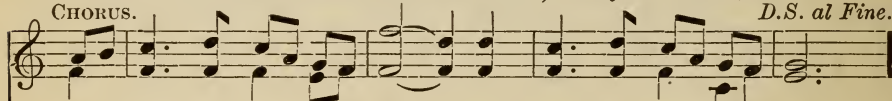
high, Where all the redeem'd shall with Je - sus stand, Will you be there, will I?
 sky, They'll walk in the light of their Father's love, Will you be there, will I?
 high; Their harps will nev - er be there un-strung, Will you be there, will I?



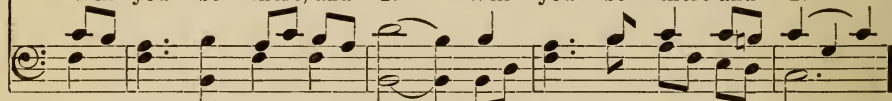
D.S. Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus dwell; Will you be there, will I?

CHORUS.

D.S. al Fine.



Will you be there, and I? Will you be there and I?

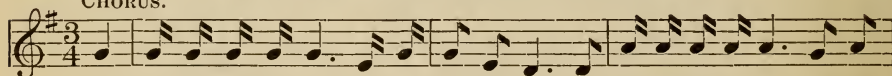


4 If we find the loving Saviour now,
 And follow Him faithfully;
 When He gathers His children in that
 bright home,
 Then you'll be there, and I! Yes! etc.

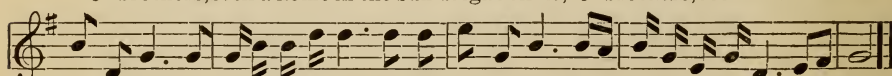
5 If we are sheltered by the cross,
 And through the blood brought nigh;
 Our utmost gain we'll count but loss,
 Since you'll be there, and I. Since, etc.

92. O Brothers, Seek a Home.

CHORUS.



O brothers, seek a home in the sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in the



sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in the sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in heav'n.

- 1 ||: We did n't come here to live alway. :|| 2 ||: By the grace of God you may live
 O brothers, seek a home in heav'n. alway. :||

CHORUS.

O brothers, seek a home in heaven.

CHORUS.

93.

Room Enough.

R. K. C., 1885.

Plantation melody, alt. and arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. See, brothers, the fountain wide, Flowing from Calv'ry's side; Je-sus, the
 2. There's pardon, so full and free, Cleansing and pur-i-ty, Power and
 3. For Je-sus has gone a -bove, Sending the Heavenly Dove, Perfecting

CHORUS.

cru - ci - fied, sweetly says, come! Oh, Je - sus says there's room enough,
 lib - er - ty, Glo - ry to God!
 us in love; Glo - ry to God!

room enough for you and me; Je-sus says there's room enough; Come, oh, come and see.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 Oh, come and the victory win,
 Come, and find peace within,
 Come, and be saved from sin;
 Jesus says, come.

5 Oh, Jesus is now my boast,
 Saving the uttermost,
 Giving the Holy Ghost,
 Praise to His name!

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,
 Coming now to Thee!
 Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
 Thou dost my strength assure;
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
 All hail, redeeming grace!
 All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

94. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

95.

Going Down to the Grave.

Slow.

Rev. GEO. ORBIN, by per.

1. Go - ing down to the grave, with no hope in thy heart, That thy
 2. Go - ing down to the grave, in the black - ness of night, No
 3. No God and no hope, where, oh, where is thy stay? Thy
 4. Thine hours of gay pleas - ure e'er long will be o'er, A

God will re - ceive thee all guilt as thou art; Life's sun - shine extinguished with
 star-beam of love from the Fa - ther of light; No Sav - iour's sweet presence and
 Sav - iour long pleading turns not yet a - way; His sad eye will pit - y, His
 dark gulf awaits thee, its mad wa - ters roar; Too late thou wilt call on the

falt - er - ing tread, In dark - ness and doubt go - ing down to the dead.
 prom - ise to save: A stran - ger to God, go - ing down to the grave.
 strong arm can save, Why then in thine own strength go down to the grave.
 Might - y to save, When thy pray'r shall be lost in e - ternity's grave.

CHORUS.

Oh, . . . turn to thy God Who dwell - eth on

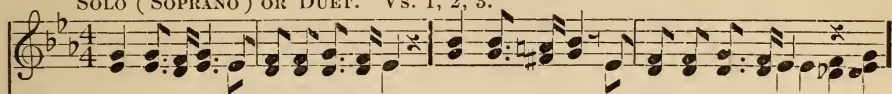
high, Come trust - ing His word And thou shalt not die.
 high, Come trust - ing His word And thou shalt not die.

Too Late. 10.

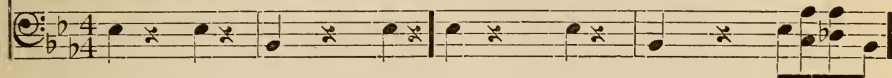
ALFRED TENNYSON.

LINDSAY, arr. by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

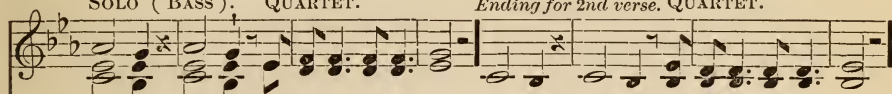
SOLO (SOPRANO) OR DUET. Vs. 1, 2, 3.



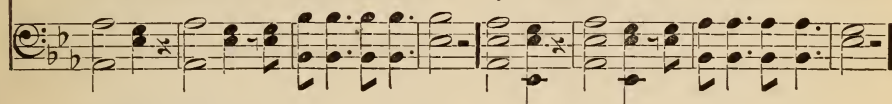
1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
2. No light had we; for that we do repent, And learning this, the Bridegroom will re-lent.
3. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in that we may find the light.



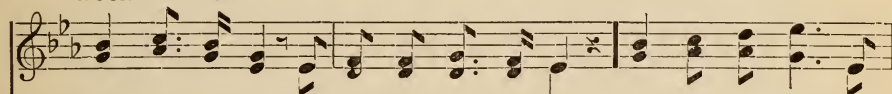
SOLO (BASS). QUARTET.

Ending for 2nd verse. QUARTET.

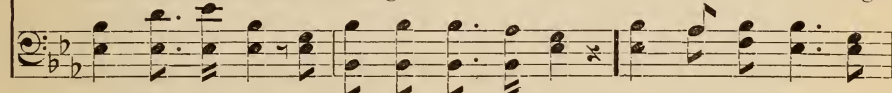
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now." "Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."



FOURTH VERSE.

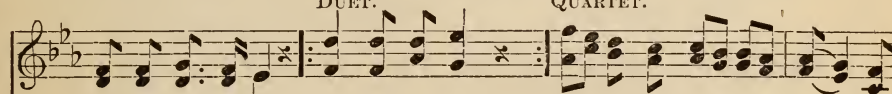


4. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet! Oh, let us in, though

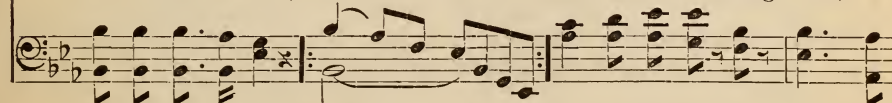
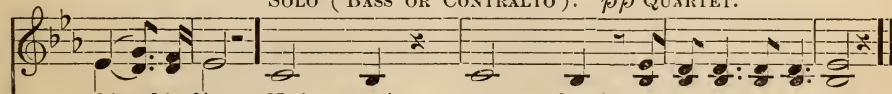


DUET.

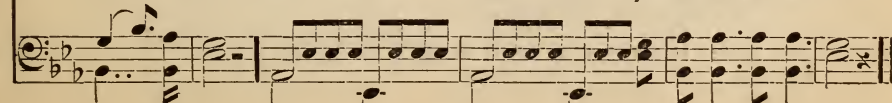
QUARTET.



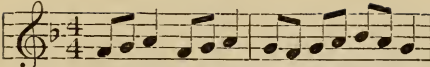
late, to kiss His feet; Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, though late, to

SOLO (BASS OR CONTRALTO). *pp* QUARTET.

kiss his feet. "No! no! too late! ye can-not en-ter now!"



97. Come, Believer.



1 Come, believer, hung'ring, thirsting,
Come, a living sacrifice,
God will sanctify you wholly,
Cleanse and fit you for the skies.

CHORUS.

Come to the cross for full salvation,
Now the Comforter receive,
Perfect peace, and full salvation
God the Holy Ghost will give.

2 Now, believer, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
Come in faith and consecration,
All your fleshly hopes deny.

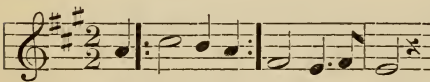
3 Lo! the Holy Ghost descending!
Now behold the cleansing blood.
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Plunge beneath the crimson flood.

4 Christ the Comforter has promised
To the pardoned child of God,
Oh, believer, come and seek Him,
Let your soul be His abode.

5 He will 'stablish, fix and keep you,
Rooted, grounded in His love,
Calm your wav'ring heart and seal it,
Seal it for His courts above.

6 Into all His truth He'll lead you,
All things teach you as you go,
In the dying hour be with you,
Death's dark river guide you through.

98. Oh, Turn Ye.



1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye
die, [nigh?
When God in great mercy is coming so
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
come! [home.
And angels are waiting to welcome you

2 How vain the delusion, that while you
delay, [away;
Your hearts may grow better by staying
Come, wretched, come starving, come just
as you be, [free.
While streams of salvation are flowing so

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to
receive, [believe?
Oh, how can you question, if you will

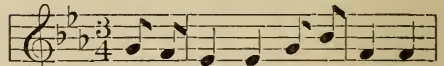
If sin is your burden, why will ye not
come? [come home.
'T is you He bids welcome; he bids you

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you
obtain [pain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your
To bear up your spirit when summoned to
die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will ye be starving and feeding on
air? [spare;
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to
If still you are doubting make trial and
see, [free.
And prove that His mercy is boundless and

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Sav-
iour your heart, [part;
And trusting in heaven, we never shall
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you
not come? [home.
We'll journey together, and soon be at

99. Come, Thou Fount.



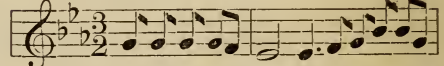
1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

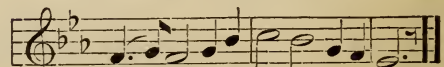
3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

CHORUS.



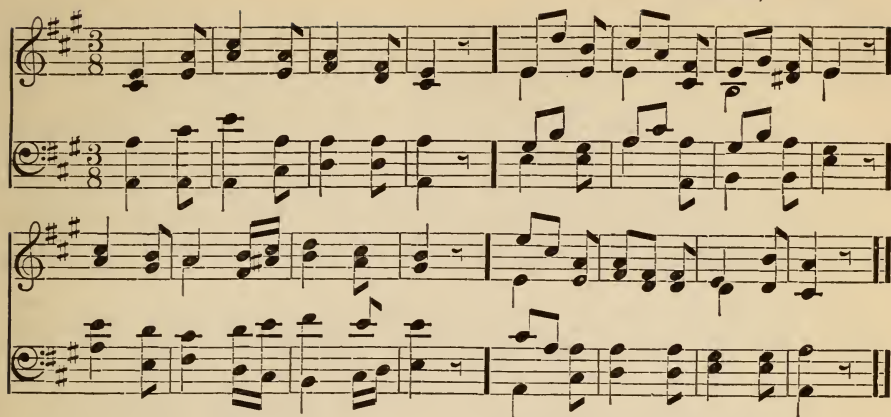
The fountain lies open, The fountain lies



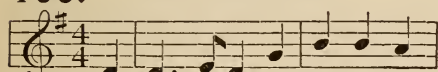
open, Come and bathe your weary soul.

Horton. 7 s.

X. S. VON WARTENSEE, b. 1786.



100. Only Trust Him.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,

To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

101. Come Unto me, All Ye That Labor.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn.

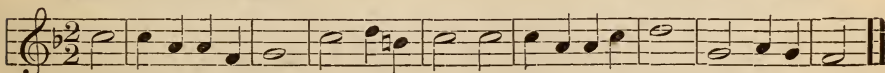
4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, ab. 1825.

102. To-day the Saviour Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh,

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power,
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'T is mercy's hour.

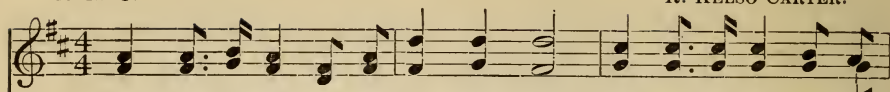
103.

Come to the Feast.

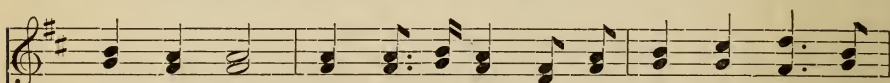
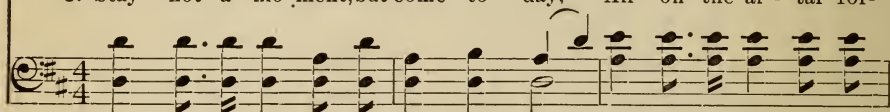
[INVITATION.]

R. K. C.

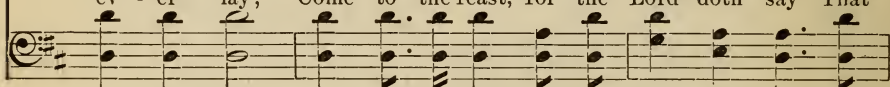
R. KELSO CARTER.



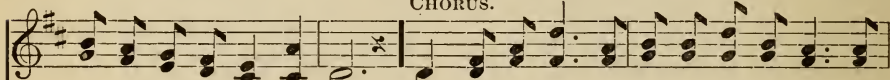
1. Come to the feast that the Lord hath made, Ye who on Je - sus your
 2. Leave now the husks of a world - ly life, List to the prom - ise with
 3. Stay not a mo - ment, but come to - day, All on the al - tar for -



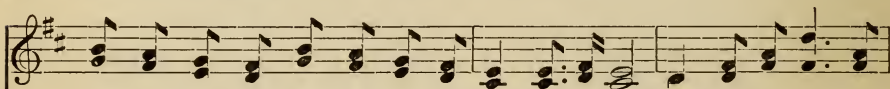
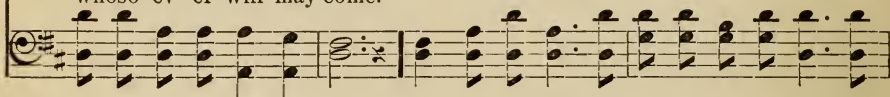
sins have laid; Trust - ing in Him be ye not a - fraid; The
 bless - ings rife; Come find re - lease from the storm and strife; The
 ev - er lay; Come to the feast, for the Lord doth say That



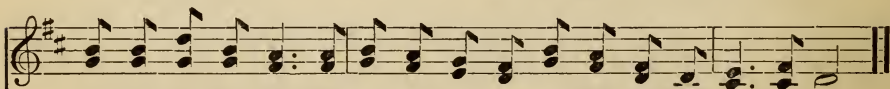
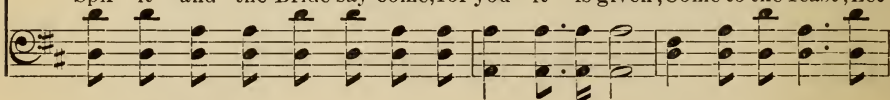
CHORUS.



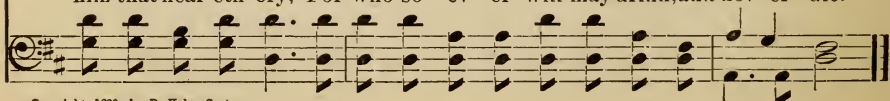
Spirit and the Bride say, come. Come to the feast, and taste the bread from heav'n; The
 Master of the feast says, come!
 whoso - ev - er will may come.



Spir - it and the Bride say come, for you it is given; Come to the feast; Let

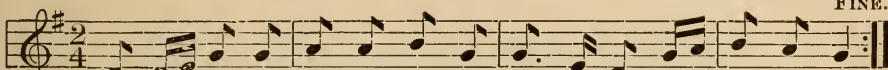


him that hear - eth cry, For who - so - ev - er will may drink, and nev - er die.



I Will Sprinkle.

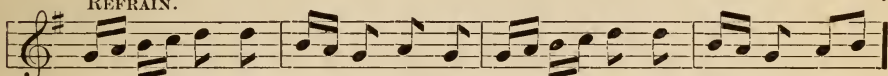
FINE.



1 { Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord,
Have you read that gra - cious promise, Which is left up - on re - cord?
D. C. *Sanc-ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will come and dwell with - in.*

REFRAIN.

D. C.



I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,

2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.

4 Spread, oh, the joyful tidings,
Tell, oh, tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of His Son.

3 Be as holy, and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.

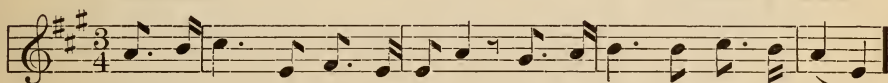
5 Oh, may every soul be filléd
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, He is coming;
Oh, prepare, prepare the way.

105.

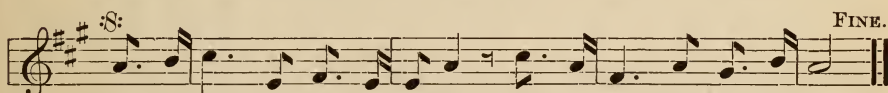
Shall We Meet.

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?

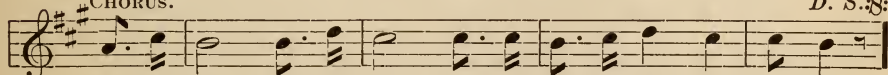


FINE.

Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
D. S. *Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*

CHORUS.

D. S.:8:



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

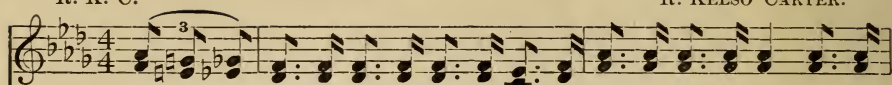
5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound.

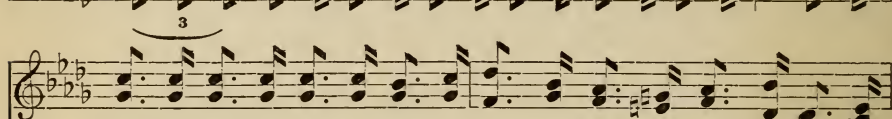
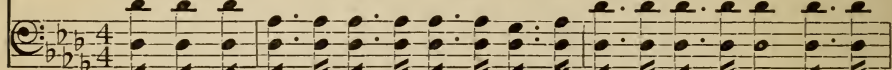
6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

R. K. C.

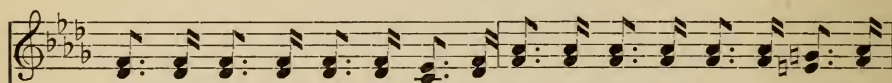
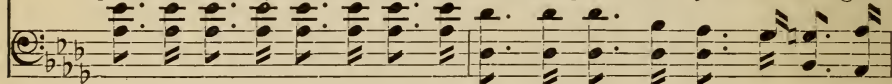
R. KELSO CARTER.



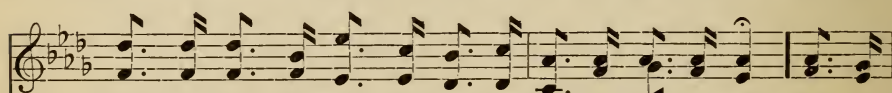
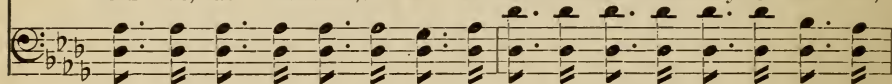
1. Have you not heard the old, old sto - ry Of the shepherds in the night; How the
2. Do you not know that Jesus went a - bout His mis - sion do - ing good, Healing
3. Have you for - got that this same Jesus, Who went up from Ol - i - vet, To pre -



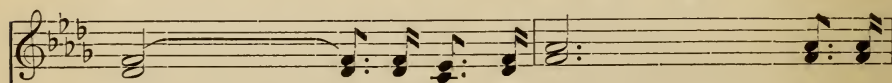
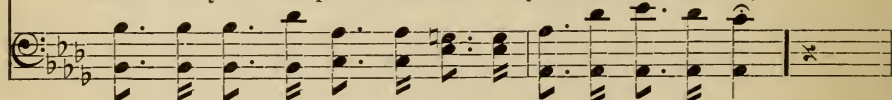
an - gels came from glo - ry, On the wings of love and light; So sweet - ly
all the sick, and cast - ing out The dev - ils with His word: And how He
pare the ma - ny mansions, Must redeem His prom - ise yet? The an - gels



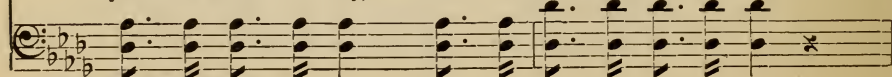
bring - ing glad new tid - ings Of a Ba - by born that day? O broth - er,
gave His per - fect cleansing To the sin - ners in His way? O broth - er,
told us, as He went, Just so He will come back some day? O broth - er,



hark! do you be - lieve it? He is just the same al - way. He is
hark! can you re - ceive it? He is just the same al - way.
hark! do you ex - pect Him? He is just the same al - way.



just the same al - way, He is
just the same al - way, He is just the same al - way,



INVITATION.]

just the same al - way, Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-
just the same al - way, He is just the same al-way,

ritard.

ev-er; Yes-ter-day, today, forever. Oh, bless the Lord! He is just the same alway.

107. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with this Chorus.)

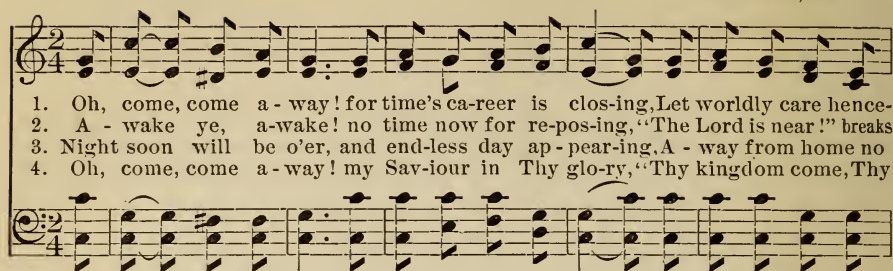
I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy - seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy - seat,
I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

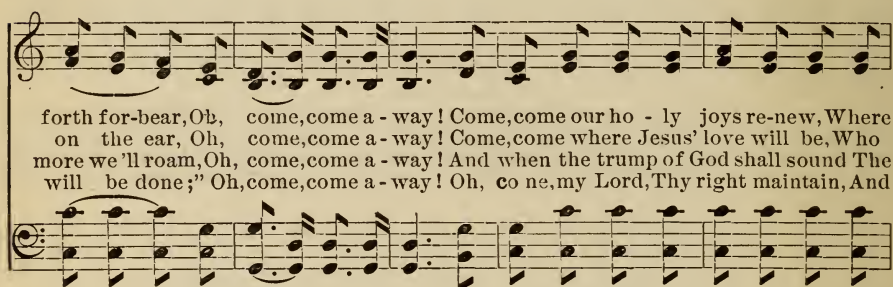
108.

Oh, Come, Come Away.

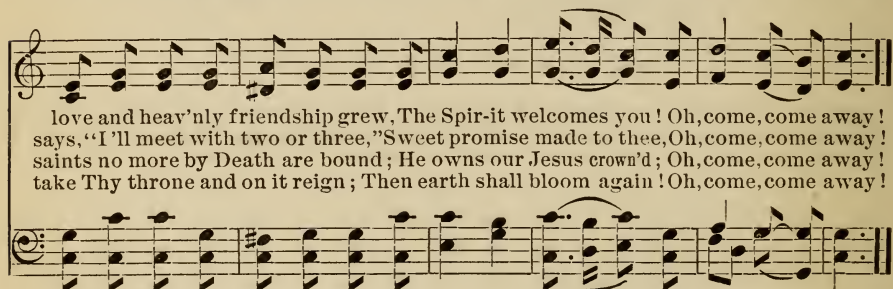
German Air, arr.



1. Oh, come, come a - way! for time's ca-reer is clos-ing, Let worldly care hence-
 2. A - wake ye, a-wake! no time now for re-pos-ing, "The Lord is near!" breaks
 3. Night soon will be o'er, and end-less day ap-pear-ing, A - way from home no
 4. Oh, come, come a - way! my Sav-iour in Thy glo-ry, "Thy kingdom come, Thy



forth for-bear, Oh, come, come a - way! Come, come our ho - ly joys re-new, Where
 on the ear, Oh, come, come a - way! Come, come where Jesus' love will be, Who
 more we'll roam, Oh, come, come a - way! And when the trump of God shall sound The
 will be done;" Oh, come, come a - way! Oh, co ne, my Lord, Thy right maintain, And

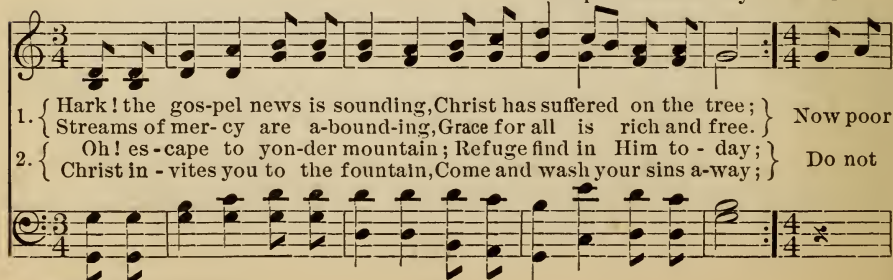


love and heav'nly friendship grew, The Spir-it welcomes you! Oh, come, come away!
 says, "I'll meet with two or three," Sweet promise made to thee, Oh, come, come away!
 saints no more by Death are bound; He owns our Jesus crown'd; Oh, come, come away!
 take Thy throne and on it reign; Then earth shall bloom again! Oh, come, come away!

109.

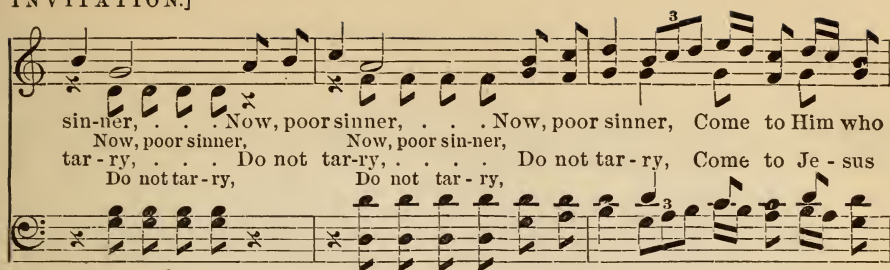
Calvary.

Adapted and arr. by R. K. C.

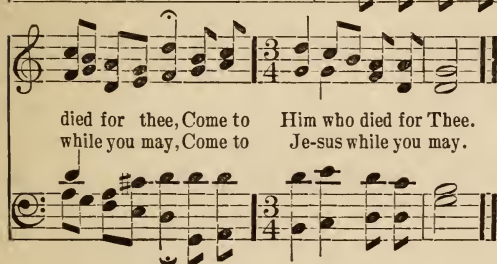


1. { Hark! the gos-pel news is sounding, Christ has suffered on the tree; } Now poor
 { Streams of mer-cy are a-bound-ing, Grace for all is rich and free. }
 2. { Oh! es-cape to yon-der mountain; Refuge find in Him to - day; } Do not
 { Christ in - vites you to the fountain, Come and wash your sins a-way; }

INVITATION.]



sin-ner, . . . Now, poor sinner, . . . Now, poor sinner, Come to Him who
 Now, poor sinner, Now, poor sin-ner,
 tar-ry, . . . Do not tar-ry, . . . Do not tar-ry, Come to Je-sus
 Do not tar-ry, Do not tar-ry,



died for thee, Come to Him who died for Thee.
 while you may, Come to Je-sus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
 Millions there have been supplied
 Still it flows as fresh as ever
 From the Saviour's wounded side:
 None need perish,
 All may live, for Christ hast died.
 4 Christ alone shall be our portion;
 Soon we hope to meet above;
 Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
 Of the great Redeemer's love;
 All His fullness
 We shall then forever prove.

Lenox. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.



110. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears:
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on His hands.
 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,

They strongly plead for me:
 "Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
 4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
 6 My God is reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear:
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

111. Are You Wash'd in the Blood?

Words and music by REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you wash'd in the
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

CHORUS,

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
 Are you wash'd

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

112. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

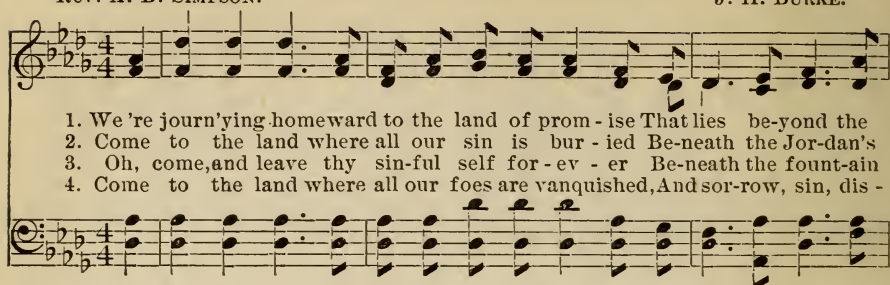
Are you read-y, are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

judg-ment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y For the judg-ment day?

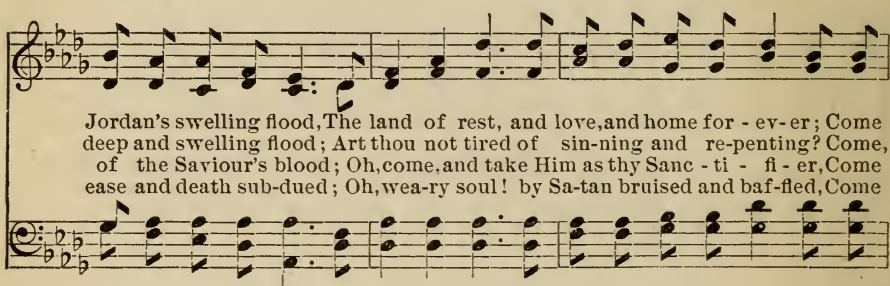
113. Come With Us, and We Will Do Thee Good.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

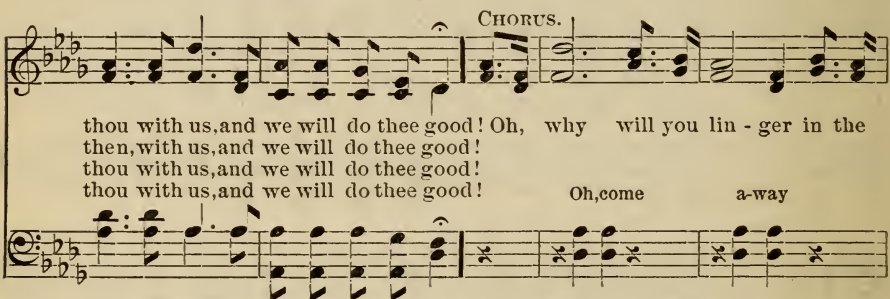
J. H. BURKE.



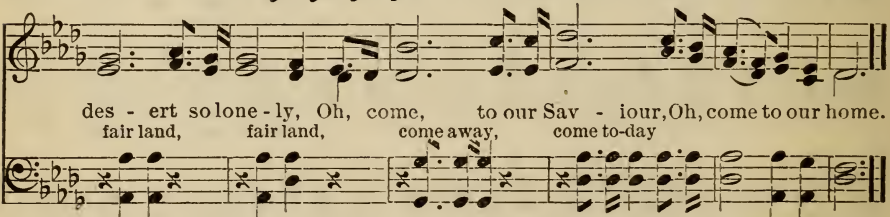
1. We're journ'ying homeward to the land of prom - ise That lies be - yond the
 2. Come to the land where all our sin is bur - ied Be - neath the Jor - dan's
 3. Oh, come, and leave thy sin - ful self for - ev - er Be - neath the fount - ain
 4. Come to the land where all our foes are vanquished, And sor - row, sin, dis -



Jordan's swelling flood, The land of rest, and love, and home for - ev - er; Come
 deep and swelling flood; Art thou not tired of sin - ning and re - pent - ing? Come,
 of the Saviour's blood; Oh, come, and take Him as thy Sanc - ti - fi - er, Come
 ease and death sub - dued; Oh, wea - ry soul! by Sa - tan bruised and baf - fled, Come



CHORUS.
 thou with us, and we will do thee good! Oh, why will you lin - ger in the
 then, with us, and we will do thee good!
 thou with us, and we will do thee good!
 thou with us, and we will do thee good! Oh, come a - way



des - ert so lone - ly, Oh, come, to our Sav - iour, Oh, come to our home.
 fair land, fair land, come away, come to - day

- 5 Come to the land that flows with milk and honey,
 And all its children eat of heavenly food;
 Come taste its corn and wine, and grapes of Eschol;
 Oh, come with us, and we will do thee [good!]
- 6 Why will ye linger in this desert lonely,
 'Mid barren wastes and tempests wild and rude!
 Oh, come and share our hope, our heaven,
 our Saviour, [good!]
 Come thou with us, and we will do thee

114.

Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Now for you He's in-ter-ced-ing,
 2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Wea-ry trav'ler, do not tar-ry,
 3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not al-ways call you,
 4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 't is love and joy forever,

Gent-ly at thy heart He's pleading, "Come unto me, Come un-to me."
 Je-sus will thy burdens car-ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
 "Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
 Where we'll meet to part, no, never, Sin-ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co.

115.

The Sinner's Invitation.

FINE.

1. { Sin-ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en?
 { Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv-en?
 D. C. And the waves of the bow'rs In the breez-es are flit-ting.

Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o-dors e-mit-ting;

2 Where the saints, robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain;
 Where no sin nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

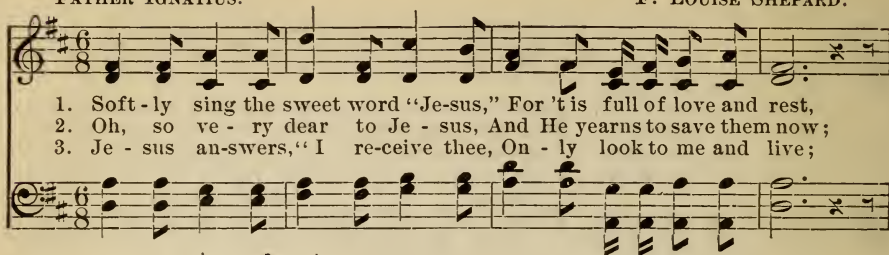
3 He's prepared thee a home,—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,—
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 Oh, come, sinner come,
 For the tide is receding;
 And the Saviour will soon

(67) And forever cease pleading.

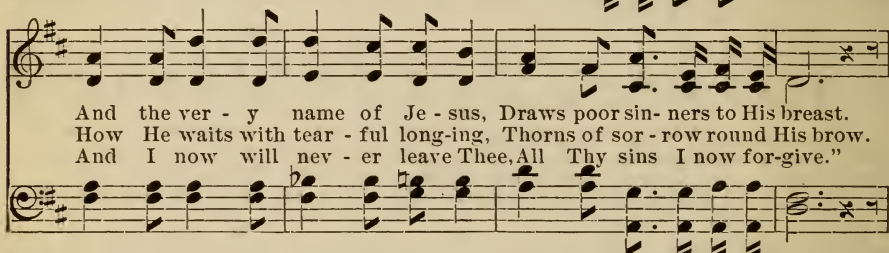
116. The Sweet Word, Jesus.

FATHER IGNATIUS.*

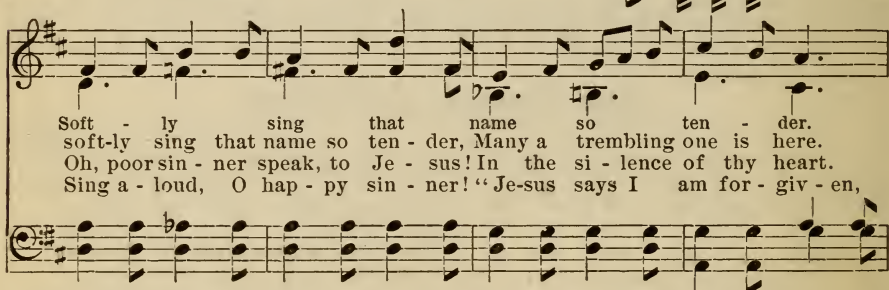
F. LOUISE SHEPARD.



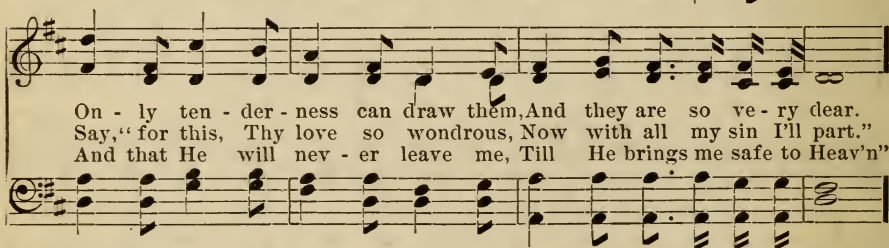
1. Soft-ly sing the sweet word "Je-sus," For 'tis full of love and rest,
 2. Oh, so ve-ry dear to Je-sus, And He yearns to save them now;
 3. Je-sus an-swers, "I re-ceive thee, On-ly look to me and live;



And the ver-y name of Je-sus, Draws poor sin-ners to His breast.
 How He waits with tear-ful long-ing, Thorns of sor-row round His brow.
 And I now will nev-er leave Thee, All Thy sins I now for-give."

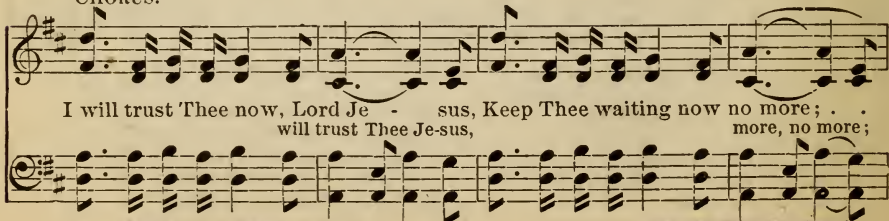


Soft-ly sing that name so ten-der.
 soft-ly sing that name so ten-der, Many a trembling one is here.
 Oh, poor sin-ner speak, to Je-sus! In the si-lence of thy heart.
 Sing a-loud, O hap-py sin-ner! "Je-sus says I am for-giv-en,



On-ly ten-der-ness can draw them, And they are so ve-ry dear.
 Say, "for this, Thy love so wondrous, Now with all my sin I'll part."
 And that He will nev-er leave me, Till He brings me safe to Heav'n"

CHORUS.



I will trust Thee now, Lord Je-sus, Keep Thee waiting now no more; . .
 will trust Thee Je-sus, more, no more;

INVITATION.]

accel.

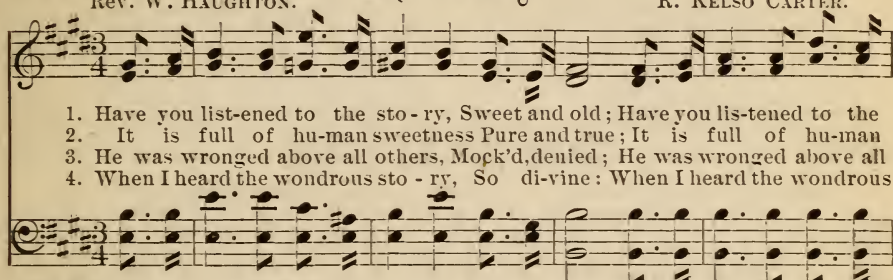


Let Thee take a - way my sin - stains, Let Thee heal my ev - 'ry sore.

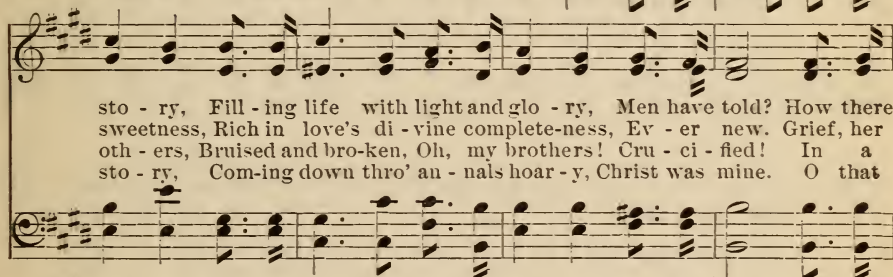
117. *The Story.*

Rev. W. HAUGHTON.

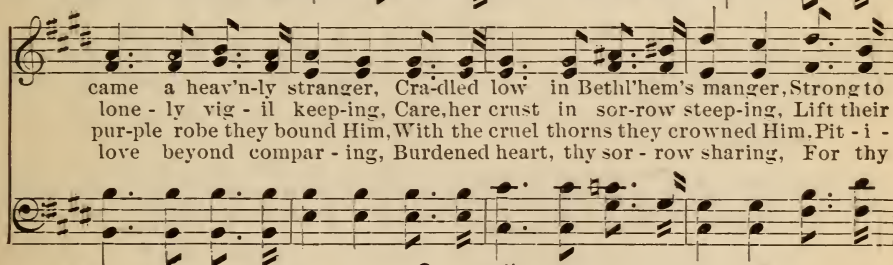
R. KELSO CARTER.



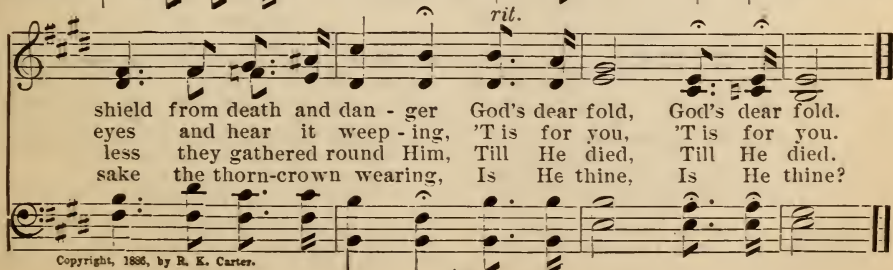
1. Have you list-ened to the sto - ry, Sweet and old; Have you lis-tened to the
2. It is full of hu-man sweetness Pure and true; It is full of hu-man
3. He was wronged above all others, Mock'd, denied; He was wronged above all
4. When I heard the wondrous sto - ry, So di-vine: When I heard the wondrous



sto - ry, Fill - ing life with light and glo - ry, Men have told? How there
sweetness, Rich in love's di - vine complete-ness, Ev - er new. Grief, her
oth - ers, Bruised and bro - ken, Oh, my brothers! Cru - ci - fied! In a
sto - ry, Com - ing down thro' an - nals hoar - y, Christ was mine. O that

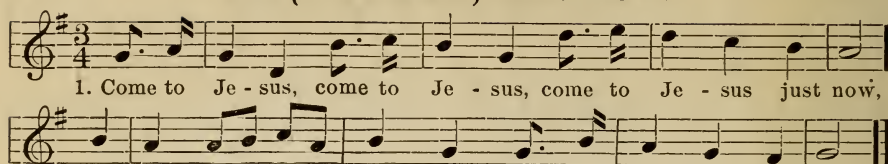


came a heav'n - ly stranger, Cra-dled low in Beth'hem's manger, Strong to
lone - ly vig - il keep - ing, Care, her crust in sor - row steep - ing, Lift their
pur - ple robe they bound Him, With the cruel thorns they crowned Him. Pit - i -
love beyond compar - ing, Burdened heart, thy sor - row sharing, For thy



shield from death and dan - ger God's dear fold, God's dear fold.
eyes and hear it weep - ing, 'Tis for you, 'Tis for you.
less they gathered round Him, Till He died, Till He died.
sake the thorn - crown wearing, Is He thine, Is He thine?

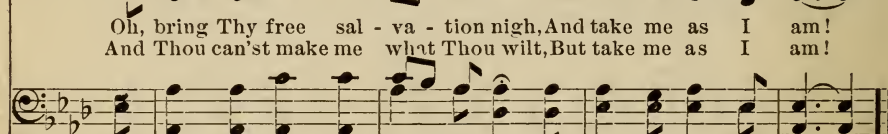
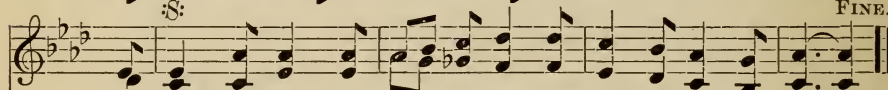
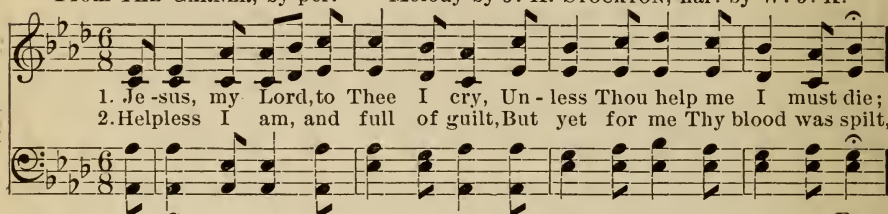
118. Come to Jesus, Just Now.



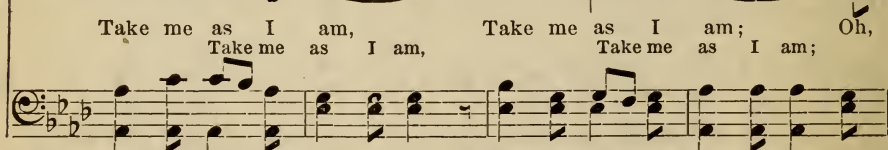
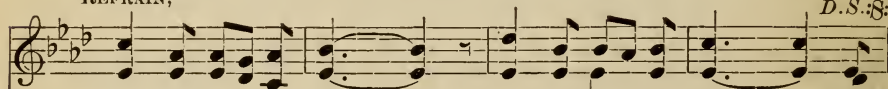
- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 He will save you, just now. | 9 He will hear you, just now. |
| 3 Oh, believe Him, just now. | 10 He'll have mercy, just now. |
| 4 He is able, just now. | 11 He'll forgive you just now. |
| 5 He is willing, just now. | 12 He will cleanse you just now. |
| 6 He'll receive you, just now. | 13 He'll renew you just now. |
| 7 Flee to Jesus, just now. | 14 He will clothe you just now. |
| 8 Call unto Him, just now. | 15 Jesus loves you just now. |

119. Take Me As I Am.

From THE GARNER, by per. Melody by J. H. STOCKTON, har. by W. J. K.



REFRAIN,



- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am! | 5 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am! |
| 4 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am! | 6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vic'try won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am! |

Come Unto Me.

Words and music by Rev. GEO. ORBIN, by per.

1. Hin - der the chil - dren, they said to the Mas - ter,
 2. Safe in the arms of His ten - der com - pas - sion,
 3. Come to the Rock that was smit - ten for sin - ners,
 4. Come now to Je - sus, oh, thrice hap - py wel - come,
 5. Then in the day of His sec - ond ap - pear - ing,

Why should the moth - ers bring them to Thee? Hin - der them not was the
 Play - ful prat - tlers sat on His knee, Wait - ing to get His di -
 Come to the fount - ain flow - ing so free; An - swer the voice of the
 Wel - come to Him who died on the tree, Though He is reign - ing so
 When from His pres - ence mount - ains shall flee, Sweet - er than ev - er will

an - swer of Je - sus, "Let all the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
 vine ben - e - dic - tion, Hap - py to hear Him say "Come un - to me."
 bless - ed Re - deem - er, Ten - der - ly call - ing out "Come un - to me."
 high up in glo - ry, Yet does His spir - it say "Come un - to me."
 be the glad wel - come, As thou shalt hear Him say "Come un - to me."

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, come un - to me, Suf - fer all the lit - tle ones to come un - to me,

Keep them not a - way, But bring them in today, And suffer them to come unto me.

121. Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

C. R. DUNBAR, by per.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.

REFRAIN. *p* *m* *f*
Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait - ing to re - ceive you, Why

don't you come to Je - sus and be saved? saved?

Words on opposite page.

122. I Will Arise.

CHORUS.

Arr. for this Work.

I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me

in His arms; In the arms of my dear Saviour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

While Jesus Whispers to You.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden.—Matt. xi: 28.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

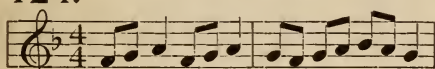
pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
 ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

Music on opposite page.

124. Come, Ye Sinners.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power:
 He is able,

He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:

This He gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you 're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of His blood:
 Venture on Him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

125.

Come, Loved One, Come.

F. L. S.

F. LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. Come, loved one, come, the Mas - ter is call - ing, Call - ing this mo - ment in
 2. Come, loved one, come, oh, heed not the voic - es Call - ing to earth - ly and

plead - ing love; Come, loved one, come, true hearts are fond - ly pray - ing,
 vain de - light; The world's vain morn of pleas - ure and of fol - ly,

An - gels are watch - ing a - bove. Je - sus, thy all - a -
 Soon will be sad - ness and night. Je - sus, the chief a -

ton - ing Sav - iour, Wait - eth to set Thy spir - it free;
 among ten thou - sand, On - ly thy tru - est friend can prove;

Je - sus, thy Ev - er - last - ing Lov - er, Long - eth to give Him - self to thee.
 Je - sus, the Al - to - geth - er Love - ly, On - ly de - serves thy deep - est love.

The Door of Hope.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Door of Hope for souls re - turn-ing, His sweet wel-come now to claim;
 2. Door of Home for chil-dren straying, From the Fa-ther's heart and home,
 3. Door of Help where suff'ers wea-ry, Suc-cor find for sor-est need;
 4. Door of Heav'n where life e - ter - nal Is to all who en - ter given;

Je - sus o - ver lost ones yearning, Bids them en - ter in His Name.
 At the door, our El - der Broth-er Stands pro-claiming, "Children come."
 Bring our griefs and fears and burdens, Christ will prove a Friend in - deed.
 Je - sus ev - er may we find Thee, Door of Hope and Gate of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Door of Hope; En - ter, He is waiting for thee, And the

val - ley of A - chor, a Door of Hope, And a val - ley of blessing shall be.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

Music on opposite page.

3 Come, loved one, come, the Master is calling,
 Calling to service so true, so high;
 No longer waste thy youth and life's
 sweet morning,
 Trifling while time rushes by.
 Harvests of golden sheaves are waiting,
 Waiting for thee to bear away;
 Millions of souls in sin are dying,
 Jesus hath need of thee today.

4 Come, loved one, come, the shadows
 are gath'ring,
 Soon will have come life's sure eventide;
 Come, loved one, come, for now you may
 be nearing,
 Nearing the lone riverside.
 No one but Christ can guide thy footsteps
 Thro' the lone vale of death and gloom;
 No one but He can meet thee yonder,
 (75) Wipe thy last tear and welcome thee home.

127.

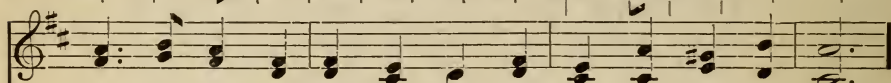
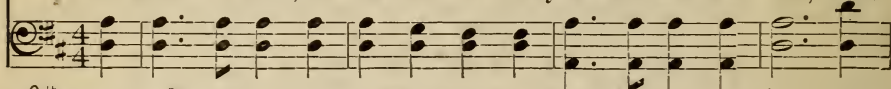
The Wrath to Come.

R. K. C.

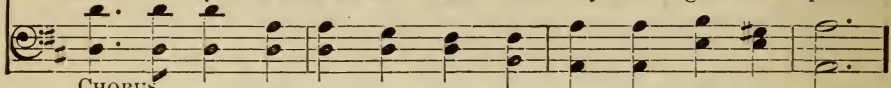
R. KELSO CARTER.



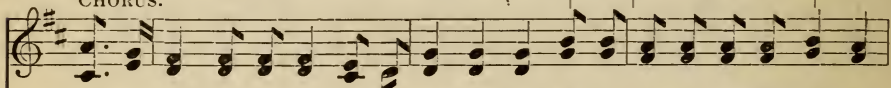
1. The gos - pel trumpet sounds a - loud, The judg - ment thunders boom; O'er
2. As leans the tree, so, when 't is fell'd It lies, the day is set; Tho'
3. Far more than pain, dis - ease, or all The paths by suff'ers trod, A
4. Be warned in time, for - sake all sin! Or you'll be damn'd at last; When



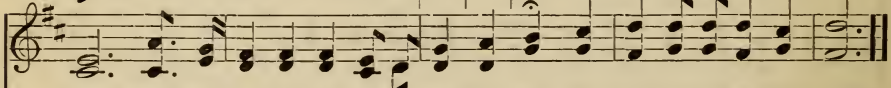
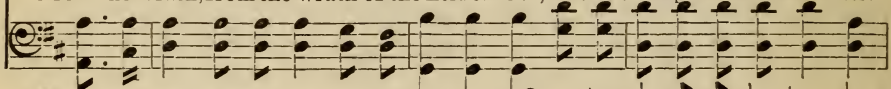
all be - neath trans - gres - sion bow'd, Hangs an e - ter - nal doom.
 judg - ment on thy sins' with - held, The Lord doth not for - get.
 fear - ful thing it is to fall In - to the hands of God.
 mer - cy's voice fails to win The day of grace is past.



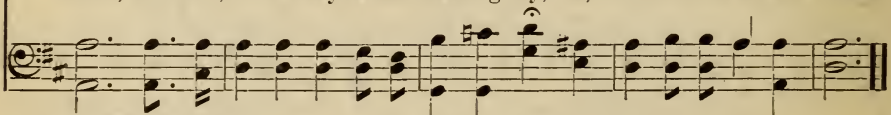
CHORUS.



From the wrath, from the wrath of the Lord our God, When the trumpet sounds the har - vest.



home, Broth - er, turn to - day at the warning cry, Oh, flee from the wrath to come.

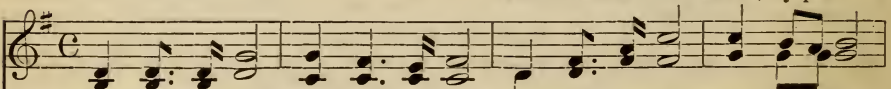


Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

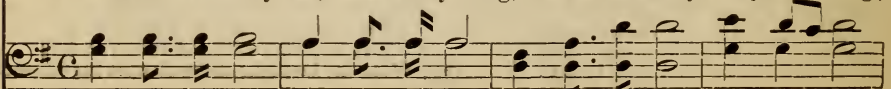
128.

Nothing to Pay.

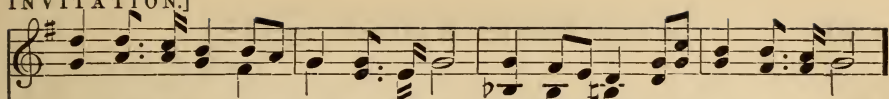
MRS. DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, by per.



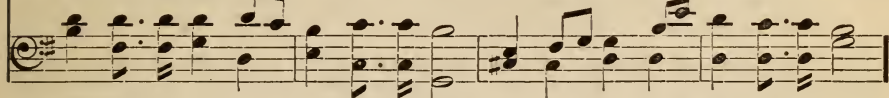
1. Noth - ing to pay? no, not a whit; Noth - ing to do? no, not a bit;
2. Noth - ing to fear, Je - sus is mine, Trust - ing in Him, all I re - sign;
3. What of the law? there I re - joice; Answered its claims, silenced its voice.
4. What of the body? ah, that I may bring, To God as a holy, acceptable thing;



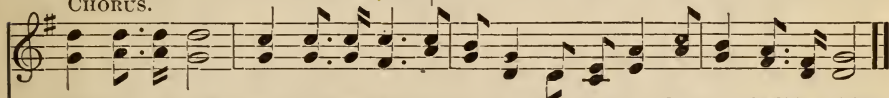
INVITATION.]



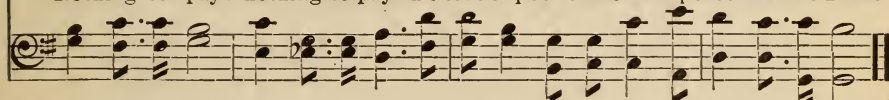
All that was needed to do or to pay, Jesus has done in His own blessed way.
Dai-ly by faith to His im-age I rise, Looking a-way to my rest in the skies.
Je-sus fulfilled it when meekly He died: "Father 't is finished, 't is finished," He cried.
For that is the temple where Jesus abides, The temple where God, by His Spirit resides.



CHORUS.



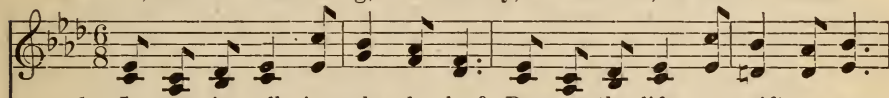
Nothing to pay! nothing to pay! Believe it poor sinner and peace shall be Thine.



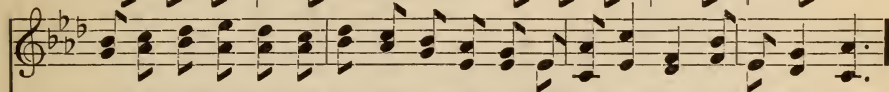
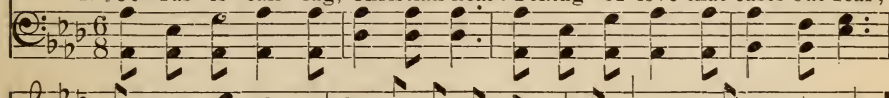
5 Nothing to pay? no, thanks be to God, The blood of the victim, a ransom divine,
The matter is settled, the price was the Believe it, poor sinner, and peace shall be
blood; thine.

129. Jesus is Calling.

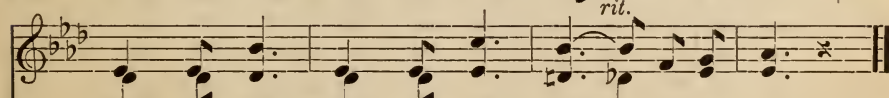
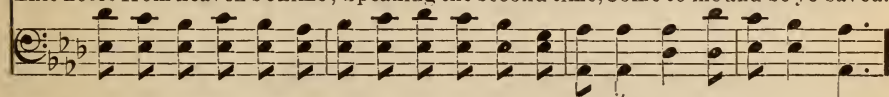
R. K. C., 1885. Cradle Song, 17th Century, alt. and arr., R. KELSO CARTER.



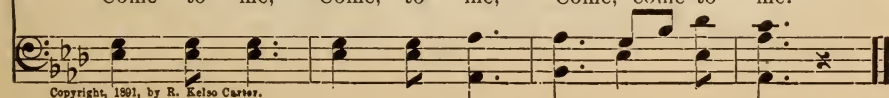
1. Je - sus is call - ing, why de - lay? Pass - es thy life so swift a - way;
2. Je - sus is call - ing, turn and live, I will the life e - ter - nal give;
3. Je - sus is call - ing to thy soul, Ten - der - ly now His ac - cents roll;
4. Je - sus is call - ing, Christian hear! Telling of love that casts out fear;



Come while the moments fly, Come, or forever die; Come to me and be ye saved.
Flee from the wrath to come, Seek an eternal home; Come to me and be ye saved.
Come with thy burdened heart I can new life impart; Come to me and be ye saved.
Like notes from heaven's chime; Speaking the second time, Come to me and be ye saved.



Come to me, Come, to me, Come, come to me.



130.

Is My Name Written There?

[INVITATION.]

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
 3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
 Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-

pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name written there?

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'KANE.

With feeling.

1. Be-hold a stran-ger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before; Has
 2. O love-ly at-ti-tude, He stands With melting heart and o-pen hands; O
 3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need: The

wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 matchless kind-ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 friend of sin-ners? Yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
 come in, from sin;

keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
 come in.

By permission.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
 Turn out His enemy and thine;
 That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn,-
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
 You'll at His door rejected stand.

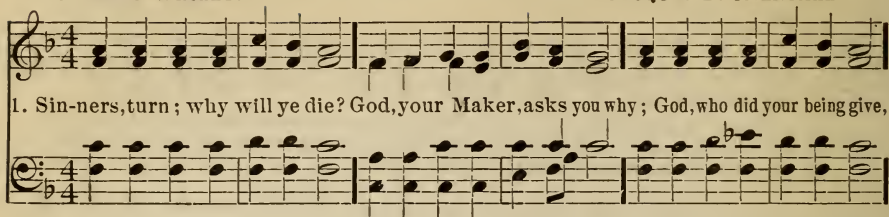
132.

Blumenthal. 7s D.

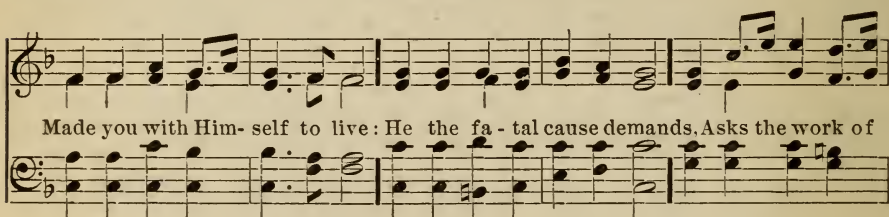
[INVITATION.]

CHARLES WESLEY.

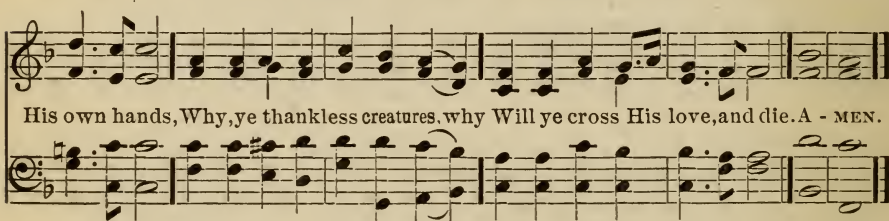
JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.



1. Sin-ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why; God, who did your being give,



Made you with Him- self to live: He the fa- tal cause demands, Asks the work of



His own hands, Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die. A - MEN.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
"Come to me I'll give you rest."

CHORUS.

Come ye weary, heavy laden
Lean your head upon my breast,
Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
"Come to me I'll give you rest."

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
God, who daily with you strove,
Woodyou to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

2 Have you wandered from the Saviour
Into ways by Him denied?
Have you left the narrow pathway
Leading up the mountain side?
Have you wasted time and talents
Like the prodigal distressed?
Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

133.

Rest.

Tune, "Is not this the land," p. 153.
Matt. xi: 28.

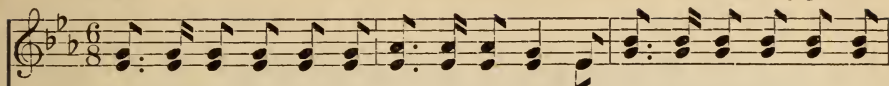
1 Are you walking in the valley
Where the clouds like billows roll?
Do you feel the weight of sorrow
Pressing hard upon the soul?
Are you weary, heavy laden?
Is your heart by sin oppressed?

3 Are you still in nature's prison,
Where there's naught but bitter strife?
Are the passions still patrolling
Up and down the way of life?
Do you feel the awful conflicts,
Going on within your breast?
Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
"Come to me I'll give you rest."

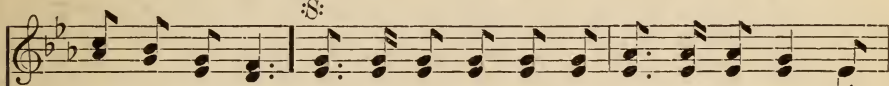
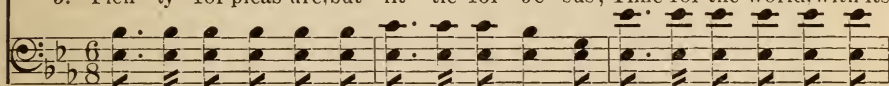
He Was Not Willing.

L. R. M.

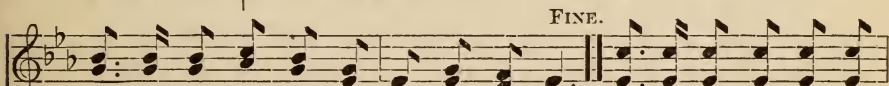
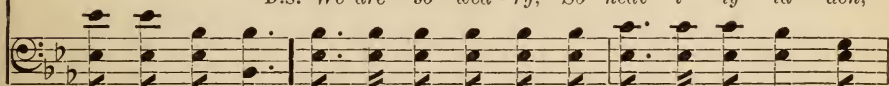
L. R. M., by per.



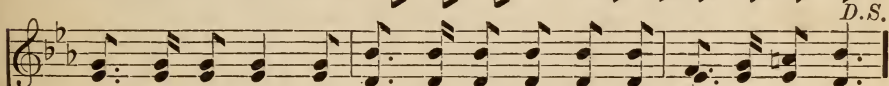
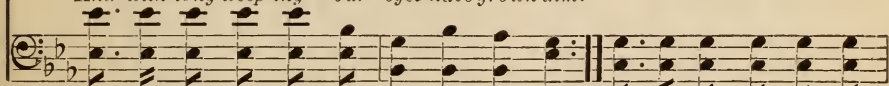
1. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Je - sus en-thron'd in the
2. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
3. Plen - ty for pleas-ure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world, with its



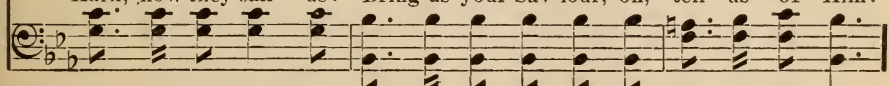
glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fal - len world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
 D.S. Je - sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
 sor - row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn - er,
 D.S. Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,
 trou - bles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed - ing the hun - gry,
 D.S. We are so wea - ry, So heav - i - ly la - den,



Pour'd out His life for us—won - der - ful love! Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
No one to lift them from sin and de - spair.
 Heal the heart, bro - ken by sor - row and shame. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
Thou shalt have souls, pre - cious souls for thy hire.
 Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
And with long weep - ing our eyes have grown dim."



Throng - ing our path - way, Hearts break with burdens too heav - y to bear,
 Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near,
 Hark, how they call us: "Bring us your Sav - iour, oh, tell us of Him!



4 "He was not willing that any should Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not will -
 perish;" ing;

Am I His follower, and can I live [ward,
 Longer at ease with a soul going down -
 Lost for the lack of the help I might give?

Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
 Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
 Live with eternity's values in view.

135.

He that Believeth.

Mrs. ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. List to the mes-sage plain and clear, He that be-liev-eth need not fear;
 2. Hush! 'tis the Spir-it speaks to you, Now as He pleads what will you do?
 3. Heed ye the call as for your life, Yield to the Lord and end the strife;
 4. Hark! 'tis re-ech-oed from the skies, Deep un-to deep, with voice re-plies,

He that hath ears, oh, let him hear, For ev-er-last-ing life.
 They who be-lieve, oh, joy, 'tis true, Have ev-er-last-ing life.
 All that is need-ed is be-lief, For ev-er-last-ing life.
 He that for-ev-er will be wise, Hath ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

He that be-liev-eth, hear ye the word; He that be-liev-eth, praise the Lord;

He that be-liev-eth on the Son, Hath ev-er-last-ing life.

136. Are You Going Home To-night?

WARREN COLLINS.

WARREN COLLINS, arr. by R. K. CARTER.

1. Are you go - ing home to - night, With Je - sus at the door? He
2. Are you go - ing home to - night, To act just as be - fore; To

may not lin - ger long, He may go to come no more. Are you
leave your soul fettered With Je - sus at the door; Or

f
going home to-night To bear a world of woe, To scorn in your own blindness, The
are you weary grown, And life at best when done, A shattered wreck of weakness, Then

D. S. won't you love Him freely And open wide your heart? For He will save you fully, And

rit.

FINE. CHORUS.

Lord who loves you so. Then won't you love Him freely, And o - pen wide your
seek from God a crown?

His sweet grace impart.

heart? For He will save you ful - ly, And His sweet grace impart. Then

D. S.

137.

The Gospel Feast.

[INVITATION.]

"Come, for all things are ready." LUKE xiv: 16.

CHARLES WESLEY, Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left be-hind; It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all man-kind; It is for you, it is for me.

D.S. O wea-ry wan-d'rers, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Sal-va-tion full, sal-va-tion free, The price was paid on Cal-va-ry;

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.4 Come, all the world! come, sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now,5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

From Silver Trumpet, by per.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live.8 Oh, let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice.10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

138.

You're all Welcome Home.

Words by JOSEPH WRIGHT, altered and adapted.

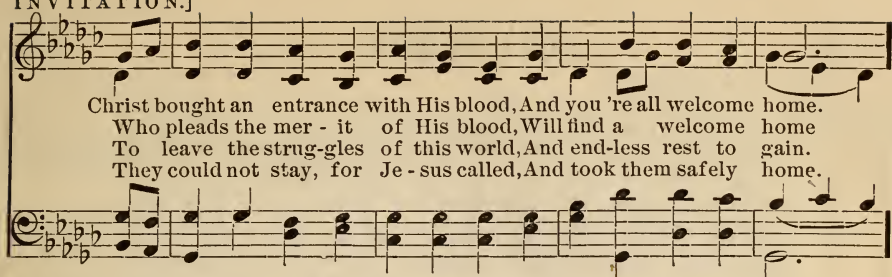
Arranged.

Moderato, affetuoso.

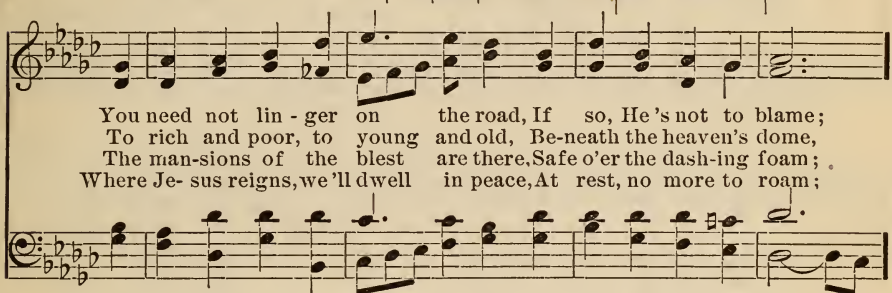
1. You need not think 'tis not for you, You who now walk a-lone;
2. The beg-gar with his tatter'd clothes, The king up-on his throne;
3. Be-hind the clouds the sun is bright, And while our hearts are fain
4. We'll meet with friends we've loved and lost, Who from our midst have gone;

Copyright, 1891, by R. Keiso Carter.

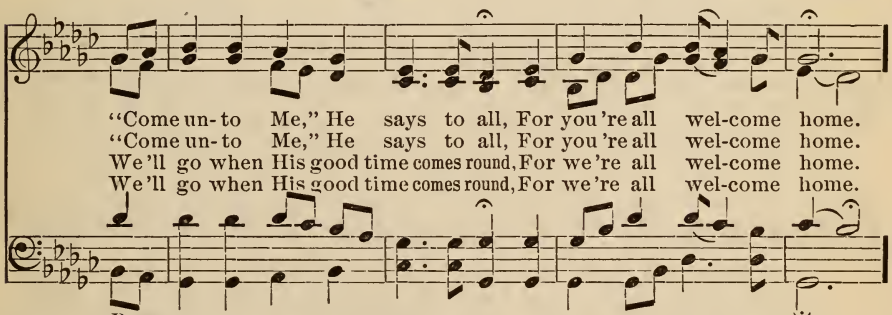
INVITATION.]



Christ bought an entrance with His blood, And you're all welcome home.
 Who pleads the merit of His blood, Will find a welcome home
 To leave the struggles of this world, And end-less rest to gain.
 They could not stay, for Je-sus called, And took them safely home.

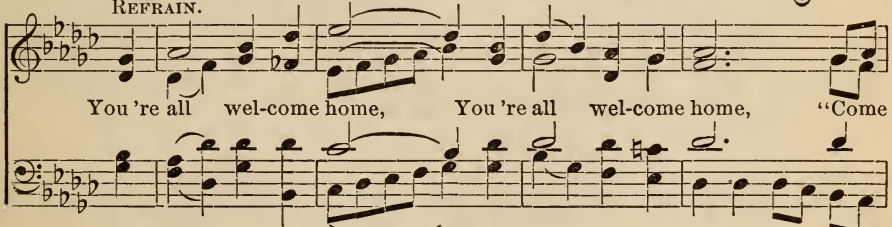


You need not linger on the road, If so, He's not to blame;
 To rich and poor, to young and old, Be-neath the heaven's dome,
 The man-sions of the blest are there, Safe o'er the dash-ing foam;
 Where Je-sus reigns, we'll dwell in peace, At rest, no more to roam;

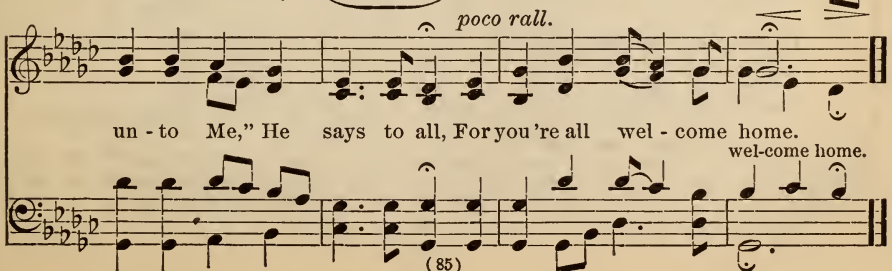


"Come un-to Me," He says to all, For you're all wel-come home.
 "Come un-to Me," He says to all, For you're all wel-come home.
 We'll go when His good time comes round, For we're all wel-come home.
 We'll go when His good time comes round, For we're all wel-come home.

REFRAIN.



You're all wel-come home, You're all wel-come home, "Come



un-to Me," He says to all, For you're all wel-come home.
 wel-come home.

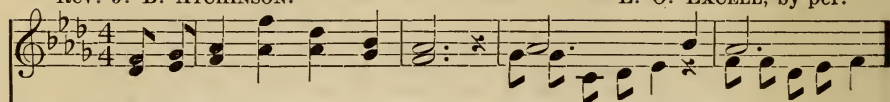
139.

Let Him In.

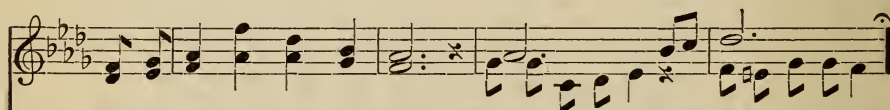
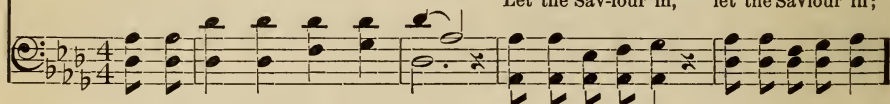
[INVITATION.]

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

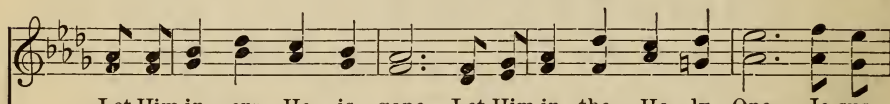
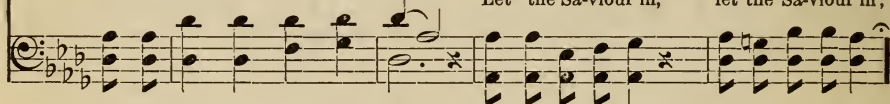
E. O. EXCELL, by per.



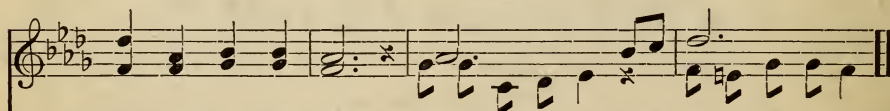
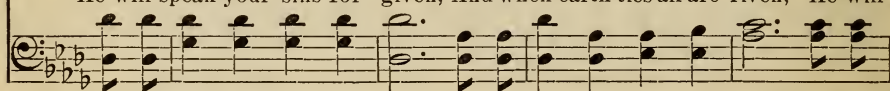
- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|--|
| 1. There's a stran-ger at the door, | Let | Him in; |
| 2. O-pen now to Him your heart, | Let | Him in; |
| 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? | Let | Him in; |
| 4. Now ad-mit the heavenly Guest, | Let | Him in; |
| | | Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in; |



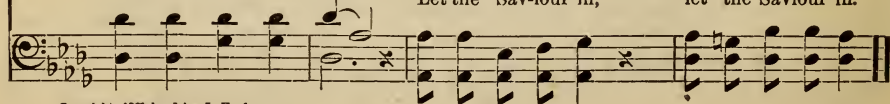
He has been there oft be-fore,	Let	Him in;
If you wait He will de-part,	Let	Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,	Let	Him in;
He will make for you a feast,	Let	Him in;
		Let the Sa-viour in, let the Sa-viour in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend, He will
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re-store, And His
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven, He will



Christ, the Fa-ther's Son,	Let	Him in.
keep you to the end,	Let	Him in.
name you will a-dore,	Let	Him in.
take you home to heav'n,	Let	Him in.
		Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in.



140.

Where Art Thou, Soul?

A. J. GORDON.

Not too fast.

ISABEL KENNEDY.

1. Where art thou, soul? I heard God say; Why hid - est thou from me? Why
 2. Where art thou, soul? Why wilt thou die, When I have brought thee life? Why
 3. Where art thou, soul? redeemed with blood? Ah! wilt thou yet a - gain Be -

dost thou turn thy face a - way, And from my presence flee? I
 in sin's curse and bond-age die, Its bit - ter pangs and strife? The
 tray and cru - ci - fy thy Lord, And give Him o - pen shame? With

form'd thee for a child of light In - stead thou choosest sin and night.
 price is paid to set thee free, For long, long years I've call'd to thee:
 wea - ry feet I sought for thee, And now thou strayest far from me;

Softly.

Where art thou, soul? Where art thou, soul, Where art thou?

4 Where art thou, soul? I'm calling yet,
 I cannot give thee o'er;
 I've followed thee, with patient feet,
 Thro' wild and wood and moor.
 Oh, that thy bleating heart would say,
 "Like a lost sheep I've gone astray."
 Where art thou, soul, where art thou?

5 Where art thou, soul? The day draws
 When thou, too late, shalt sigh, [near
 "My God, why dost Thou shut Thine ear
 To my despairing cry?" [room;
 Ah! then, give heed, while yet there's
 It hastens on, that day of doom;
 Where art thou soul, where art thou?

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelsa Carter.

141.

Some Mother's Boy.

W. M.

W. MACOMBER, arr. by R. K. CARTER.

Out in the streets of the cit - y, Some mother's wand'ring boy,
Reck-less-ly on in his blind - ness, Breaking an oft-plighted vow;
Hark! 't is the voice of the Sav - iour Call-ing so ten-der-ly, "come!"

Out where no kind heart will pit - y, Some mother's wand'ring boy;
Stamping the brand of sin's hard - ness O'er a fair no - ble brow.
Now He is seeking the lost one, Ready to wel - come him home.

Once when in days of child - hood He knelt at her feet to pray;
Longing some glad day to con - quer, Seek-ing his conscience to drown,
Go bear the news of sal - va - tion To each sin-sick soul, with joy.

But 't is the oft - told sto - ry, — Tempted and led a - stray.
Mad - ly drain-ing the wine cup, — Some mother's boy goes down.
God still lin - gers in mer - cy, Call-ing the wand'ring boy.

Shall I let Him In?

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
 2. Shall I send Him thy lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
 3. Yes I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in;

Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Meekly ac-cept-ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Glad-ly I'll wel-come Him ev - er more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in?

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with-in;
 He can in - fi-nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
 Bless-ed Sav-iour, a-bide with me; Cares and tri-als will light-er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Shall I bid Him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
 I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in?

Broadway, N. Y., midnight, Apr. 19, 1876.

H. L. HASTINGS.

W. P. FAIRBANKS, by per.

Slowly, tenderly.

1. "On the street, on the street," To and fro with wea - ry feet;—
 2. "On the street, on the street;" Still I walk with wea - ry feet;
 3. "On the street, on the street," Mid-night finds my stray - ing feet;
 4. "On the street, on the street," Whith-er tend my wea - ry feet?

Ach - ing heart and ach - ing head; Home-less, lack - ing dai - ly bread;
 Lone - ly mid the cit - y's din, Sunk in grief, and woe, and sin;
 Hark the sound of peal - ing bells. Ah, the tales their mus - ic tells!
 Love and hope and joy are dead—Not a place to lay my head;

Lost to friends, and joy, and name; Sold to sor - row, sin, and shame;
 Far from peace, and far from home; No one car - ing where I roam;
 Hap - py hours for - ev - er gone; Hap - py child - hood, peace-ful home;—
 Ev - ery door a-against me sealed—Hos - pi - tal and Pot - ter's field—

Wet with rain, and chilled by storm; Ru - ined, wretched, lone, for-lorn;—
 No kind hand stretched forth to save; No bright hope be - yond the grave;
 Then a moth - er on me smiled, Then a fa - ther owned his child;—
 These stand o - pen!—wid - er yet Swings per - di-tion's yawn-ing gate,

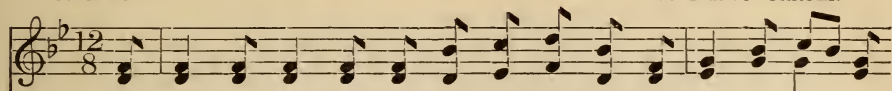
Weak and wan, with wea - ry feet, Still I wan - der "on the street."
 Fee - ble, faint, with wea - ry feet, Still I wan - der "on the street."
 Van - ish, mock - ing vis - ion sweet! Still I wan - der "on the street."
 Thith - er tend my wandering feet,—"On the street, on the street."

144.

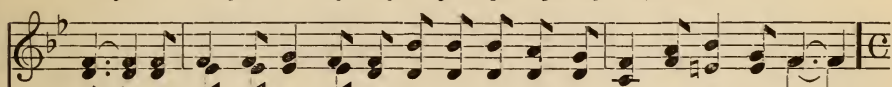
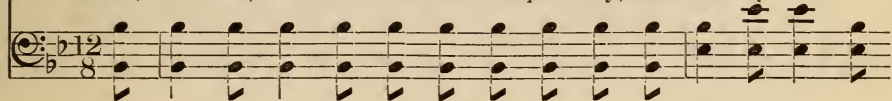
Mighty to Save.

R. K. C.

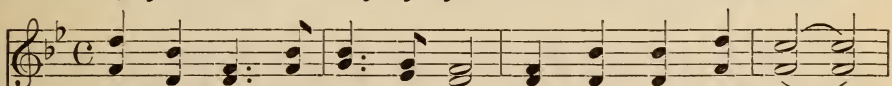
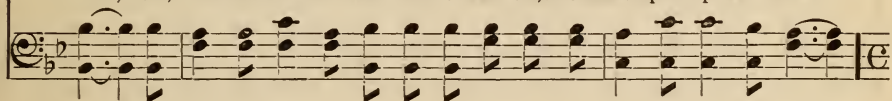
R. KELSO CARTER.



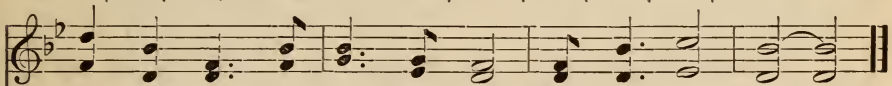
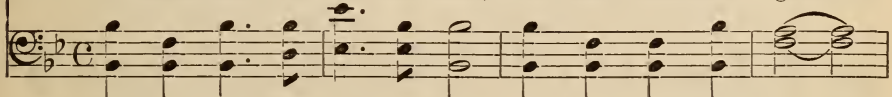
1. Oh, who is this that com-eth from E-dom? With gar-ments dyed in
 2. I looked and there was no one to help me, I wondered there was
 3. Yes, I a-lone have trod-den the wine-press. The peo-ple all have
 4. Oh, Je-sus, Mas-ter save me com-plete-ly, From ev-ery trace of



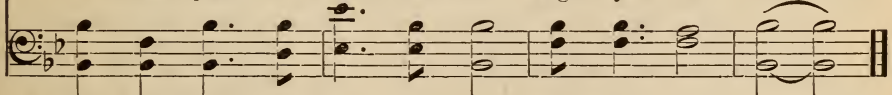
red; This that is glo-rious in His ap-par-el, A crown up-on His head?
 none; But now mine own arm bringeth salvation, And sin is o-ver-thrown.
 fled; The blood that's sprinkled over my garments, Gives life unto the dead.
 sin; Oh, let me know Thine utter salvation, Just now speak peace within.



I that come in ho-li-ness, I the ran-som gave:



I that speak in right-eous-ness, Might-y to save!



Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

Music on opposite page.

5 "On the street, on the street,"
 Late I walk with weary feet:
 Oh, that this sad life might end,
 Oh, that I might find One Friend;
 One who would not from me turn,
 Nor my prayer of sorrow spurn;
 Oh, that I *that* Friend could see,
 He would pitying look on me;
 Such as I have kissed His feet,—
 "On the street, on the street!"

6 "On the street, on the street!"
 Might I *here* a Saviour meet!
 From the blessed far off years,
 Comes the story of *her* tears,
 Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,
 Heard the words of love He spoke,—
 Heard Him bid her anguish cease,
 Heard Him whisper, "Go in peace!"
 Oh, that I might kiss His feet,
 "On the street, on the street."

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. When judgment thunders cloud the sky, And storms are downward hurled, The
 2. Up - on the bil - lows wide and dark, By rag - ing tem - pests tossed, The
 3. I'm lost without, I'm safe with-in, To wait I can't af - ford; I
 4. The bow of promise spans the sea, The roll - ing sur - ges cease; The

ark of God comes float - ing by To save a drown - ing world.
 Sav - iour throws his pre - cious ark Wide o - pen for the lost.
 en - ter, and there shuts me in The love of Christ the Lord.
 Heavenly dove brings back to me, The ol - ive branch of Peace

REFRAIN.

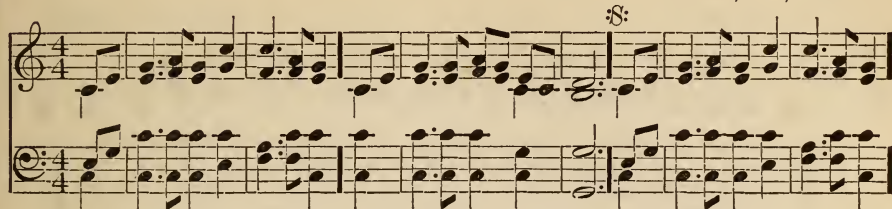
* In the ark, in the ark there is room for you and me, And a

ref - uge from the o - ver - whelming flood. 'T is the day of grace, Je - sus

makes sal - va - tion free, And there's safe - ty in the ark of God.

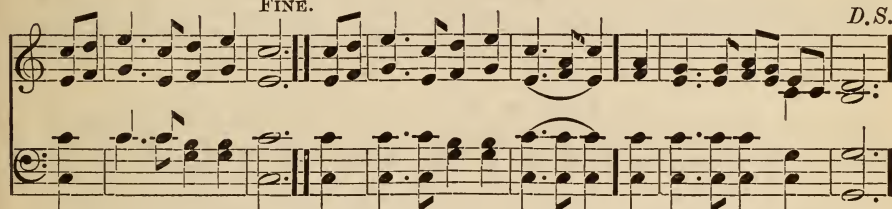
Cleansing Fountain. C. M. D.

Unknown, cir., 1800.



FINE.

D. S.



146. A Fountain Opened. C. M.

Zech. xlii: 1.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Is ransomed from the grave.

WILLIAM COWPER, *ab.* 1779.147. Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.' *Key, G.*

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

CHORUS.

I'm glad salvation's free,—
I'm glad salvation's free,—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

148.

Launch Out.

A. B. SIMPSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer-cy of God is an ocean divine, A boundless and fathomless flood; Launch
 2. But ma-ny a-las! on-ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the ocean so wide; They
 3. And others just venture away from the land, And linger so near to the shore, That
 4. Oh, let us launch out on this ocean so broad, Where the floods of salvation e'er flow; Oh,

out in the deep, cut a-way the shore-line, And be lost in the full-ness of God.
 nev - er have ventured its depths to explore, Or to launch on the fathomless tide.
 the surf and the slime that beat over the strand, Dash o'er them in floods evermore.
 let us be lost in the mer-cy of God, Till the depths of His fullness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out . . . in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line
 Oh, launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.

Blow Ye the Trumpet.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, LISCHER. H. M.

1. { Blow ye the trump-et, blow; The glad-ly sol-emn sound }
 { Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound; }
 2. { Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made; }
 { Ye wea-ry spir-its, rest; Ye mourn-ful souls be glad; }

The year of ju-bi-lee is come: Re-turn, ye ran-somed

sin-ners, home, Re-turn, . . ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in His blood
 Throughout the world proclaim.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace,
 And saved from earth appear
 Before your Saviour's face.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,
 'T will be my theme in glory
 To tell the old, old story
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story!
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story!
 It did so much for me,
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
 'T is pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story!
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the *New, New Song*,
 'T will be the *Old, Old Story*,
 That I have lov'd so long.

Miss KATE HANKEY.

150. I Love to Tell the Story.

Key A. flat.

1 I love to tell the story
 Of unseen things above;
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love!
 I love to tell the story!
 Because I know it true;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else would do.

151. The Blood now Covers the Past.

A. L. SKILTON.

DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF. Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

1. A suppliant in deep-est con-tri-tion, I knelt at the al-tar of
 2. Oft-times when temp-ta-tion's al-lur-ing My spir-it a-way in its
 3. Oh, broth-er, on life's storm-y bil-low, Who's toss'd by the wind and the

prayer, Beseeching the ho-ly Phy-si-cian, To save me from ut-ter de-
 arms, I go to my King and pro-cur-ing A glance at His in-fi-nite
 wave, Make God's ho-ly promise your pil-low, For Je-sus is might-y to

spair; For dark were the bil-lows of warning. That o-ver my fu-ture were
 charms, When lo! all my soul with love burning. Takes hold on his prom-is-es
 save; When darkness and Sa-tan cause doubting, Or life's earth-ly sun's sinking

cast, When faith took the wings of the morning, And Je-sus had covered the past.
 fast, My spir-it thus quickly is turn-ing. To Je-sus who covers the past.
 fast, Re-ly on His promis-es, shout-ing The precious blood covers the past.

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood, The blood now cov-ers the past; The
 pre-cious blood, precious blood,

blood, the blood, The blood now cov-ers the past.
pre-cious blood, pre-cious blood,

152. The Haven of Rest.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord Made me whole, Has

CHO. I've an - chored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll

burden'd with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so

sail the wide seas no more; The tem-pest may sweep o'er the

D.C.

make me your choice: And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

4 How precious the thought that we all 5 Oh, come to the Saviour, He patiently
may recline, waits,
Like John the beloved and blest, To save by His power divine;
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest Come, anchor your souls in the haven of
can harm, rest,
Secure in the "Haven of Rest?" And say, "My Beloved is mine."

From "The Silver Trumpet," by per. Jas. J. Hood.

"For their rock is not as our Rock." DEUT. xxxii: 31.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. from ROSSINI, by R. K. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, let me stand, Shad - owed in a wea - ry land;
 2. Rock of A - ges, here in Thee Rests my soul e - ter - nal - ly,
 3. Rock of A - ges, my de - fence, Here I find sweet rec - ompense;

Drink - ing from Thy flow - ing tide, Shel - tered in Thy riv - en side;
 Safe be - neath Thy shelt'ring brow, Rock of my sal - va - tion, thou:
 Balm for ev - 'ry wound and shock, Flows from out the rift - ed Rock,

Hide me from the an - gry blast, Till the storms of life are past.
 Here my soul for ref - uge clings, Here my heart in rap - ture sings.
 And the fount - ain, pure and free, Cleanseth, heal - eth e - ven me.

CHORUS. *a tempo*.

Oh, Rock of A - ges, tow'ring high, Here I live, here let me die;

Death and hell my spir - it dares, For our Rock is not as theirs.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

* First verse can be sung as a solo; the second as a duet, soprano and tenor; and third as full chorus. Issued in Sheet Music, as full anthem, by S. T. GORDON & SON, New York.

154.

Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune, PENITENCE. W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'r-ing sheep;
 2. Sav - iour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pen - tance to in - part,
 3. For Thine own com - pas - sion's sake The gra - cious won - der show;

False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
 Give me, through Thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:
 Cast my sins be - hind Thy back, And wash me white as snow.

D.S. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suff'ring shown;
 Give what I have long implored. A por - tion of Thy grief unknown;
 Speak the re - con - cil - ing word, And let Thy mer - cy melt me down,

D.S. Refrain.

155. Vain, Delusive World.

1 Vain delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with His blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain:
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
 He tasted death for me;
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning Victim died;
 Only Jesus, etc.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of His breast
 Shall nevermore depart:

Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus, etc.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend:
 Daily in His grace to grow,
 And ever in His faith abide:
 Only Jesus, etc.

5 Oh, that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height
 And depth of Jesus's love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied:
 Only Jesus, etc.

CHAS. WESLEY.

156. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-
 2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fles, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His
 3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dis-pell-ing

deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
 will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
 every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, Since

deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name, Since
 I have been re-deemed.

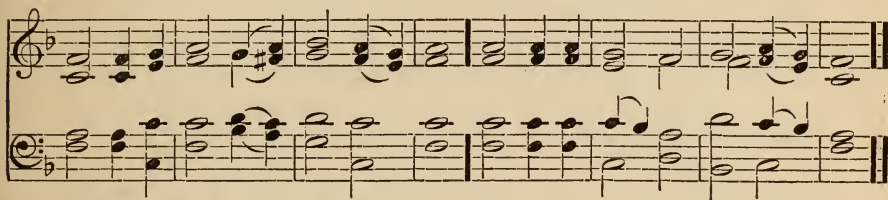
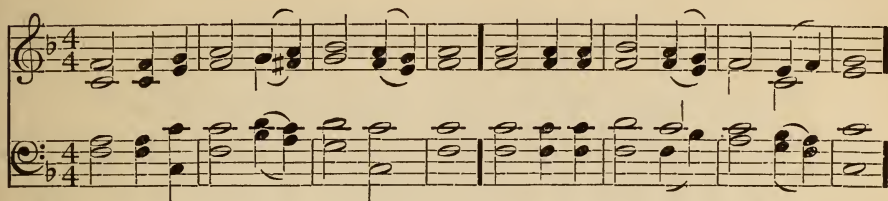
I . . . have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in the Saviour's name.
 I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

4 I have a joy I can't express,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 All thro' His blood and righteousness,
 Since I have been redeemed.

5 I have a home prepared for me,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 Where I shall dwell eternally,
 Since I have been redeemed.

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



157. Just As I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

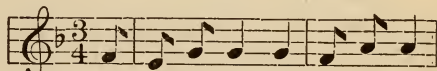
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

158. How Sweet the Name.



1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me, [blood,
And through His blood, His precious
I am from sin set free.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

159.

The Voice of Free Grace.

BURDSALL.

Arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. { The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ has
For sin and uncleanness, and ev'ry transgression, His blood flows most freely in
2. { Now glo-ry to God in the high-est is giv-en; Now glory to God is re-
A-round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto-ry, And sing of His love, His sal-

CHORUS.

o - pened a fount-ain. } Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our
streams of sal-va-tion." }
ech - oed in heav-en: }
va - tion and glo - ry. }

par - don; We will praise Him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

- 3 O Jesus, ride on,—Thy kingdom is glorious; [us victorious:
O'er sin, death and hell, Thou wilt make
Thy name shall be praised in the great
congregation, [salvation.
And saints shall ascribe unto Thee their
- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gained
the blest shore, [praise evermore:
With our harps in our hands, we will
We'll range the blest fields on the banks
of the river, [ever.
And sing of redemption forever and

- Sin had left a crimson stain,
He wash'd it white as snow.
- 2 O Lord, at last I find
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all Thine own.
- 3 Then down beneath the cross
I lay my sin-sick soul;
Nothing I bring but dross,
Thy grace must make me whole.
- 4 I now in Christ abide—
In him is perfect rest;
Close sheltered in His side,
I am divinely blest.
- 5 When at my post I fall,
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
And "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 6 And when in heav'n above,
At Jesus feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus has paid it all.

160. Jesus Paid it all.

Key of E-flat.

- 1 I hear the Saviour say
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me Thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all;
All to Him I owe;

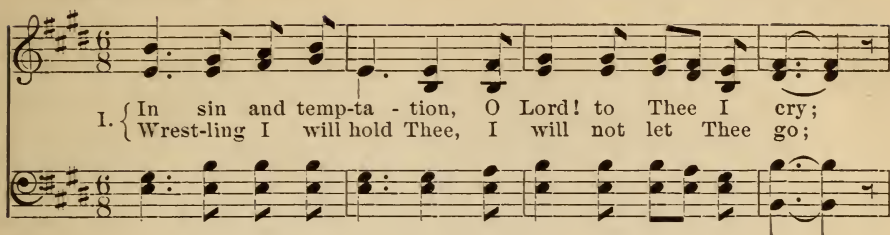
(102)

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.

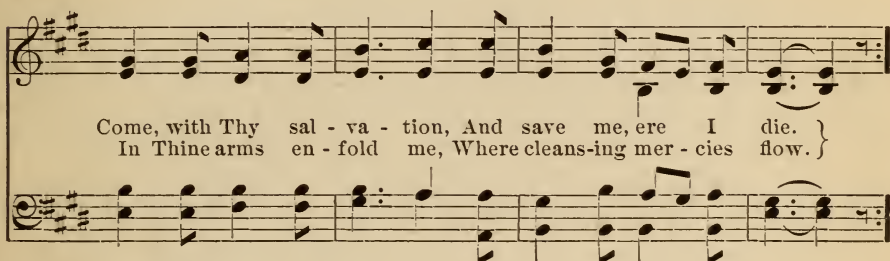
161. Keep Me Under the Blood.

R. KELSO CARTER.

* S. C. FOSTER, arr. by R. K. C.

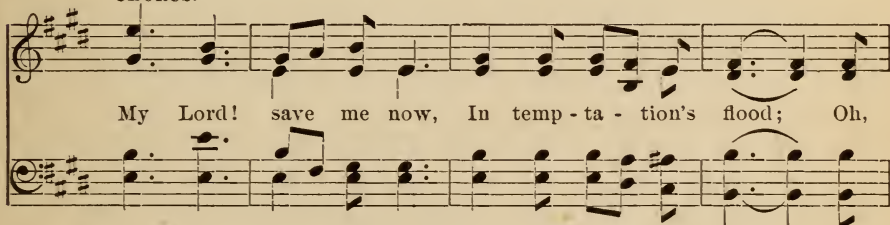


1. { In sin and temp-ta - tion, O Lord! to Thee I cry;
Wrest-ling I will hold Thee, I will not let Thee go;



Come, with Thy sal - va - tion, And save me, ere I die.
In Thine arms en - fold me, Where cleans-ing mer - cies flow. }

CHORUS.



My Lord! save me now, In temp - ta - tion's flood; Oh,



car - ry me in Thine arms of love, And keep me un - der the blood.

Words copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter. * (Melody by per. of Wm. A. Pond & Co.)

2 Helpless, I am clinging,
My hope is all in Thee;
In my soul is ringing
Thy promise, full and free.
I have not intruded,
My cup Thy mercies fill;
Surely I'm included
In "Whosoever will."

3 Now I am believing,
I rest upon Thy word;
Pardon I'm receiving,
And cleansing through the blood.
Free, free from all sadness,
In Christ I've found release;
Filled with God's own gladness,
I've everlasting peace.

162. Drifting Away with the Tide.

W. M.

W. MACOMBER.

Andante. DUET.

1. Out on life's stream with no thought of its end, Seek - ing each
2. On - ward, still on - ward the swift wa - ters flow, Bear - ing them

day in pleas - ure to spend; Near - er each mo - ment the
near - er the brink just be - low; Spurn - ing the dear warn - ing

*haste and for safe - ty in
turn ye from sin, in God's*

FINE.

rap - ids' swift glide, Driv - en a - long by sin's rush - ing tide.
voic - es a - side, Lost ones are drifting a - way with the tide.

*Je - sus a - bide; Turn from thy drifting a - way with the tide.
mer - cy con - fide; Cease from thy drifting a - way with the tide.*

SOLO. *Faster.*

"There's dan - ger a - head," cries a voice from the shore; A
But Je - sus is call - ing, He's called oft be - fore; He

voice of some loved one, who passed on be - fore; Make
waits to re - ceive you on Heav - en's fair shore. Oh,

rit. D.S.

163.

At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

From "SONGS OF PERFECT LOVE," by per.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, Thy dy - ing love Hath
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy
3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I
4. My Lord, my life, my strength, my all, I

CHO. At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

pierced my con - trite heart; Now take my life, and
light hath filled my soul; To me Thy lov - ing
touch Thy bleed - ing side; Oh, let me here for -
count my gain but loss; For - ev - er let Thy

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re -

let me prove How dear to me Thou art.
voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
ev - er stand, Where Thou wast cru - ci - fied.
love en - thrall, And keep me at the cross.

ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day.

164.

Rescue the Sinner.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Res - cue the sin-ner, go and res - cue the lost, Help for the sinking soul,
 2. Res - cue! my brother, let the glad ech - oes roll, Come now to Jesus and find
 3. Res - cue! my brother, there is res - cue from drink, Je - sus will save you from

D.C.—Res - cue the sin-ner, go and res - cue, etc, etc.

faint, tempest-toss'd; Hope for the hopeless and life o'er the grave,—Jesus is
 rest for your soul; Peace in be - liev - ing, and power o - ver sin; Come to the
 hell's ver - y brink; Hark to the sto - ry, oh! 't is faith - ful and true,—Je - sus of

FINE. CHORUS.

call - ing you, Je - sus will save. Stand by to res - cue! stand by to save!
 cross, and be made pure with - in.
 Naz - a - reth once died for you.

Souls that are sink - ing down un - der the wave; Throw out the life - line,

Shout o'er the flood, Oh! broth - er, look to Je - sus, be wash'd in the blood.

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No Room in the Inn.

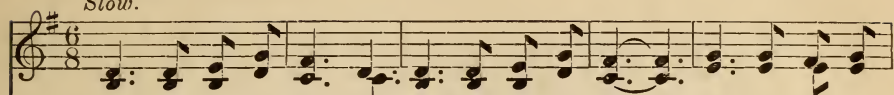
A. L. SKILTON.

Chorus by R. K. C.

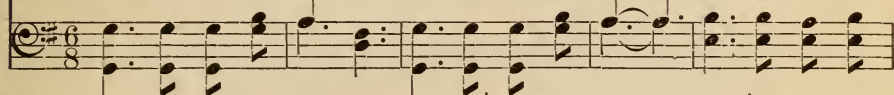
Slow.

LUKE 2: 7.

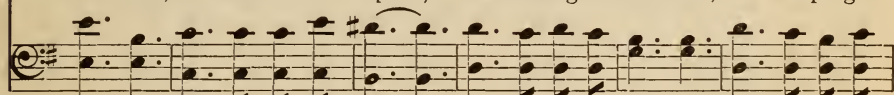
E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.



1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a
 2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i
 3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-

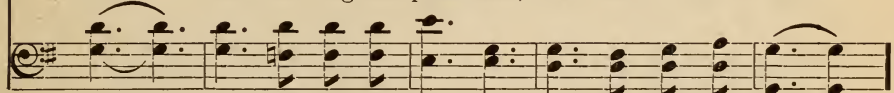


man-ger, No where for His head; No praises of glad-ness, No thought of their
 a-tion, No place in the heart; No thought of the Sav-iour, No sorrow for
 lieve Him, No staff but a spear; No seeking His treasure, No weeping for



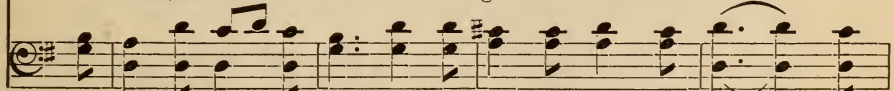
ritard.

sin, No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
 sin, No prayer for His fa-vor, No room in the inn.
 sin. No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.



CHORUS.

No room, no room for Je-sus!" Oh, give Him wel-come free, Lest

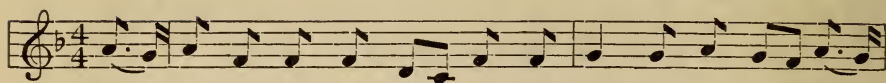


rit.

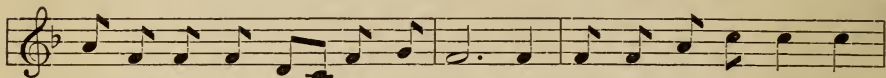
you should hear at heav-en's gate, There is no room for thee.

166. What Wondrous Love is This.

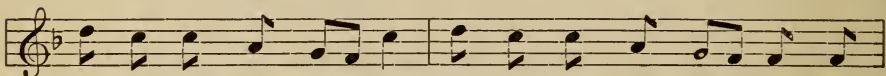
Altered and enlarged by R. K. C.



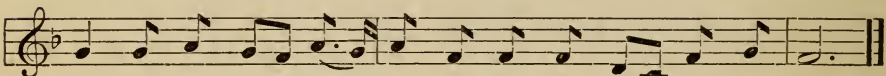
1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink-ing down, O my soul, O my soul! When
 3. He led me first to see What I was, O my soul! He



wondrous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this, That
 I was sink-ing down, O my soul! When I was sink-ing down, Be-
 led me first to see What I was; He led me first to see My



caused the Lord of bliss To send this pre-cious peace To my
 neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown For my
 sin and mis-er-ry, And then He set me free; Bless His



soul, to my soul, To send this pre-cious peace To my soul.
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown For my soul.
 name, O my soul! And then He set me free, O my soul!

4 He keeps me day by day,
 O my soul, O my soul!
 He keeps me day by day,
 O my soul!
 I'm living at His side,
 Beneath the crimson tide,
 And Jesus crucified
 Keeps my soul, keeps my soul,
 And Jesus crucified
 Keeps my soul.

5 And when to Jordan's flood
 We have come, O my soul!
 And when to Jordan's flood
 We have come;
 Jehovah rules the tide,
 The water He'll divide,
 And welcome home His Bride;
 Praise the Lord, O my soul!
 And welcome home His Bride,
 O my soul!

6 There we shall meet again
 Those we love, O my soul!
 There we shall meet again
 Those we love;
 The meeting will be sweet,
 At the dear Redeemer's feet;
 Our joy shall be complete,
 O my soul, O my soul!
 Our joy shall be complete,
 O my soul!

7 Then with the ransomed throng,
 O my soul, O my soul!
 Then with the ransomed throng,
 O my soul!
 Then with the ransomed throng,
 Redeemed through ages long,
 We'll sing the new, new song,
 Praise the Lord, O my soul!
 We'll sing the new, new song,
 O my soul!

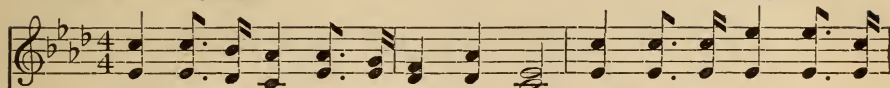
167.

Glory to His Name.

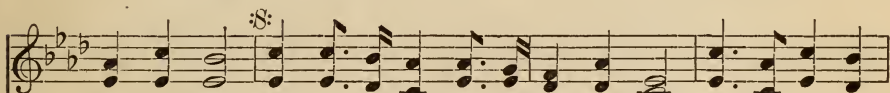
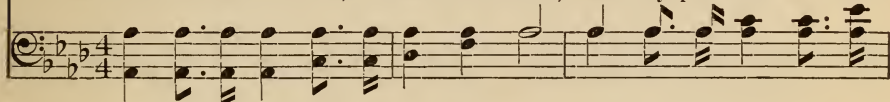
"I will glorify thy name forever more."

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

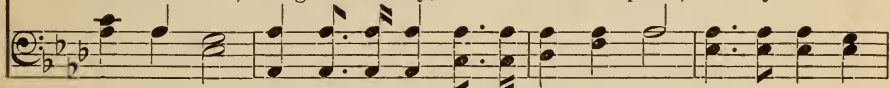
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

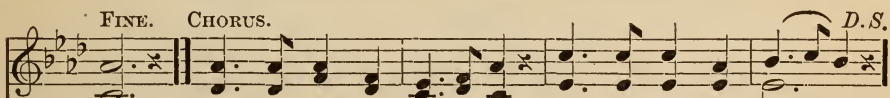


sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
 bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
 Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

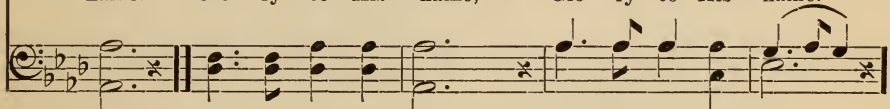


D.S. There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His

FINE. CHORUS.



name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.



By permission.

Music on opposite page.

168. I Left It All with Jesus.

1 Oh, I left it all with Jesus, long ago,
 long ago,

My sinfulness I brought Him and my woe;
 And when by faith I saw Him on the tree,
 And heard His still small whisper, "'Tis
 for thee," [away,

From my weary heart the burden roll'd
 And now I'm singing glory, happy day.

2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He
 knows [woes,

Just how to take the bitter from life's
 And how to gild the tear-drop with His
 smile,

To make the desert garden bloom awhile;
 Then, with all my weakness, leaning on
 His might,

My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

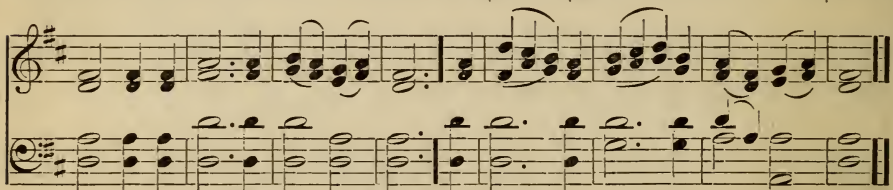
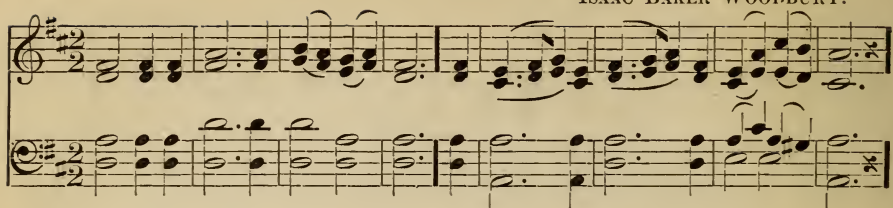
3 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day,
 My faith can firmly trust Him, come what
 may, [her rest,

For hope has dropp'd her anchor, found
 Within the calm sure haven of His breast;
 And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide
 Close to my dear Redeemer, at His side.

Eucharist. L. M.

[SALVATION.]

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



169. When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

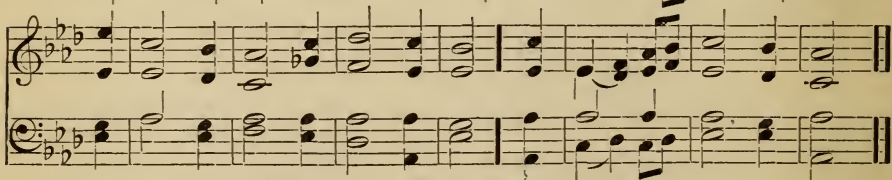
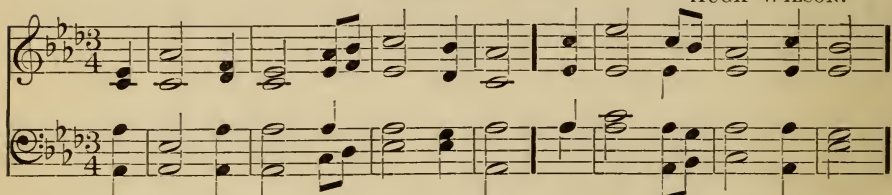
3 See, from His head, His hands His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my soul my life my all.

S. WATTS.

Aveñ. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



170. Forever Here

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

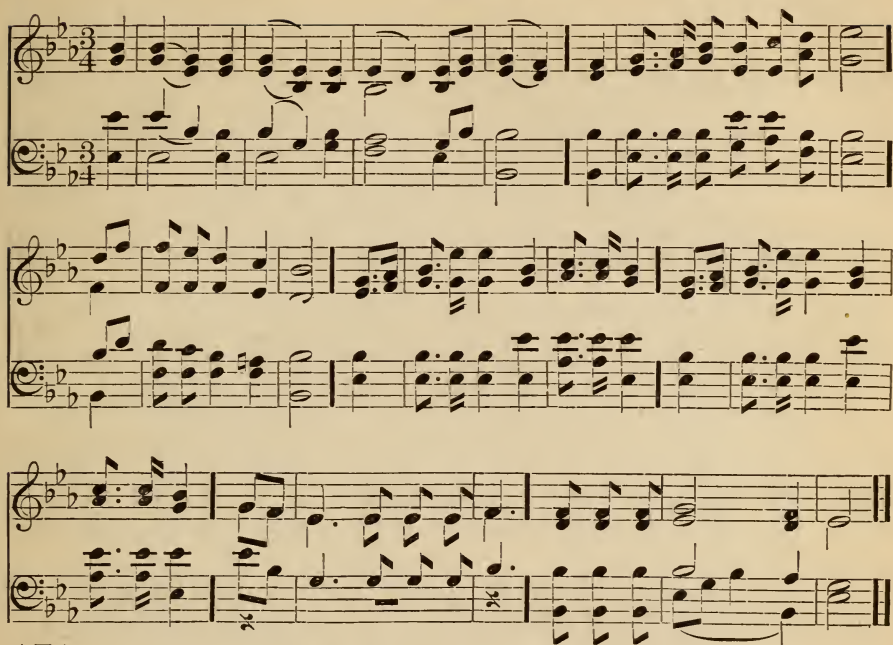
4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

(110)

CHAS. WESLEY.

Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. from MOZART by LOWEL MASON, 1836.



171.

Tune, Ariel.

1 To endless ages let us praise [win
The precious Blood, whose price could
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worse disease,
If he but bathe therein.

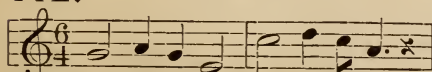
2 Oh, wondrous Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and can restore
The heaven, sin had lost;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
The blood of Jesus intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

3 Ah! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise;
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The precious Blood to praise.

FREDERICK FABER.

172.

He is Calling.



1 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;

There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

CHO.— He is calling "Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to Thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

5 There is plentiful redemption,
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members,
In the sorrows of the head.

6 Pining souls come nearer Jesus;
And, oh come not doubting thus;
But with faith that trusts more bravely,
His vast tenderness for us.

FREDERICK FABER.

Hath Everlasting Life.

[SALVATION.]

R. KELSO CARTER.

JOHN. iii: 36.

Melody arr.
Chorus by R. K. C.

Jno. xii: 46. 1. In- to the world a light I come, Our Saviour saith, I am thy guide; Who-

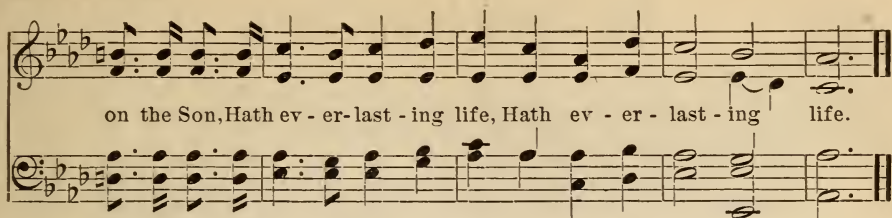
so on Me be - liev - eth, shall In dark-ness nev - er more a - bide.
con - dem-na - tion shall not come, But now is pass'd from death to life.
ter - nal life, oh, prec - ious gift! And I will raise Him up at last.
who - so - ev - er Me be - lies, Shall nev - er, nev - er, nev - er die.

CHORUS.

Oh, free . . . and wondrous grace, Oh, love
Oh, wondrous grace, Oh, wondrous grace, Oh, wondrous love,

with mer - cy rife, with mer - cy rife, He that be - liev - eth on the Son,

He that be - liev - eth on the Son, He that be - liev - eth on the Son, He that believeth

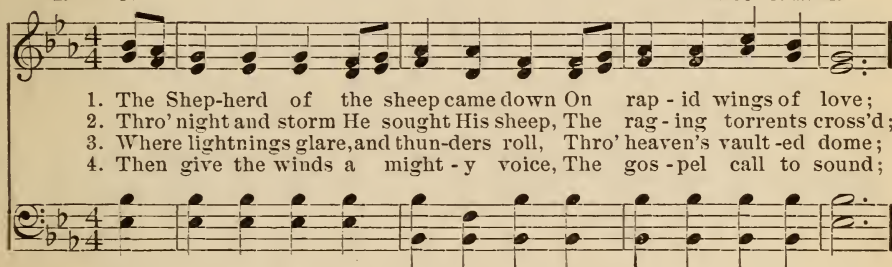


on the Son, Hath ev - er - last - ing life, Hath ev - er - last - ing life.

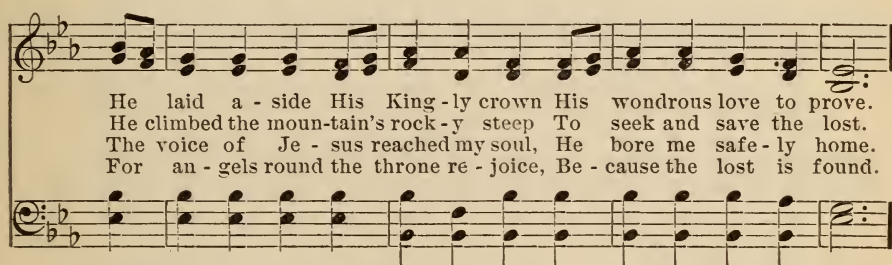
174. The Shepherd of the Sheep.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

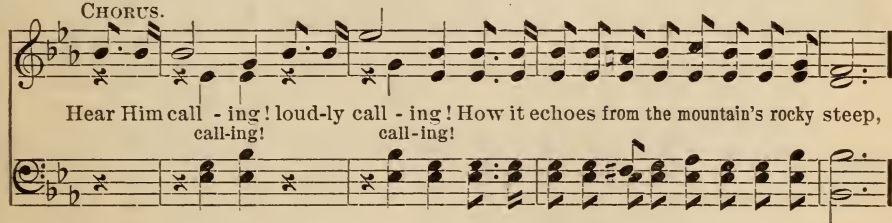


1. The Shep-herd of the sheep came down On rap - id wings of love;
2. Thro' night and storm He sought His sheep, The rag - ing torrents cross'd;
3. Where lightnings glare, and thun-ders roll, Thro' heaven's vault-ed dome;
4. Then give the winds a might - y voice, The gos - pel call to sound;

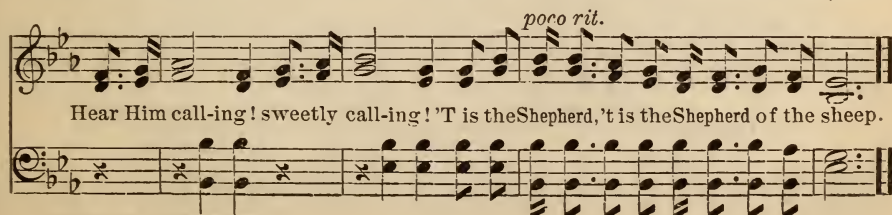


He laid a - side His King - ly crown His wondrous love to prove.
 He climbed the moun-tain's rock - y steep To seek and save the lost.
 The voice of Je - sus reached my soul, He bore me safe - ly home.
 For an - gels round the throne re - jice, Be - cause the lost is found.

CHORUS.



Hear Him call - ing! loud-ly call - ing! How it echoes from the mountain's rocky steep,
 call-ing! call-ing!



poco rit.
 Hear Him call-ing! sweetly call-ing! 'T is the Shepherd, 't is the Shepherd of the sheep.

175.

Oh, Listen to the Story.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, lis - ten to the sto - ry! So old, and yet so new, The
 2. In ac - cents soft and win - ning, He tells us of a plan To
 3. His words in us in - spire His own e - ter - nal life; He

p.s. Lis - ten to the sto - ry. And tell it far and wide, Of

pearl - y gates of glo - ry Have let a Sav - iour through; Down
 save, and keep from sin - ning, A lost and help - less man; No
 sends con - sum - ing fire To purge a - way all strife; He

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus cru - ci - fied. With

from His throne de - scend - ing, The Son of God has come, Our
 hu - man aid em - ploys. He treads the press a - lone; The
 brings the won - drous sto - ry, To Him who God a - dores; From

ho - ly cour - age burn - ing, And gird - ed for the fight, Look

help - less cause de - fend - ing, To save and take us home.
 car - nal mind de - stroys, And melts the heart of stone.
 glo - ry un - to glo - ry, His im - age He re - stores.

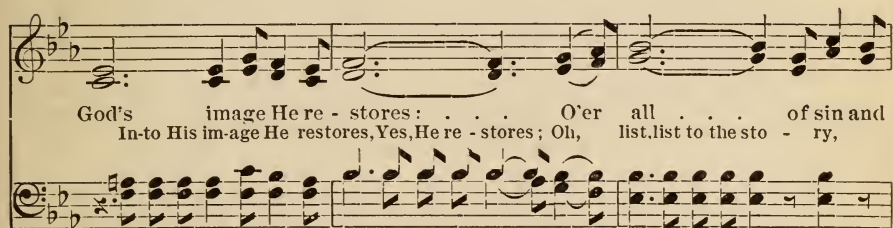
for the Lord's re - turn - ing, Thine ev - er - last - ing Light.

CHORUS.

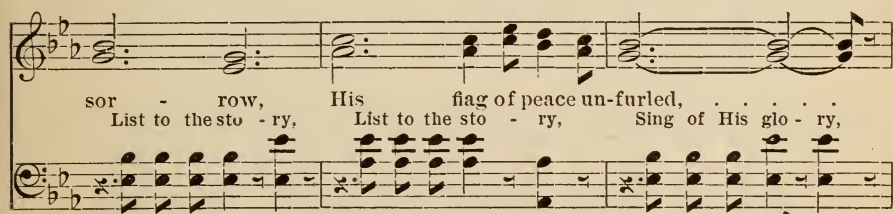
Oh, far beyond re - ceiv - ing, His blessing downward
 List to the sto - ry! List to the sto - ry! Sing of His glo - ry,



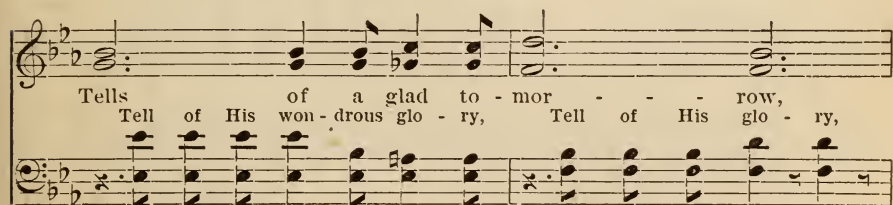
pours; Our fearful loss re-triev - ing,
Sing of His glo - ry, List to the sto - ry! Sing of His glo - ry!



God's image He re - stores: O'er all of sin and
In-to His im-age He restores, Yes, He re - stores; Oh, list, list to the sto - ry,



sor - row, His flag of peace un-furled,
List to the sto - ry, List to the sto - ry, Sing of His glo - ry,



Tells of a glad to - mor - row,
Tell of His won - drous glo - ry, Tell of His glo - ry,



When Christ shall rule the world; Oh,
When our Lord shall rule the world, Our Lord shall rule the world;

ritard. *D.S.*

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Tho' swell-ing storms pre-vail, And might-y doubts as-sail, While
 2. He bore my sins and pain; In Him, I may ob-tain, The
 3. When ev-ery hope shall fade, And in the dust be laid Each
 4. When Je-sus died for me, He purchased vic-to-ry O'er

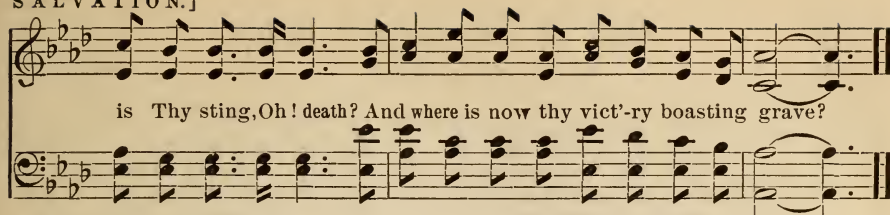
hell's dark legions sweep around my way; In spite of ev-ery fear I'll
 bless-ings that the pure in heart en-joy; The cleansing in the blood, The
 plan and pur-pose that I hold so dear; An-oth-er rest I find, A
 ev-ery foe in all the dead-ly strife. Forth from the burst-ing grave The

read my ti-tle clear, And con-quer tho' I die in blood-y fray.
 dai-ly walk with God, The perfect peace, and rest without al-loy.
 calm and peace-ful mind, And perfect love, that casteth out all fear.
 Mighty comes to save, He comes to bring me ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

I'll con-quer the foe, For sure-ly I know that Je-sus is

a-ble to save. Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll shout with ransom'd breath, Where



5 He comes in lovely dress
Of perfect righteousness,
To clothe me in the garments of the King;
That, free from sin and death,
I may with ransomed breath,
Hosannah in the highest, shout and sing.

6 Then, though the day be long,
I'll sing the battle-song,
That Jesus is a Victor in the fight;

In Him, I love to tell,
I conquer death and hell;
I live by faith, and walk no more by sight.

7 Oh! let the heavens ring,
And every creature sing,
Salvation now, and Righteousness is He;
On earth and heaven's shore
I'll praise Him evermore;
He's Wisdom and Redemption now to me.

No. 177. God Loved the World of Sinners Lost.

MRS. STOCKTON.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.



CHORUS. *slow. pp*



1 God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing;
And triumph in their every hour,
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

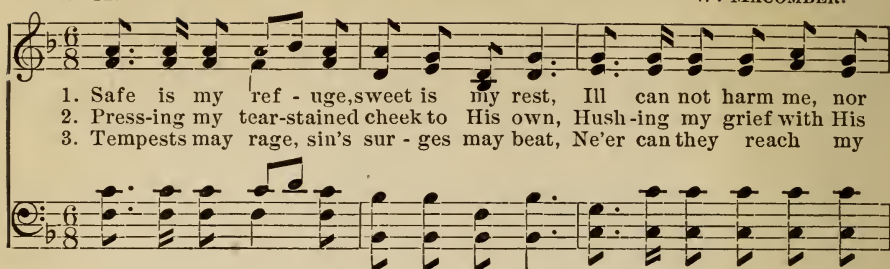
178.

Held in His Mighty Arms.

[SALVATION.]

W. M.

W. MACOMBER.

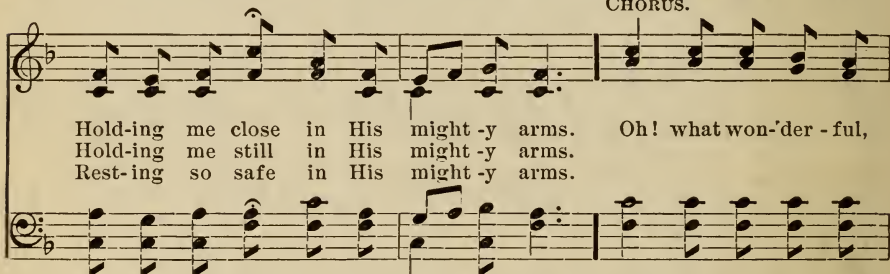


1. Safe is my ref - uge, sweet is my rest, Ill can not harm me, nor
 2. Press-ing my tear-stained cheek to His own, Hush-ing my grief with His
 3. Tempests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my




foes e'er mo - lest; Je - sus my spir - it so ten - der - ly calms,
 sweet gen - tle tone; Touch-ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,
 sheltered re - treat; Free from all dan - ger, from dread a - larms,

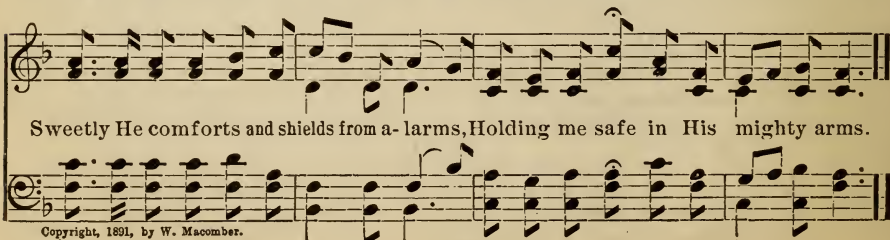
CHORUS.



Hold-ing me close in His might - y arms. Oh! what won - der - ful,
 Hold-ing me still in His might - y arms.
 Rest-ing so safe in His might - y arms.



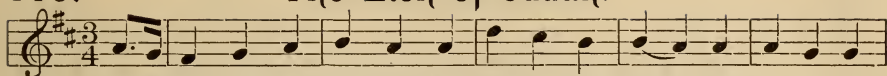
won - der - ful rest! Trust - ing com - plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;



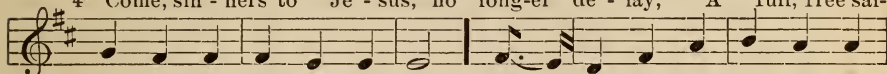
Sweetly He comforts and shields from a - larms, Holding me safe in His mighty arms.

179.

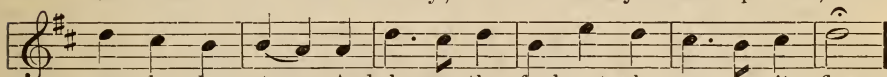
The Lion of Judah.



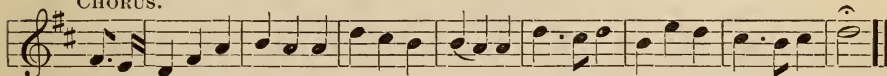
1. 'T was Je - sus, my Sav-iour who died on the tree, To o - pen a
 2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my
 3. And when with the ransom'd by Je - sus my head, From fountain to
 4. Come, sin - ners' to Je - sus, no long-er de - lay, A full, free sal-



fount-ain for sin - ners like me; His blood is that fount-ain which
 bount-y, His love in my heart; So now I am join'd with the
 fount-ain, I then shall be led; I'll fall at His feet and His
 va - tion He of - fers to - day; A - rouse your dark spir - its, a -



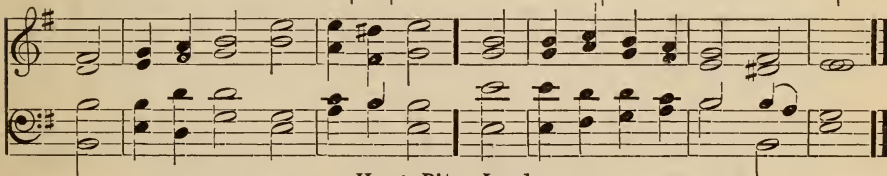
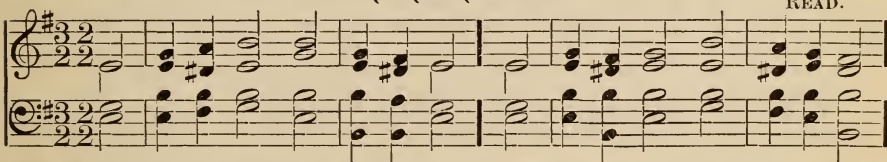
par - don be - stows, And cleanses the foul - est where - ev - er it flows.
 con-quer-ing band, Who are marching to glo - ry at Je - sus' com-mand.
 mer - cy a - dore, And sing of the blood of the cross ev - er - more.
 wake from your dream, And Christ will support you in com-ing to Him.
 CHORUS.



For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

Windham. L. M.

READ.



180.

Have Pity, Lord.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, for-give;
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not Thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee?
 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of Thy grace!
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy parting love be found.
 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace!

Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
 breath,
 I must pronounce Thee just, in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy
 word, [there,—
 Would light on some sweet promise
 Some sure support against despair.

(119)

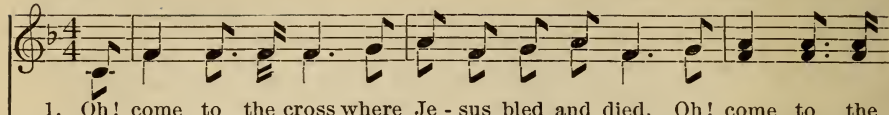
I. WATTS.

181.

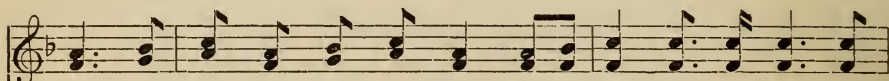
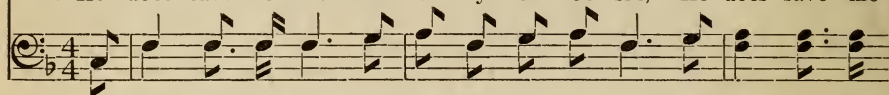
Cleansing Balm.

R. K. C.

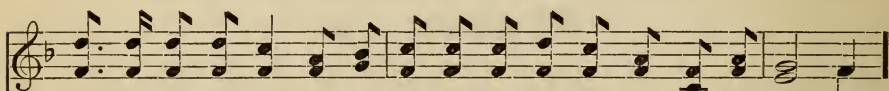
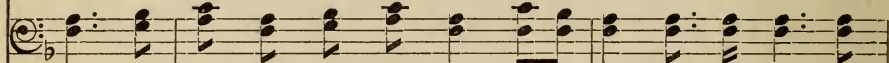
R. KELSO CARTER, by per.



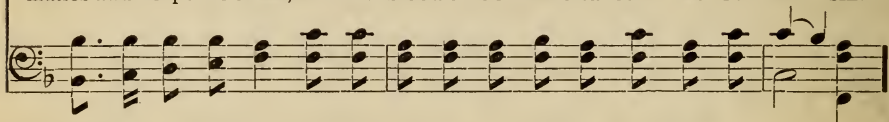
1. Oh! come to the cross where Je - sus bled and died, Oh! come to the
 2. He's a - ble to save from all the guilt of sin, He's a - ble to
 3. He's will - ing to save, to seek and save the lost, He's will - ing to
 4. He does save me now from ev - 'ry act of sin, He does save me



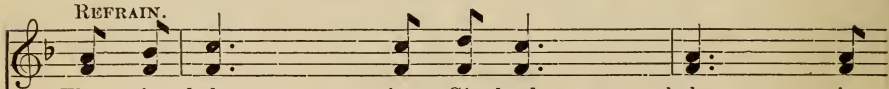
cross where He was cru - ci - fled; Oh! come to the cross, 'tis
 save from all that's born with - in; He's a - ble to save by
 save the Christ - ian, tem - pest-tossed; He's will - ing to save, so
 now from ev - 'ry spot with - in; He does save me now, He



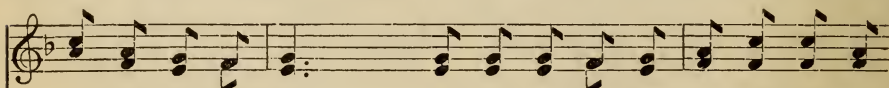
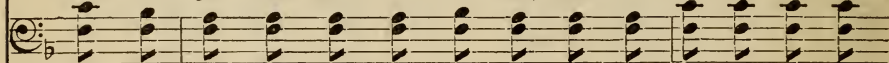
finished there, He cried! For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 sim - ple faith in Him, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 free - ly with - out cost. For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 makes and keeps me clean, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth me from all sin.



REFRAIN.



There is balm in Gi - lead, balm in
 There is pre - cious balm in Gi - lead, there is heal - ing balm in



Gi - lead, There is balm in Gi - lead for the soul that need - eth
 Gi - lead, There is per - feet balm in Gi - lead for the soul that need - eth





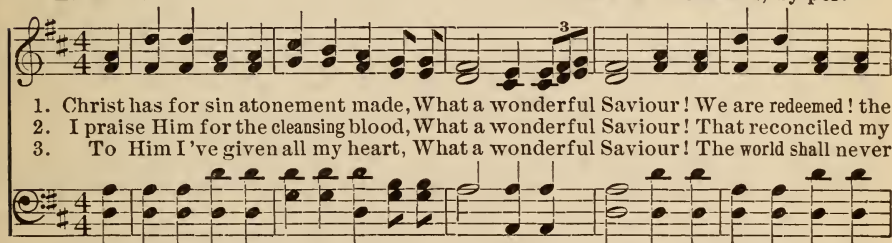
cleans-ing; Sing praise to Je - sus, praise to
cleans-ing; Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! sing praise, sing praise to
Je - sus, Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.
Je - sus, Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.

182.

Wonderful Saviour.

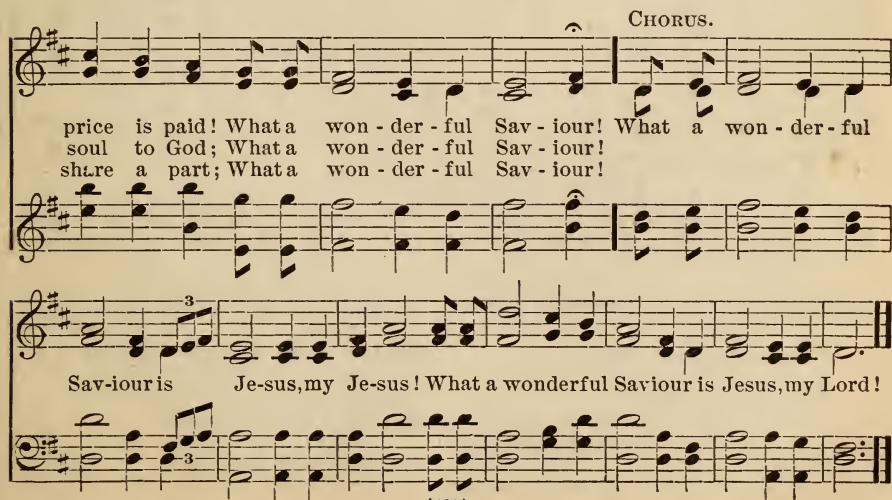
E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.



1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a wonderful Saviour! We are redeemed! the
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a wonderful Saviour! That reconciled my
3. To Him I've given all my heart, What a wonderful Saviour! The world shall never

CHORUS.



price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! What a won - der - ful
soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!

183.

A Present Saviour.

A. FRANCIS.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. I have found a great sal - va - tion, It is won - drous and sub - lime;
 2. And His grace has me en - a - bled "Ev - ry weight to lay a - side;"
 3. And in per - fect peace He keeps me, As in Je - sus I a - bide;
 4. Yes, He saves me, hal - le - lu - jah, Saves me sweet - ly, saves me now;

I have found a bless - ed Sav - iour, And He saves me all the time.
 Strength to run the race with pa - tience," Day by day does He pro - vide.
 "Peace which pass - eth un - der - stand - ing," As a riv - er deep and wide.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, At His feet I glad - ly bow.

CHORUS.

Oh, He is a pres - ent Sav - iour, And His grace is full and free;
 Now I feel His bless - ed fa - vor, And He saves me, e - ven me.

Copyright, 1891, by F. A. Blackmer.

184. The Child of a King.

Key E-flat.

- 1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
 He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
 Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold:
 His coffers are full, He has riches untold.
- REFRAIN.
 I'm the child of a King,
 The child of a King,
 With Jesus my Saviour,
 I'm the child of a King.
- 2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men!
 Once wandered on earth as the poorest of
- But now He is reigning forever on High,
 And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.
- 3 I once was an outcast, stranger on earth,
 A sinner by choice and an "alien" by birth,
 But I've been "adopted," my name's writ - An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
- 4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
 They're building a palace for me over there!
 Though exiled from home, yet, still I may All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

(122)

HATTIE E. BUELL.

The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse, by
Rev. W. McDONALD.

Music and chorus by
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal-low'd cross I see!
2. A thousand, thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That priceless blood my ran-som paid, While I in bond-age stood;

Re - mind - ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such bless - ings bring, As Je - sus' pre - cious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,

Up - on the cross, in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.

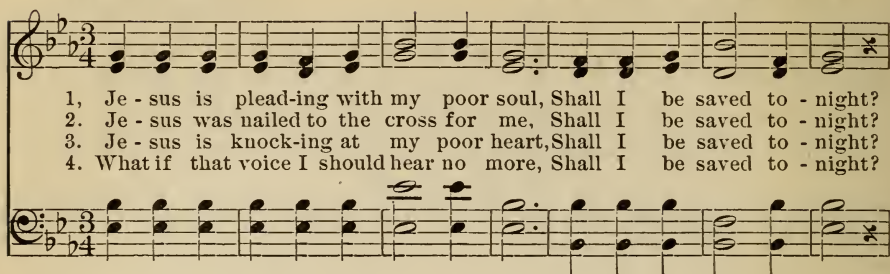
Used by permission.

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:
All praise to Jesus' blood.—CHO.

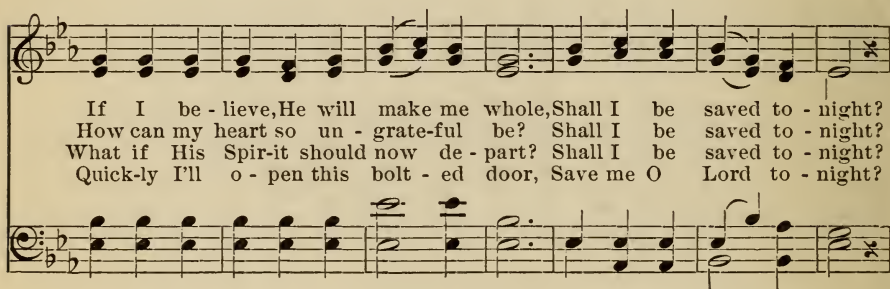
5 This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with joy,
For Jesus' cleansing blood.—CHO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

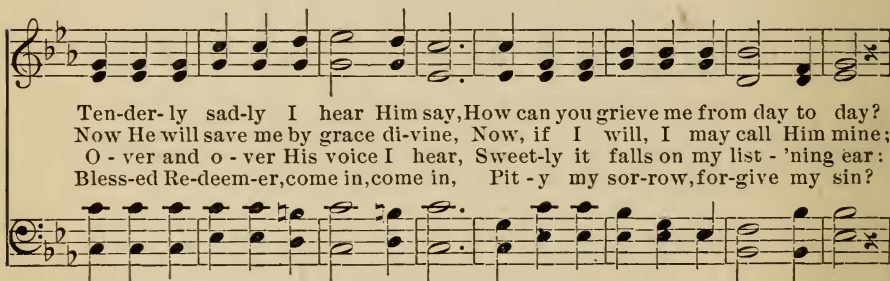
MRS. M. BLISS WILSON, by per.



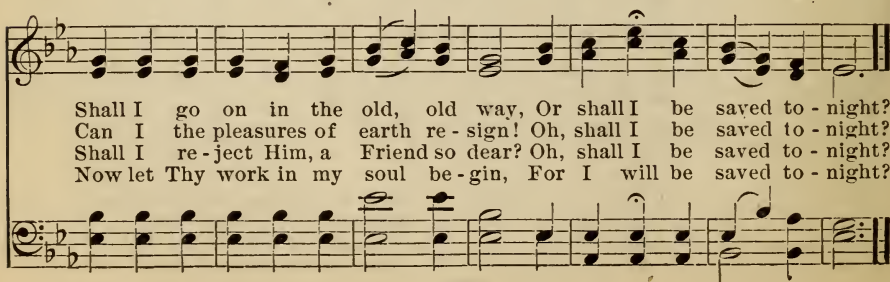
1. Je - sus is plead-ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
 2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
 3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?



If I be - lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?
 How can my heart so un - grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to - night?
 What if His Spir-it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to - night?
 Quick-ly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me O Lord to - night?



Ten-der-ly sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now He will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweet-ly it falls on my list - 'ning ear:
 Bless-ed Re-deem-er, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor-row, for-give my sin?

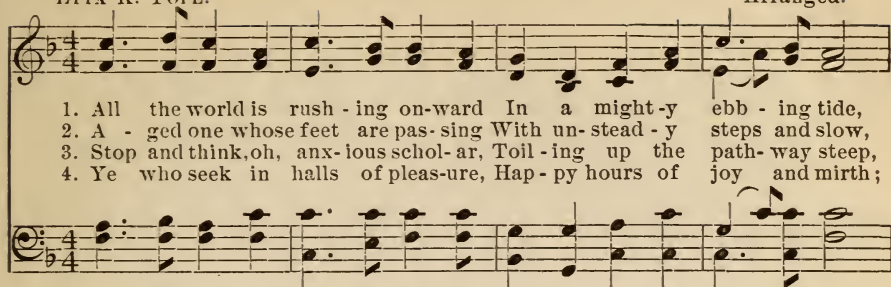


Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign! Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
 Shall I re - ject Him, a Friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night?

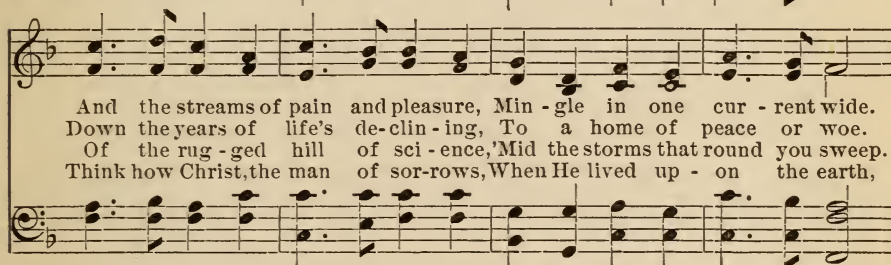
Stop and Think.

ETTA K. POPE.

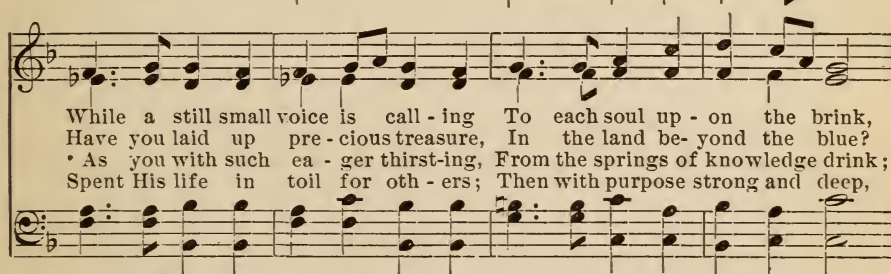
Arranged.



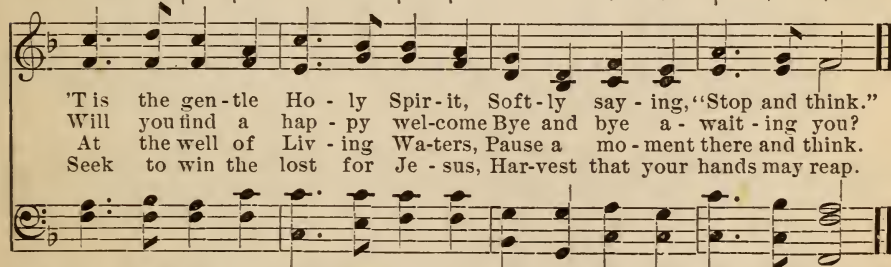
1. All the world is rush - ing on-ward In a might-y ebb - ing tide,
 2. A - ged one whose feet are pas - sing With un - stead - y steps and slow,
 3. Stop and think, oh, anx - ious schol - ar, Toil - ing up the path - way steep,
 4. Ye who seek in halls of pleas - ure, Hap - py hours of joy and mirth;



And the streams of pain and pleasure, Min - gle in one cur - rent wide.
 Down the years of life's de - clin - ing, To a home of peace or woe.
 Of the rug - ged hill of sci - ence, 'Mid the storms that round you sweep.
 Think how Christ, the man of sor - rows, When He lived up - on the earth,



While a still small voice is call - ing To each soul up - on the brink,
 Have you laid up pre - cious treasure, In the land be - yond the blue?
 * As you with such ea - ger thirst - ing, From the springs of knowledge drink;
 Spent His life in toil for oth - ers; Then with purpose strong and deep,



'Tis the gen - tle Ho - ly Spir - it, Soft - ly say - ing, "Stop and think."
 Will you find a hap - py wel - come Bye and bye a - wait - ing you?
 At the well of Liv - ing Wa - ters, Pause a mo - ment there and think.
 Seek to win the lost for Je - sus, Har - vest that your hands may reap.

5 When the pale and dreaded Phantom
 Beckons from the other shore,
 And he comes and stands beside you,
 Ready to convey you o'er;
 As you take his hand in stepping
 O'er the dark and chilling brink,
 In that hour, oh, dear unsaved one,
 There's no time to stop and think.

6 What are human skill and culture,
 Wealth and fame, or great renown,
 To one ransomed soul for Jesus,
 One bright jewel for His crown?
 Let me ask you, saint and sinner,
 As we breathe a silent prayer,
 "Shall we meet beyond the river?
 Shall we meet each other there?"

188.

Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. PSALM li: 7.

H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
 2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
 3 Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
 Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered not thus in vain.
 Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can - not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low!
 Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise, I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that Heshed, And I shall be whit-er than snow!
 Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow!

CHORUS.

Whit - - - ter than the snow! Whit - - - er

Whit-er than the snow!

Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow!

SALVATION.]

than the snow

whit - er than the snow! Wash me in the blood of the
Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow! . . .

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow!
snow!

189.

The Blood.

SOLO.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lujah! now it cleanseth me;

The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lujah! now it cleanseth me.

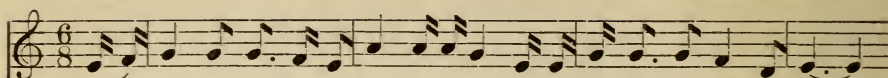
Copyright, 1889, by R. E. Hudson.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 The cross! the cross! the blood-stained
The hallowed cross I see! [cross!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.</p> | <p>5 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross!
My Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief
On sad Mount Calvary.</p> |
|--|---|

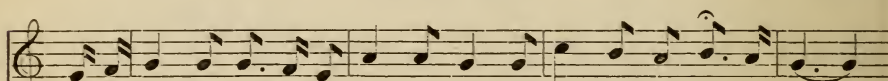
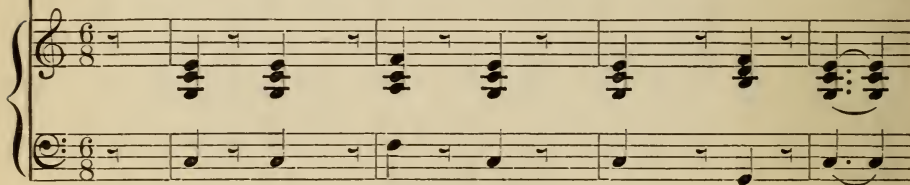
190. When the Cleansing Tide Comes In.

W. M.

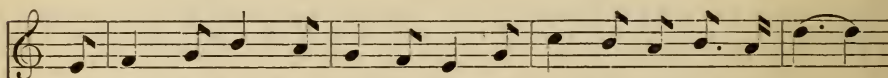
W. MACOMBER.



1. I stood in fan-cy one day at the gate Of the city with golden street,
 2. My soul was bur-dened with years misspent, My heart was stubborn and hard,
 3. Thou too, O lost one shall stand at the gate Of the city with mansions fair,

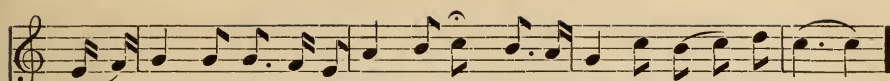


I longed to en-ter its man-sions fair, My friends and lov'd ones to meet;
 But love so great touched a ten-der chord, And for Christ the door I unbarred;
 Thy sin un-par-doned with awful weight, Will plunge thy soul in de-spair;

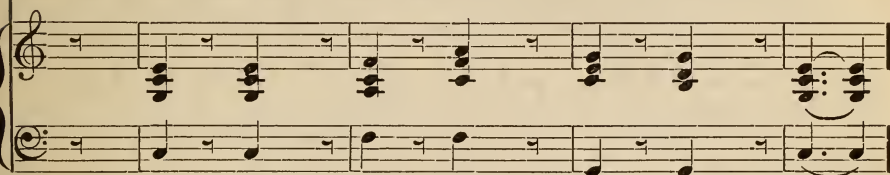


None en-ter here a sweet voice said, Whose hearts are stain-ed with sin,
 He filled me with such won-drous peace, And ban-ish-ed guilt and sin,
 Oh, heed the Spir-it's warn-ing call, And Heav-en's joys thou shalt win,

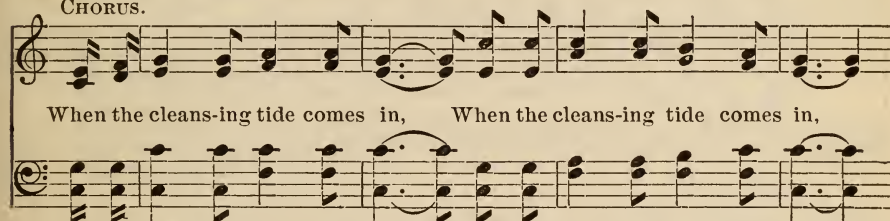




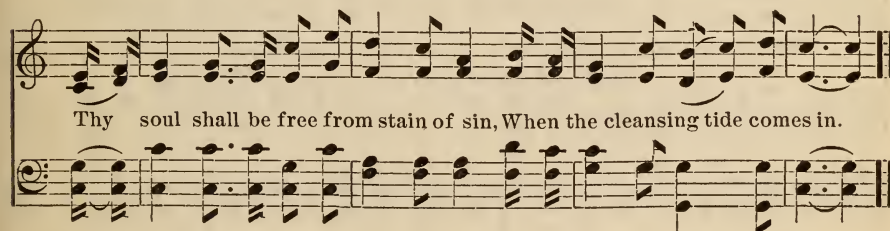
Go wash in the fountain, thy robes make clean, And then thou shalt en-ter in.
I tri-umph dai-ly and re-joice, Since the cleansing tide came in.
Swing o-pen wide thy heart's closed door, Let the cleansing tide come in.



CHORUS.



When the cleans-ing tide comes in, When the cleans-ing tide comes in,



Thy soul shall be free from stain of sin, When the cleansing tide comes in.

191. Full Salvation.

Tune, Greenville, p. 26.

1 Full salvation! full salvation!
Lo, the fountain opened wide,
Streams thro' ev'ry land and nation
From the Saviour's wounded side;
Full salvation!
Streams an endless crimson tide.

Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
Now, and ev'ry instant, clean;
Full salvation!
From the guilt and power of sin.

2 Oh, the glorious revelation!
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow;
Full salvation!
Oh, the rapt'rous bliss to know!

4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo! my heart, the Spirit's Shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in life to Christ divine!

3 Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep, within;

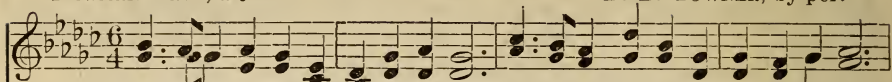
5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and shame are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow
For my Saviour goes before;
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore.

192.

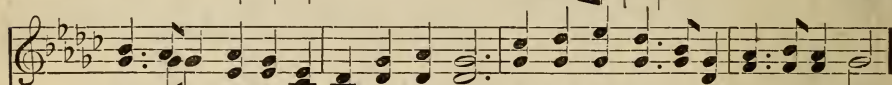
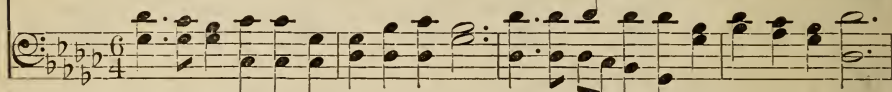
Christ is the Fountain.

NEWMAN HALL, altered.

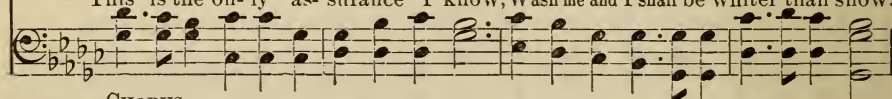
D. B. TOWNER, by per.



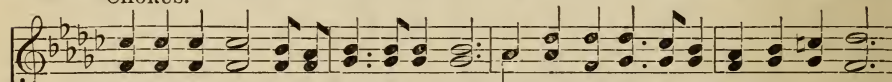
1. Blackened and hardened I come unto Thee, Saviour of sinners, have mercy on me!
2. Though I have labored again and a-gain, All my self-cleansing is utterly vain;
3. Cleanse Thou the tho'ts of my heart I implore. Help me thy light to reflect more and more;
4. Linked with the lov'd ones in glory I am, Washed are their robes in the blood of the Lamb;



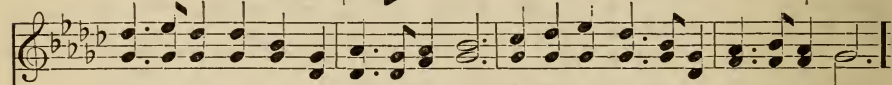
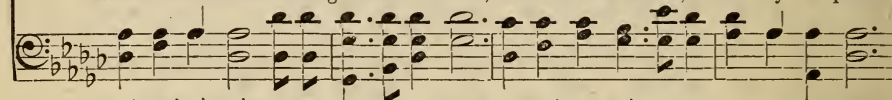
Guilt-y, pol-lut-ed; Redeem-er from woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Je-sus, Redeemer from sin and from woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Dai-ly in lov-ing o-bedience to grow, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
 This is the on-ly as-surance I know, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.



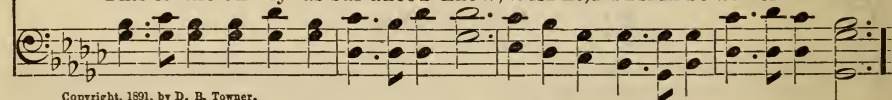
CHORUS.



Whit-er than snow! nothing further I need, Christ is the Fountain, this on-ly I plead!



This is the on-ly as-sur-ance I know, Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.



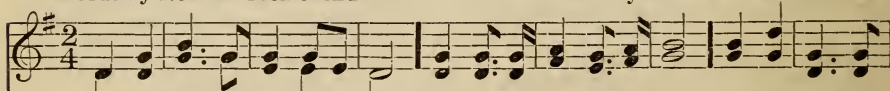
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193.

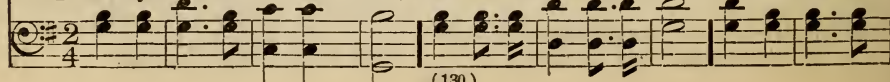
Redeemed and Washed.

Words by Rev. W. McDONALD.

Art. by Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. Je-sus, Lord, I come to Thee, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Set my longing
2. Speak, and let my heart be clean, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Fully sav'd from
3. Cleanse me, wash me white as snow, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Let me all Thy
4. To my heart the bliss re-veal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Fix on me the



spir - it free, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamd ! I'm redeem'd, redeem'd, Wash'd in the
in - bred sin, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !
ful-ness know, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !
Spirit's seal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !

blood of the Lamb ! I'm redeem'd, redeem'd, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !

194.

Union. 7s and 6s.

CARL SPITTA, Tr. by R. MASSIE.

R. KELSO CARTER.

- | | | |
|------|---|----|
| 1. { | I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life from Thee; | I |
| | In Thee is life pro - vid - ed, For all man-kind and me. | |
| 2. { | I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since what-so - e'er it be, | If |
| | It makes no sep - a - ra - tion, Be-tween my Lord and me. | |

know no death, O Je - sus, Because I live in Thee; Thy death it is which
Thou, my God and Teach-er, Vouchsafe to be my own, Tho' poor, I shall be

frees us From death e-ter-nal-ly.
rich - er Than monarch on his throne.

- 3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest;
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessed thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

195. W. M.

He Holds my Hand.

W. MACOMBER.

1. My soul so long weighed down by fear, Has found a promise rich and grand;
 2. Though weak myself; though friends all flee, And might-y foes a-round me band,
 3. Some-times the way, may not be known, And yet I trust this promise grand,
 4. When storms of tri-al o'er me sweep, My soul shall sweetly safe-ly stand;

The Sav-iour speaks in tones of cheer "Fear not, I'll hold thee by thy hand."
 There's wondrous strength that comes to me, While safe-ly held by His dear hand.
 My soul is nev-er left a-lone; For ev-ry hour He holds my hand.
 Tho' hid His face in dark-ness deep, I feel the clasp of His strong hand.

I'm rest-ing now in Je-sus, I've reached the promised land;

Where e'er He may lead I can safe-ly fol-low on. For He lov-ing-ly holds my hand.

Copyright, 1891, by H. M. Hall.

196. Jesus, Save Me.

Tune, "Near the Cross." Key of G.

- 1 Jesus, save me through and through,
 Save me from self-mending;
 Self-salvation will not do,
 Come, in love descending.

CHORUS.

||: Through and through, :||
 Jesus, make me holy,
 Save me to the uttermost,
 All the way to glory!

- 2 Through temptations, safe from sin,
 Self and pride subduing,

Save me through and through within,
 Save me by renewing.

- 3 Through my thoughts and through my
 Through my flesh and spirit; [heart,
 Save, me Lord, through every part,
 Through Thy saving merit.

- 4 Through Thy light to perfect day,
 Through Thy cleansing fountain,
 Through Thy holy happy way,
 Up Thy holy mountain.

197.

There's Victory for You.

W. M.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory." W. MACOMBER.

1. O child of God, by sin dis-mayed, Life's conflict pass-ing through,
 2. Long hast thou striv'n for freedom's gain, To faith-ful be and true,
 3. Give up the past; its sin-ful load Was borne on Cal-va-ry,
 4. I yield my will to Thee, my God, From sin-stains cleanse thou me;

In Him is rest, be not a-fraid, There's vic-to-ry for you.
 But Christ shall break Thy ev-'ry chain, And vic-t'ry give to you.
 For days to come, just trust the Lord, He'll give you vic-to-ry.
 I rest se-cure up-on Thy word, I have the vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.

There's vic-to-ry for you, There's vic-to-ry for you,

Look up, by faith the prom-ise claim, There's vic-to-ry for you.

Copyright, 1891, by H. M. Hall.

198. Take the Name of Jesus.

Tune, "Take the name of Jesus with you,"

Key of A-flat.

- 1 Take the Name of Jesus with you,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 Take it with you to the dying,
 Take it with you everywhere.

CHORUS.

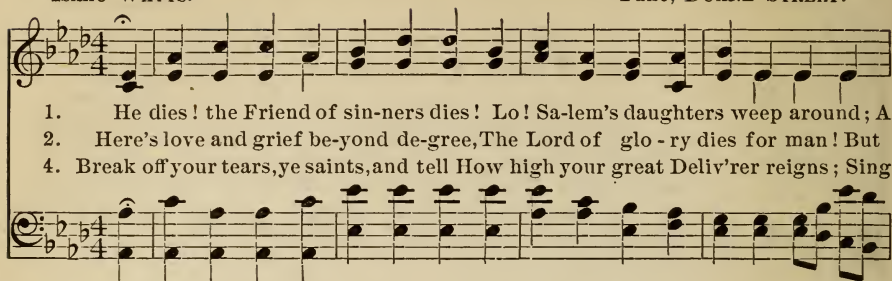
"Precious Name," etc.

- 2 Wait not till they come to hear it,
 "Go out to them," says the Word;

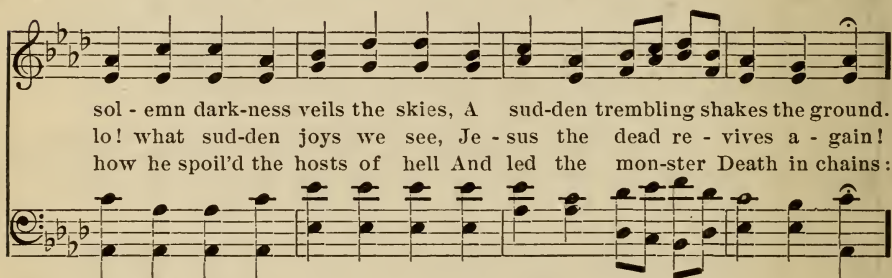
- There are many who are waiting
 For a message from the Lord.
 3 There are many who are preaching
 Christ to those who come to hear;
 But he says, "Go out and tell them
 Whom to love and whom to fear."
 4 Take it with you to the weary,
 Take it with you to the faint;
 Take it with you to the dying,
 Take it with you to the saint.

ISAAC WATTS.

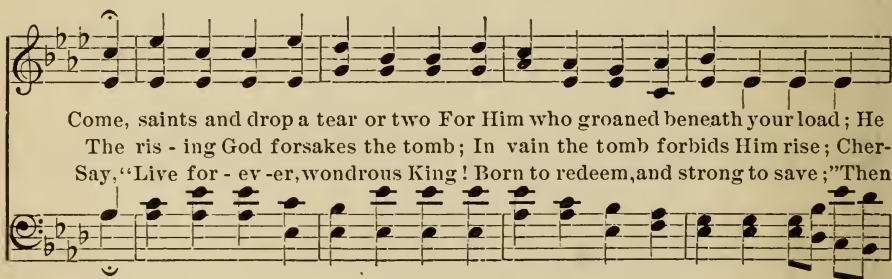
Tune, DUANE STREET.



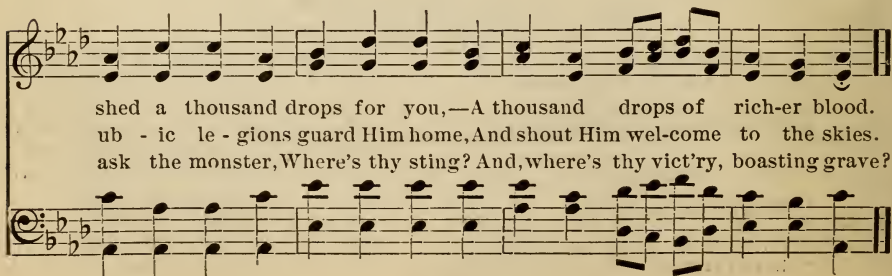
1. He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep around; A
 2. Here's love and grief be-yond de-gree, The Lord of glo-ry dies for man! But
 4. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliv'rer reigns; Sing



sol - emn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground.
 lo! what sud-den joys we see, Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain!
 how he spoil'd the hosts of hell And led the mon-ster Death in chains:



Come, saints and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load; He
 The ris - ing God forsakes the tomb; In vain the tomb forbids Him rise; Cher-
 Say, "Live for - ev - er, wondrous King! Born to redeem, and strong to save;" Then



shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich-er blood.
 ub - ic le - gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel-come to the skies.
 ask the monster, Where's thy sting? And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

200.

The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDY.

Arr. by Rev. J. S. NORRIS and R. K. CARTER.

Slow.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and

call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy
 gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go
 judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go
 glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go

CHORUS.

cross and fol - low, fol - low me." Where He leads me I will
 with Him—With Him all the way.
 with Him With Him all the way.
 with me—With me all the way.

fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He

leads me I will fol - low; I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

201. Take my Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
Chorus by R. K. C.Old English, arr.
Cho. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for Thee;
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways on - ly for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ry power as Thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

Take my spir - it, bod - y, soul, Touch me, Lord, and make me whole;

Here I am, hence - forth to be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee!

Copyright, 1889, by R. Kelso Carter. From The Silver Trumpet, by per.

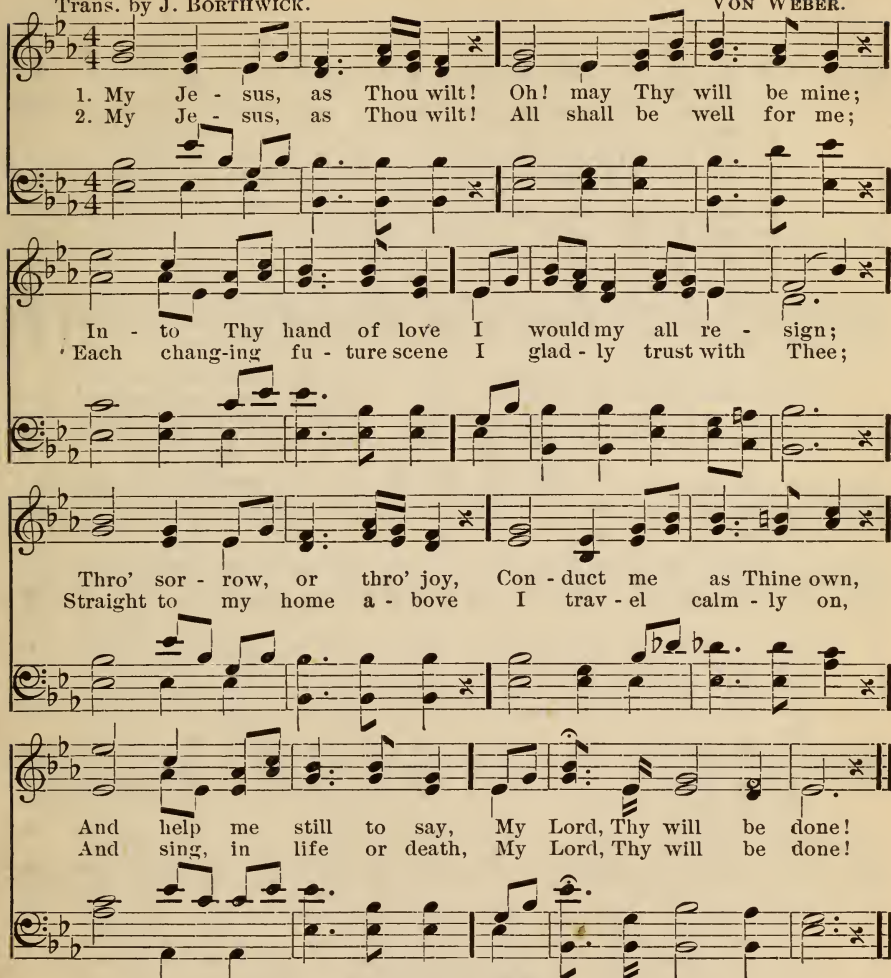
5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee!

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

Trans. by J. BORTHWICK.

VON WEBER.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh! may Thy will be mine;
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
Each chang-ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

203. Thy Way, Not Mine.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek,
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

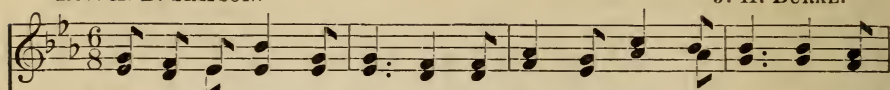
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

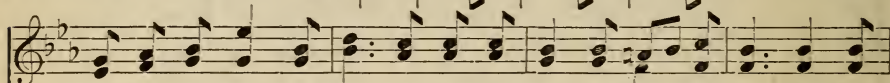
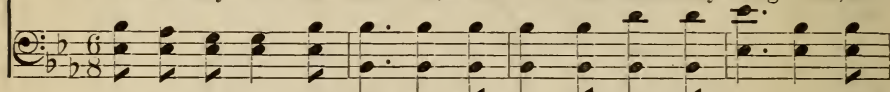
204. I Will Say "Yes" to Jesus.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

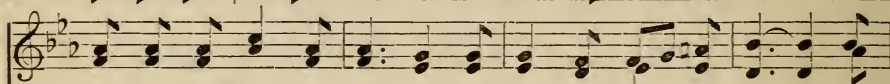
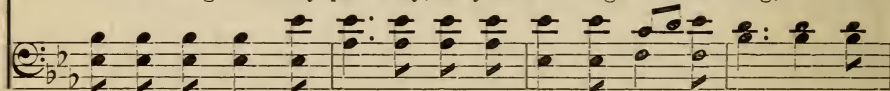
J. H. BURKE.



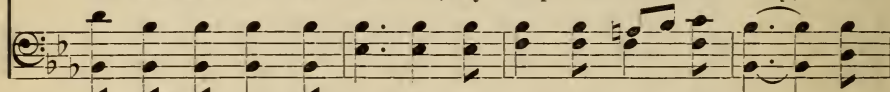
1. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Oft it was "No" be - fore, As He
 2. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, His prom - is - es I'll claim, And in
 3. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, To all that He commands, I will
 4. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, What - e'er His hands may bring: And, tho'



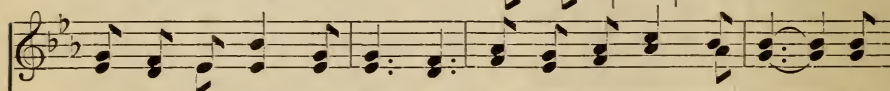
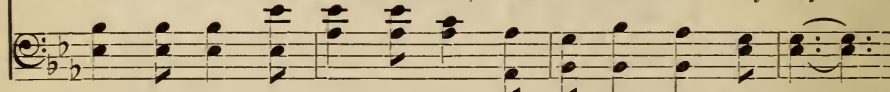
knocked at my heart's proud entrance And I firm - ly barred the door; But I've
 ev - 'ry cheque He en - dors - es I'll dare to write my name; I will
 has - ten to do His bid - ding With will - ing heart and hands; I will
 clouds hang o'er my path - way, My trust - ing heart will sing, "I will



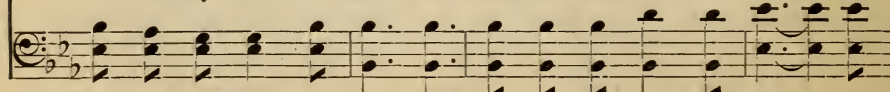
made a com - plete sur - ren - der, And given Him right of way, And
 put my "A - men" where - ev - er My God has put His "Yea," And
 lis - ten to hear His whis - pers, And learn His will each day, And
 fol - low where - e'er He lead - eth, My Shep - herd knows the way, And



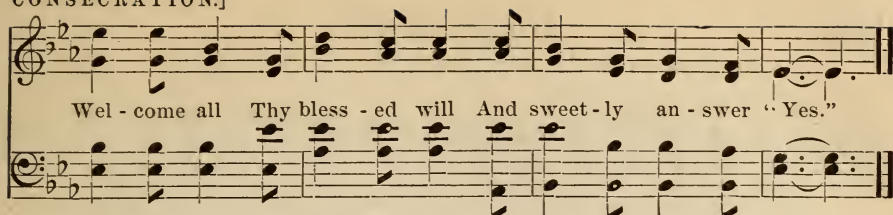
hence - forth it is al - ways "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
 ev - er bold - ly an - swer "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
 al - ways glad - ly an - swer "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
 while I live I'll an - swer 'Yes,' What - ev - er He may say."



I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Yes, Lord, for - ev - er "Yes;" I'll



CONSECRATION.]



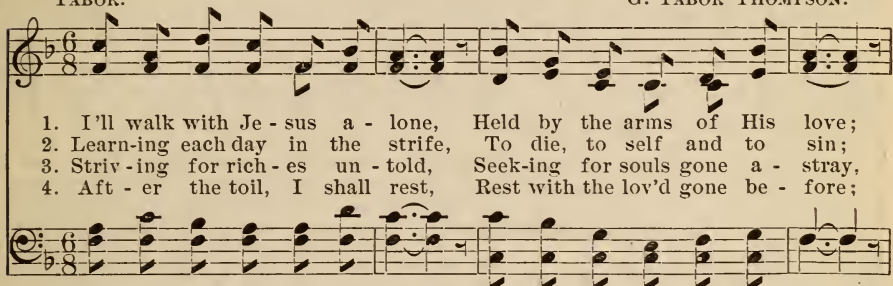
Wel - come all Thy bless - ed will And sweet - ly an - swer "Yes."

205. Walking with Jesus.

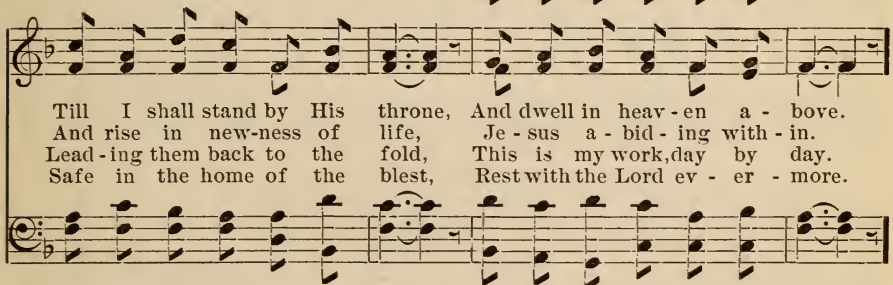
*Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way,
and while He opened to us the Scriptures? — Luke, 24: 32.*

TABOR.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

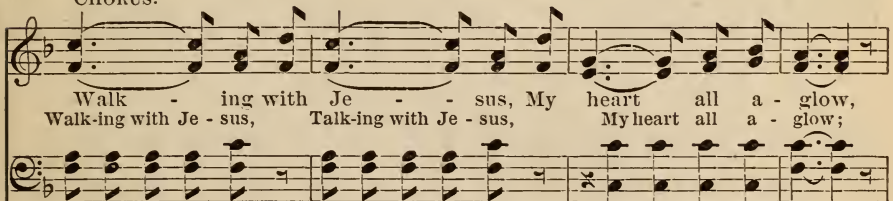


1. I'll walk with Je - sus a - lone, Held by the arms of His love;
2. Learn-ing each day in the strife, To die, to self and to sin;
3. Striv-ing for rich-es un - told, Seek-ing for souls gone a - stray,
4. Aft - er the toil, I shall rest, Rest with the lov'd gone be - fore;

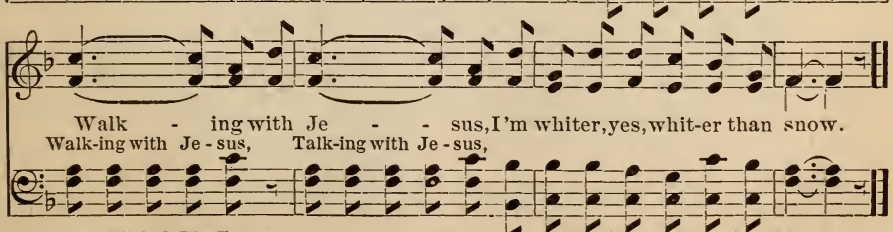


Till I shall stand by His throne, And dwell in heav-en a - bove.
And rise in new-ness of life, Je - sus a - bid - ing with - in.
Lead-ing them back to the fold, This is my work, day by day.
Safe in the home of the blest, Rest with the Lord ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Walk - ing with Je - - sus, My heart all a - glow,
Walk-ing with Je - sus, Talk-ing with Je - sus, My heart all a - glow;

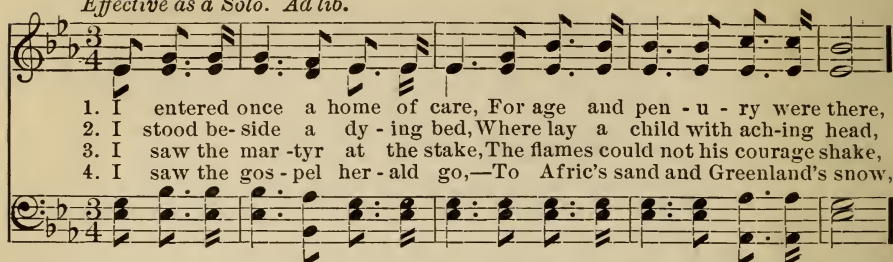


Walk - ing with Je - - sus, I'm whiter, yes, whit-er than snow.
Walk-ing with Je - sus, Talk-ing with Je - sus,

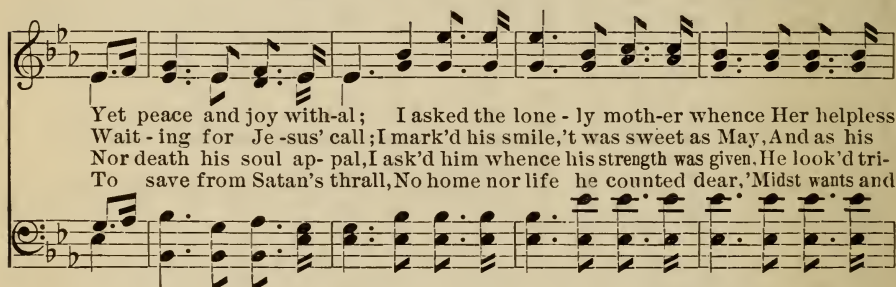
"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Peter ii: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*

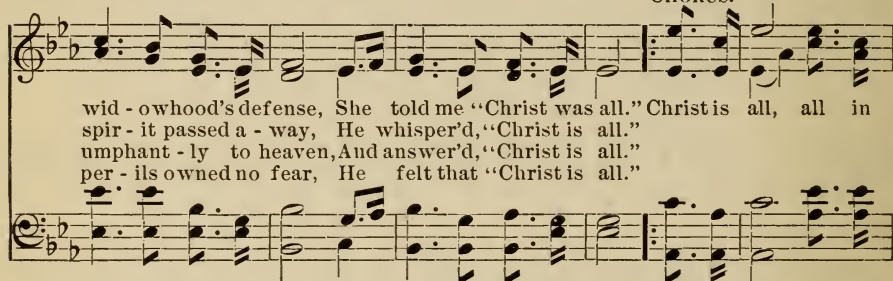


1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go, — To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,

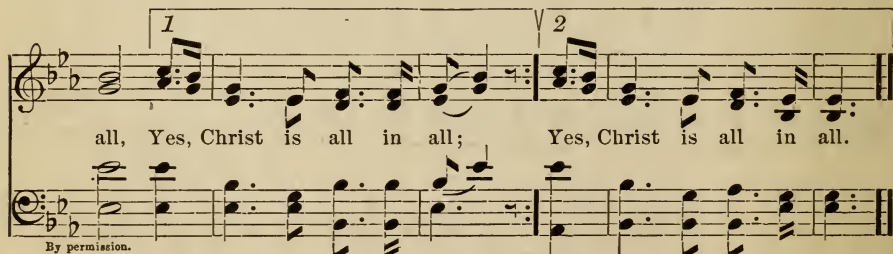


Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her helpless
 Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 't was sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul ap - pal, I ask'd him whence his strength was given. He look'd tri -
 To save from Satan's thrall, No home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and

CHORUS.



wid - owhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
 spir - it passed a - way, He whisper'd, "Christ is all."
 umphant - ly to heaven, And answer'd, "Christ is all."
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."



all, Yes, Christ is all in all; Yes, Christ is all in all.

By permission.

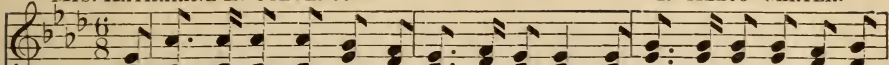
5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 A fire dissolved this ball,
 I saw the church's ransomed throng
 I heard the burden of their song,
 'T was "Christ is all in all."

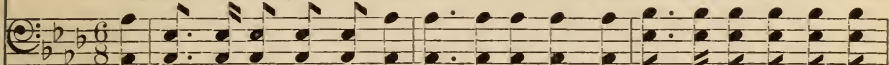
6 Then come to Christ, oh, come today,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
 The Bride repeats the call,
 For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
 His love will soothe your weary pains,
 For "Christ is all in all."

Thy Will.

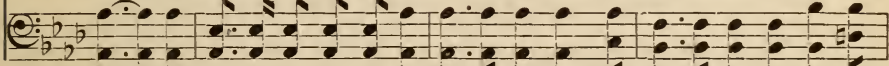
Mrs. KATHARINE L. STEVENSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

- 
1. The bells of re-demption are peal-ing to-day, How sweetly the glad music
 2. Oh, not in the sunshine a-lone does this song Well up with its rap-tur-ous
 3. In storm or in calm, still I choose Thy dear will, That will which is oneness with
 4. Thy will 't is the gladdest, most glo-ri-ous thing That even Thy heart, Lord, could

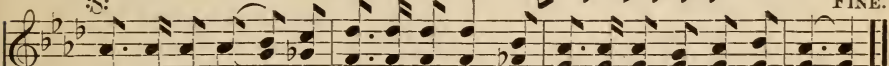


rings! A-bove and a-bout me are wafted the strains, My soul is an ech-o that
praise; It soars to its clearest, most triumphing note, On darkest and dreari-est
Thee; Is pardon, and peace, and victorious power, From sin and from self to be
give; Thy will! how my soul leaps to do its behest! 'T is life from the dead, and I

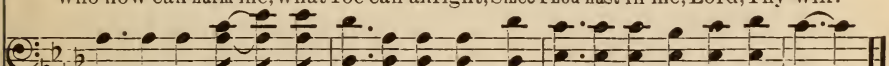


sings. Up swells to the throne in a volume of praise, The anthem of ransomed ones there; The
days, When no ray of earth-light shines out o'er my way, The voice of earth's laughter is still; 'T is
free. Oh, won-der-ful gift! blessed will of my God! Thou on-ly that will canst ful-fill; Work
live. The desert grows sweet with the breath of the rose, The discords of life all are still; Who,

FINE.



heavens and earth in that song are made one, One blending of praise and of prayer.
then, in the hush and gloom of the night, 'T is sweetest to say, Lord, Thy will!
then, as Thou wilt, oh, Thou conquering One! But perfectly work out Thy will!
who now can harm me, what foe can affright, Since Thou hast in me, Lord, Thy will?



want or come wealth, come life or come death, Thy will, oh, my Father, be done!
Thy will . . . be done! . . . Thy will . . . be done. . .

D.S.



Oh, my Father, be done, be done, Lord, and mine, they are one, are one, Come



208. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOMAS SHEPHERD, *alt.*

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
 3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - ming - led love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

209. Jesus Is Mine.

Tune, *Happy Land*, p. 150.

- 1 Now I have found a Friend,
 Jesus is mine;
 His love shall never end,
 Jesus is mine.
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace;
 Jesus is mine.

CHORUS.

This Friend will never fail,
 Never, never, never fail,
 This Friend will never fail,
 No, never fail.

- 2 Though I grow poor and old,
 Jesus is mine;
 He will my faith uphold,
 Jesus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply,
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope destroy,
 Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine;
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality!

Jesus is mine;
 Welcome, eternity!
 Jesus is mine.
 He my redemption is,
 Wisdom and righteousness,
 Life, light, and holiness,
 Jesus is mine.

210. Man's Weakness.

Tune, *Azmon*, p. 16.

- 1 Man's weakness waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss.
 For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.
- 2 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
 Thou glorious Will! ride on:
 Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
 The road that thou hast gone.
- 3 He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.
- 4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet will!

FREDERICK FABER.

Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod-y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-cra - ted
 2. O Je - sus, mighty Sav-iour I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal -
 3. Oh, let the fire, de-scending Just now up-on my soul, Consume my humble
 4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy

REFRAIN.

offering, Thine ev - er-more to be. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
 va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.
 offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.

ritard.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

212. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Key G.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise;
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Delight in the Lord.

[CONSECRATION.]

Psa. xl: 8.

Words and music by Jas. M. KIRK.

1. I'm glad-ly giv-ing up my all to Thee, dear Lord, Just now, I'm
 2. I'm dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing, bless-ed Je-sus, ev-'ry day, I'm
 3. I now have constant vic-to-ry thro' Je-sus' bless-ed name; Be-
 4. Dear Lord I do just trust in Thee to save me from within, By

glad-ly giv-ing up my all while at Thy feet I bow;
 dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing pre-cious Lord To all my way;
 cause He nev-er fail-eth me and al-way is the same;
 cast-ing out the car-nal mind with all its deeds of sin;

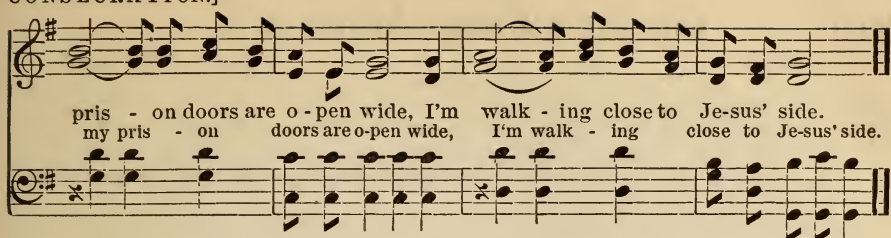
I have no will I call my own from Thy sweet will a-part, Thy
 Oh, let me nev-er mur-mur neith-er let my spir-it grieve, For
 He said, that severed from Him, I can noth-ing do a-right; And
 Thou art enthroned with-in my heart to dwell for ev-er-more, And

bless-ed glad new cov-'nant, Thou art writ-ing on my heart.
 Thou hast said Thou scourg-est Ev-'ry son Thou dost re-ceive.
 now I am con-tent-ed un-der-neath His watch-ful sight.
 now I walk with Thee in white, On to the oth-er shore.

CHORUS.

Oh, Lord I now delight in Thee! Be-cause the Son now makes me free; My
 Oh, Lord I now, delight in Thee! Because the Son now makes me free;

CONSECRATION.]



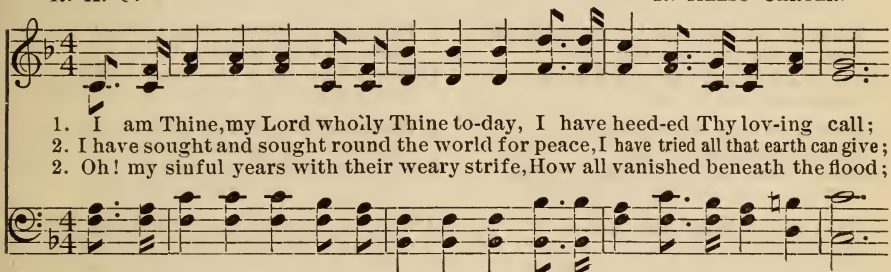
pris - on doors are o - pen wide, I'm walk - ing close to Je-sus' side.
my pris - on doors are o - pen wide, I'm walk - ing close to Je-sus' side.

214.

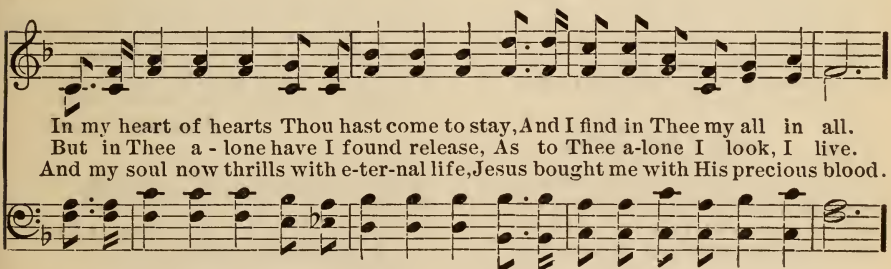
Wholly Thine.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

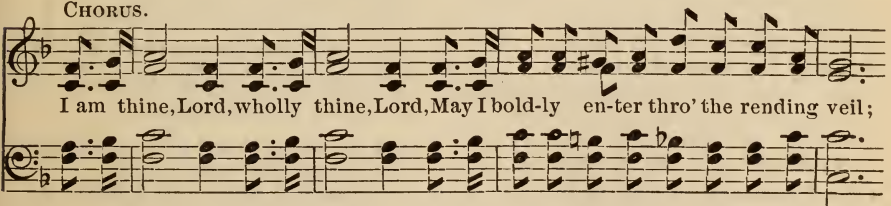


1. I am Thine, my Lord wholly Thine to-day, I have heed-ed Thy lov-ing call;
2. I have sought and sought round the world for peace, I have tried all that earth can give;
2. Oh! my sinful years with their weary strife, How all vanished beneath the flood;

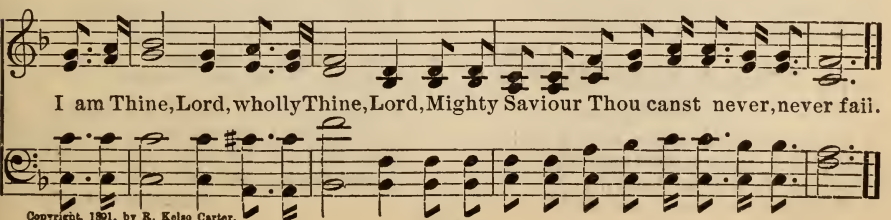


In my heart of hearts Thou hast come to stay, And I find in Thee my all in all.
But in Thee a - lone have I found release, As to Thee a-lone I look, I live.
And my soul now thrills with e-ter-nal life, Jesus bought me with His precious blood.

CHORUS.



I am thine, Lord, wholly thine, Lord, May I bold-ly en-ter thro' the rending veil;



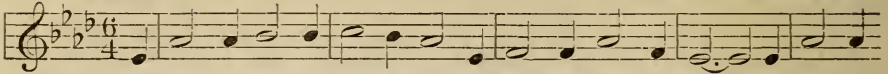
I am Thine, Lord, wholly Thine, Lord, Mighty Saviour Thou canst never, never fail.

215.

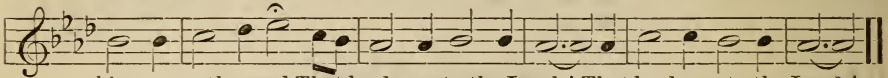
Oh, for a Closer Walk. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, ORTONVILLE.



1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
 2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the



shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
 soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word? Of Je-sus and His word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known, .
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
 Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labor of Thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but Thou must give the power;
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

216.

Lord, I Am Thine.

Tune, Sessions, p. 15.

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent Thine would I be,
 And own Thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die;
 Be Thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past, beyond repeal,
 And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.
- 4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.

DAVIES.

217. O That My Load of Sin Were Gone.

Tune, Hamburg, p. 101.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down —
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

218. I Worship Thee. C. M.

Tune, Ortonville. p. 146.

- 1 I worship thee, sweet will of God!
 And all thy ways adore;
 And every day I live, I seem
 To love thee more and more.
- 2 And He hath breathed into my soul
 A special love of thee;
 A love to lose my will in His,
 And by that loss be free.
- 3 I love to kiss each print where thou
 Hast set thine unseen feet;
 I cannot fear thee, blessed will!
 Thine empire is so sweet.
- 4 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison-walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to thee.
- 5 And when it seems no chance, no
 From grief can set me free, [change,
 Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
 And calmly waits on thee.

FREDERICK FABER.

Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Galatians vi: 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

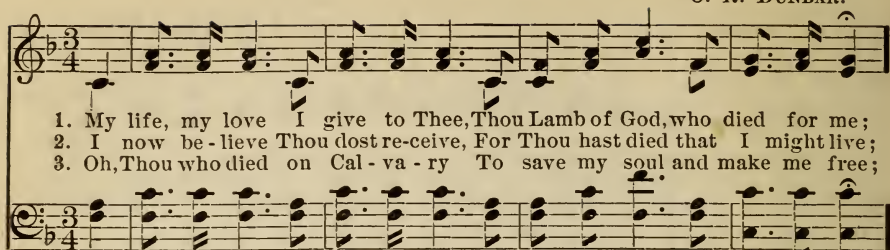
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
 clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

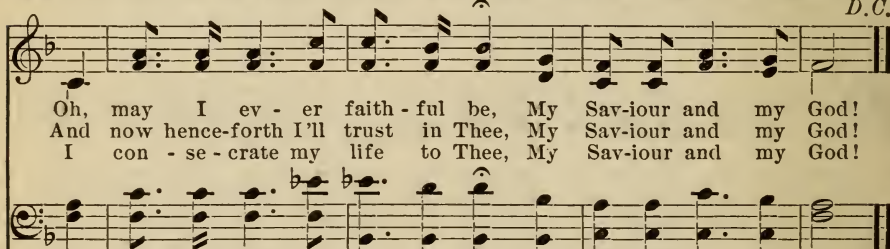
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D.C.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!
By permission.

221. Everywhere with Jesus.

Tune, (120 Hymns New and Old.)

- 1 Everywhere with Jesus —
Thus I find sweet rest;
Just the way He goeth
Is for me the best.
Brightest day without Him,
Has but clouded light;
Walking in His presence,
Even night is bright.

CHORUS.

- Everywhere, everywhere,
Thus I find sweet rest;
Just the way He goeth,
Is for me the best.
2 When I follow Jesus,
Pressing to His side,
Even ills seem helpful
As a gracious tide;
If His goings take me
Into pathways strait,
Yet His blessed sunshine
Brightens every state.
3 Everywhere with Jesus,
Counting all but cross —
To behold His glory,
To exalt His cross;
Speaking forth His praises,
Telling men His grace,
Calling to His service,
All who long for peace.

- 4 Then, at length with Jesus,
In His home so bright,
Where no shadows coming
Can obscure the light:
There I'll dwell with Jesus,
Clothed with Him in white,
Ever see His glory,
Happy in His sight.

JOHN S. HAUGH.

222. Brethren, Let Us to the Lord.

Tune. Take My Life, p. 136.

- 1 Brethren, let us to the Lord,
Give ourselves both heart and sword;
Under His commanding eye
We shall march to victory.
2 Hark, the strains of music roll,
Like a tide they fill the soul;
As they to their highest rise,
We will launch our enterprise.
3 Ye who 'list must list in faith,
Fearing neither toil nor scath;
Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,
Confident of victory.
4 Hark the music loud and sweet
Thrills our heart and stirs our feet:
Brethren, hands upon your swords,
Let us shout, "We are the Lord's!"

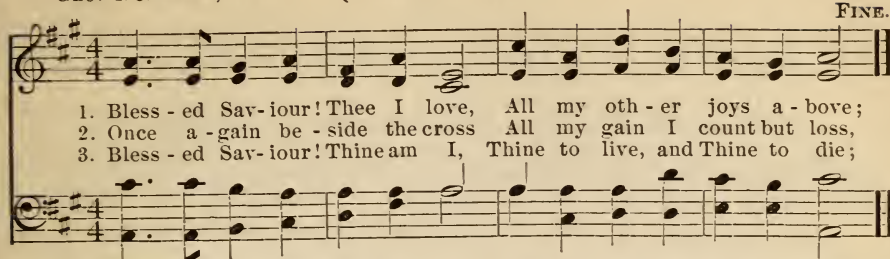
T. T. LYNCH.

223. Blessed Saviour! Thee I Love. 7, D.

GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D.

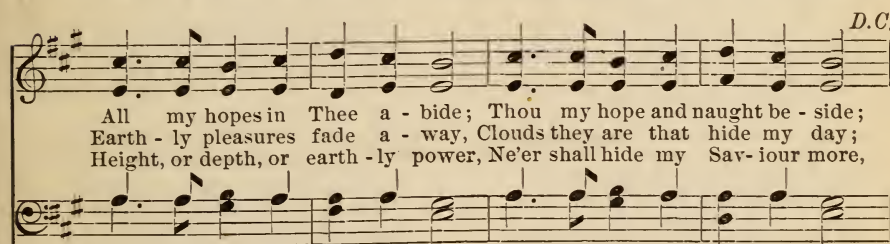
(SPANISH HYMN.)

FINE.



1. Bless - ed Sav-iour! Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
 2. Once a - gain be - side the cross All my gain I count but loss,
 3. Bless - ed Sav-iour! Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die;

D.C. Ev - er let my glo - ry be, Bless - ed Sav-iour, on - ly Thee.
 D.C. Hence, vain sha - dows, let me see Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me.
 D.C. Ev - er shall my glo - ry be, Bless - ed Sav-iour, on - ly Thee.



All my hopes in Thee a - bide; Thou my hope and naught be - side;
 Earth - ly pleasures fade a - way, Clouds they are that hide my day;
 Height, or depth, or earth - ly power, Ne'er shall hide my Sav-iour more,

224. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

Tune, Rockingham, p. 13.

- 1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
 To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 Forever closed to all but Thee;
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love forever there.
 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
 Who thence their life and strength derive,
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
 4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
 That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
 Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
 Decked with a never-fading crown?
 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of aught beside,
 "My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

N. L. ZINZENDORF.

225. All for Jesus!

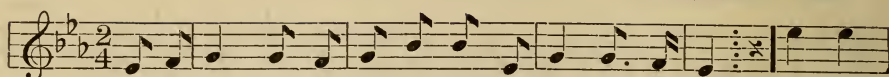
Key, E-flat.

- 1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my being's ransomed powers;
 All my thoughts and words and doings,

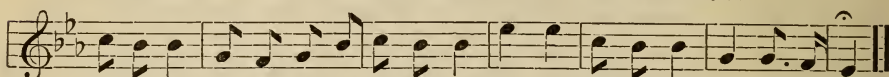
- All my days and all my hours.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my days and all my hours.
 2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
 Let my feet run in His ways;
 Let my eyes see Jesus only;
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
 Cling to gilded toys of dust,
 Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure:
 Only Jesus will I trust.
 Only Jesus! only Jesus!
 Only Jesus will I trust.
 4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside,
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the crucified.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All for Jesus crucified.
 5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me His beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath His wings.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath His wings.

MARY D. JAMES.

Tune, HAPPY LAND.



1. { I have sought round the verdant earth For un - fad - ing joy ; } Lord, be -
 { I have tried ev - 'ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy ; }



stow on me Grace to set my spirit free ; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark
 Of doubt and distress ;
 I have had not a kindling spark,
 My spirit to bless ;
 Cheerless unbelief
 Filled my laboring soul with grief ;
 What shall give relief ?
 What shall give peace ?

That temptations from without
 Meet with no response within.

5 Lord, the sacrifice I make,
 Contrite heart Thou wilt receive,
 Bruised reed Thou wilt not break,
 In Thine hands my *all* I give.
 M. H. RATCLIFF.

3 Then I turned to Thy gospel, Lord
 From folly away ;
 Then I trusted Thy holy word
 That taught me to pray.
 Here I found release —
 In Thy word my soul found peace,
 Hope of endless bliss,
 Eternal day.

228. Loved with Everlasting Love.
Tune, Blumenthal, p. 80.

1 Loved with everlasting love,
 Led by grace that love to know ;
 Spirit, breathing from above,
 Thou hast taught me it is so !
 Oh, this full and perfect peace !
 Oh, this transport all divine !
 In a love, which cannot cease,
 I am His, and He is mine.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
 I'll praise and adore ;
 All my heart's richest tribute bring
 To Thee, God of power ;
 And in heaven above,
 Saved by Thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move
 For evermore.

2 Heaven above is softer blue,
 Earth around is sweeter green !
 Something lives in every hue
 Christless eyes have never seen :
 Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
 Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
 Since I know, as *now* I know,
 I am His, and He is mine.

227. Jesus, Saviour of the Just.
Tune, Spanish Hymn, p. 149.

1 Jesus, Saviour of the just
 With Thy followers I would be ;
 In Thy precious blood I trust,
 Let Thy Spirit dwell in me.

2 Sanctify me wholly now,
 Thou art willing, this I know ;
 At Thy cross I humbly bow,
 I am empty, I am low.

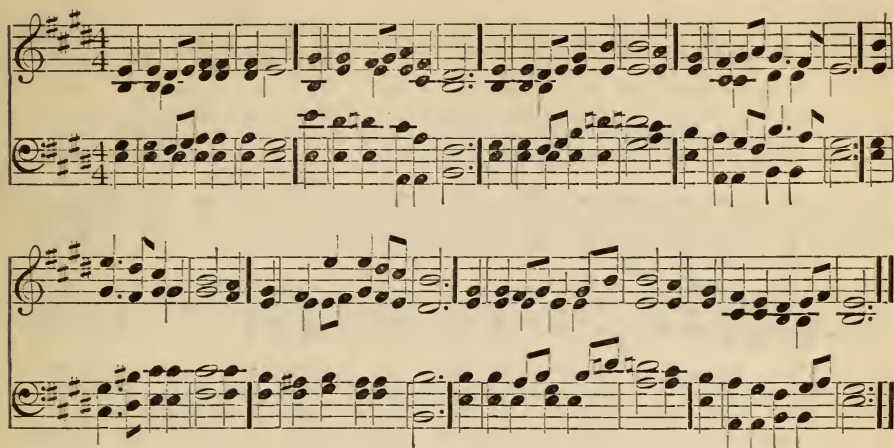
3 Fill me with Thy heavenly love,
 Thy dear image I would wear ;
 Let my treasures be above,
 Keep my heart forever there.

4 I would bear Thy marks about,
 Humble, loving, free from sin,

3 Things that once were wild alarms
 Cannot now disturb my rest ;
 Closed in everlasting arms,
 Pillowed on the loving breast.
 Oh, to lie forever here,
 Doubt and care and self resign,
 While He whispers in my ear —
 I am His, and He is mine.

4 His forever, only His ;
 Who the Lord and me shall part ?
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss,
 Christ can fill the loving heart !
 Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
 Firstborn light in gloom decline ;
 But while God and I shall be,
 I am His, and He is mine.

WADE ROBINSON.



229. I Lay My Sins On Jesus.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us,
From the accurséd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR.

230. Live Out Thy Life Within Me.

1 Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings,
Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I, the transparent medium
Thy glory to display.

2 The temple has been yielded,
And purified of sin;
Let Thy Shekinah glory
Now flash forth from within.
And all the earth keep silence,
The body henceforth be
Thy silent, docile servant,
Moved only as by Thee.

3 Its members every moment
Held subject to Thy call;
Ready to have Thee use them,
Or not be used at all.
Held without restless longing,
Or strain or stress or fret,
Or chaffings at Thy dealings,
Or thoughts of vain regret.

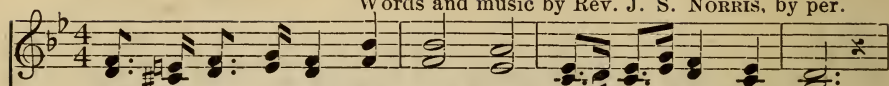
4 But restful, calm and pliant,
From bend and bias free,
Permitting Thee to settle
When Thou hast need of me.
Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Be Thou the glorious answer
To all my questionings.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

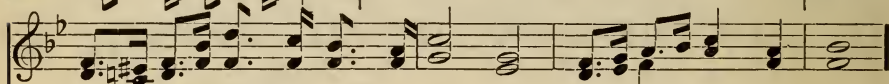
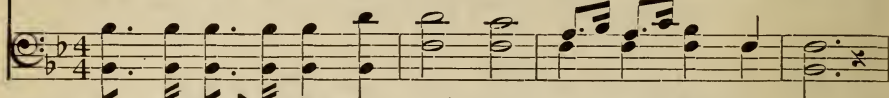
Empty Me of Self.

[CONSECRATION.]

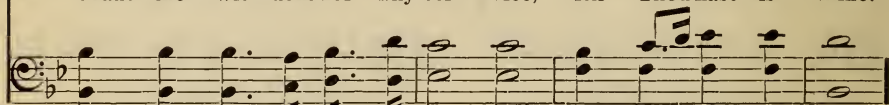
Words and music by Rev. J. S. NORRIS, by per.



1. Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour, My poor heart re - new;
2. While I cry to Thee, dear Sav - iour, Cleanse me from all sin;
3. Give me Thy own mind, dear Sav - iour, Teach me Thy sweet will;
4. Help me, day by day, dear Sav - iour, Give me strength di - vine;



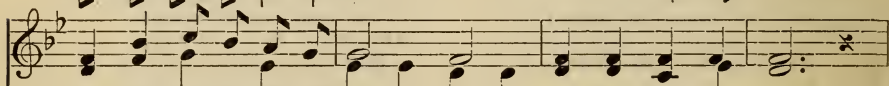
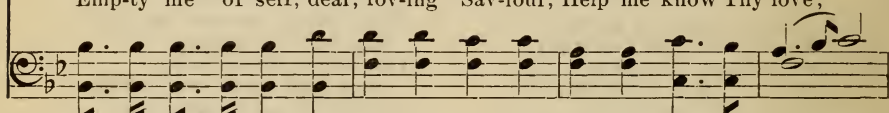
This great work so won-drous ho - ly, Thou a - lone canst do.
 Wash me in the crim-son fount - ain, Make me pure with - in.
 Fill me with Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Thy blest word ful - fil.
 Grant me wis - dom for Thy ser - vice, All Thou hast is mine.



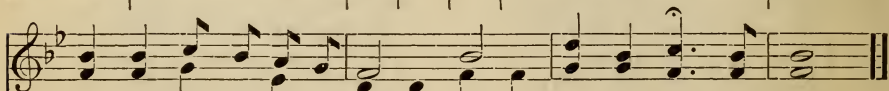
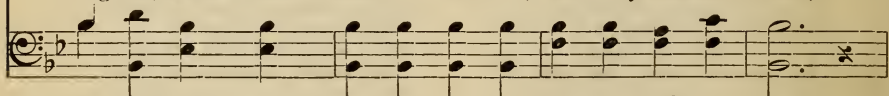
CHORUS.



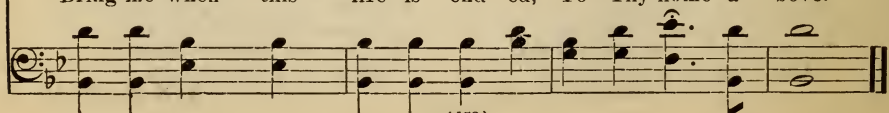
Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour,
 Emp - ty me of self, dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, Help me know Thy love;



Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove;
 Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove;



Bring me, when this life is end - ed,
 Bring me when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.



232. Is Not This the Land of Beulah.

ANON.

Arranged.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams,
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beau-ty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
 Brok - en vows and dis - ap - point-ments Thickly sprin - kled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,
D.S. Chorus.

They are bloom-ing by the fount-ain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bowers.
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

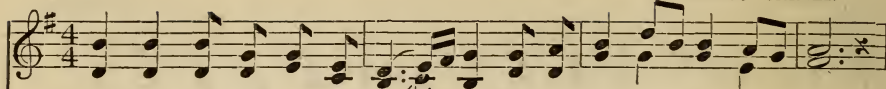
Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor of burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

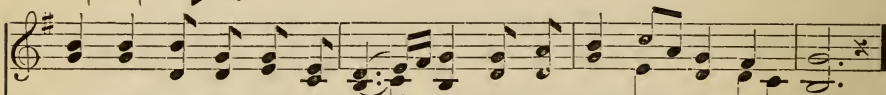
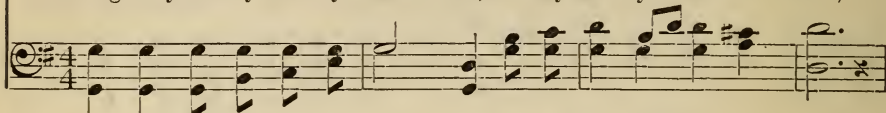
5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 "Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near."

R. K. C.

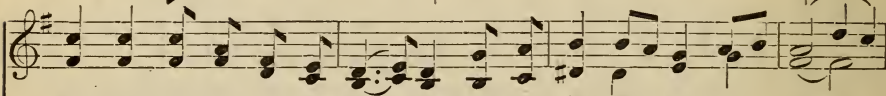
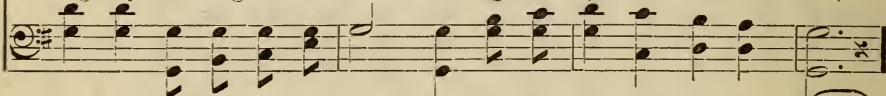
R. KELSO CARTER.



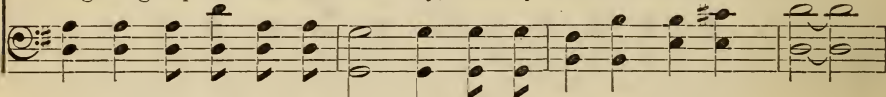
1. Lord, I pray Thee for a bless - ing, Which Thou on - ly canst be - stow,
 2. Though I have all oth - er grac - es, Though I speak with tongues a - flame,
 3. Though I yield my earth - ly treas - ure, Give my bod - y to the fire,



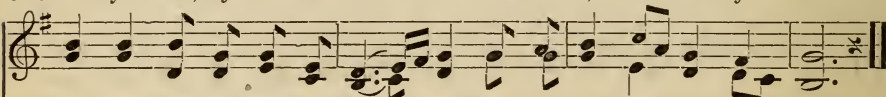
Here, my deep - est need con - fess - ing, At Thy feet my - self I throw.
 Though I sit in heavenly plac - es, Though I mag - ni - fy Thy name;
 Though my knowledge has no measure, Though all mys - t'ries I de - sire;



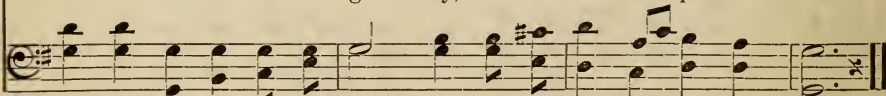
Faith and hope have both been giv - en, But there's One, all else a - bove;
 I am but as brass re - sound - ing, Nothing in Thy sight I prove,
 Though I grasp the sa - cred sto - ry, And by faith the mount - ains move;



CHO.—*Perfect love, my Lord and Sav - iour! Fill me now, O Heav - nly Dove! Oh!*



Hast - en from the high - est heav - en, Fill my soul with per - fect love!
 Till, through faith, by grace a abound - ing, I am per - fect - ed in love.
 Yet in all I dare not glo - ry, Till I'm filled with per - fect love.



Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Fill me now with per - fect love.

4 Give me love that never faileth,
 Love that suffers without moan;
 That believeth and prevaieth,
 Love that seeketh not her own;
 Love that never thinketh evil,
 But rejoiceth truth to prove;
 Love that fears not man nor devil,—
 Give me, give me perfect love!

5 Love that every evil cureth,
 Doth not envy, vaunteth not;
 Beareth, hopeth, and endureth
 All that falleth to my lot.
 Faith, and hope, and love abideth,
 But there's One, all else above;
 Lord, my yearning spirit chideth
 For Thy greatest gift of love.

The Sanctifying Power.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, sound the joyful strain, Glo - ry to the name of
 2. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, let the anthem swell, Glo - ry to the name of
 3. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, let His praises roll, Glo - ry to the name of
 4. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, for the peace within, Glo - ry to the name of

Je - sus, For He par-dons ev - 'ry sin and cleanses ev - 'ry stain,
 Je - sus, For Christ the Son of God hath conquer'd death and hell,
 Je - sus, For He sends the Ho - ly Ghost and sanc - ti - fies the soul,
 Je - sus, For His strength is found in weakness, keep - ing us from sin,

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry to His name, There's a sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er in the

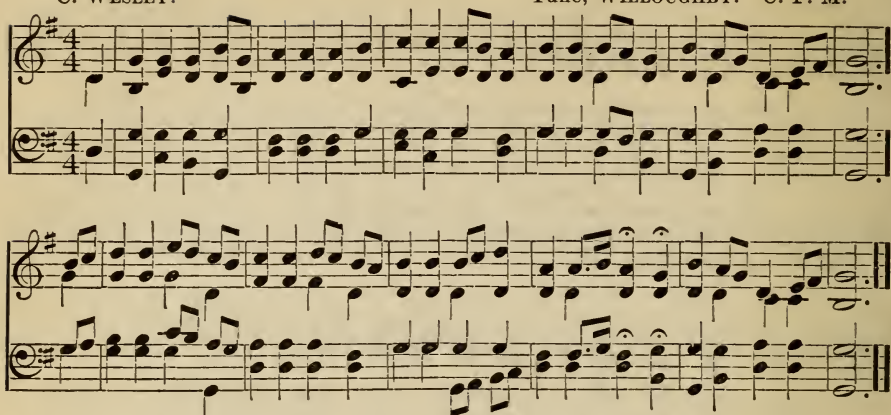
blood of Je - sus Christ, A sanc - ti - fy - ing power, hal - le - lu - jah!

235.

O Glorious Hope.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.



1 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

3 Oh, that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

236. The Blessed Hope.

Tune, Willoughby.

1 But can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to Thy love,
From sin forever cease?
I thank Thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare Thy word believe,

Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in Thy almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above;
Thou canst, Thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to Thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that Thou through life wilt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

C. WESLEY.

237. For Purity of Heart.

Tune, Willoughby.

1 Saviour, on me the grace bestow,
That, with Thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than Thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all Thy fullness cries,
For all Thou hast and art.

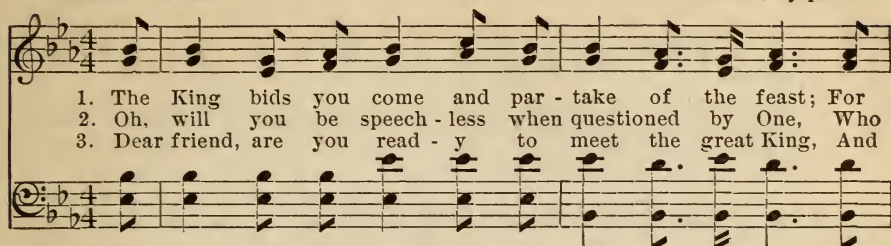
3 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding Thee,
I soon may view Thy open face,
On all Thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

C. WESLEY.

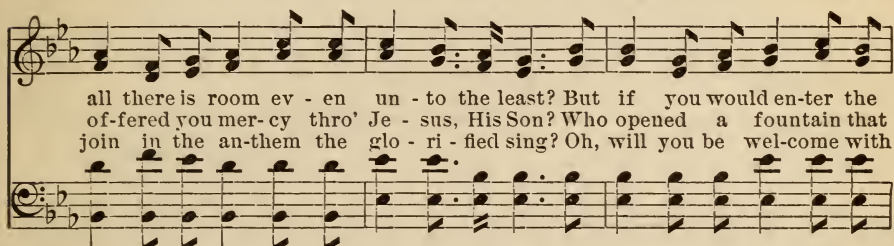
238. Have You the Garment of White?

HARRIET JONES.

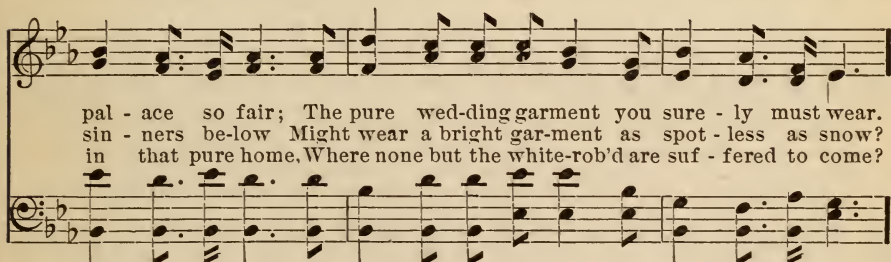
D. B. TOWNER, by per.



1. The King bids you come and par - take of the feast; For
 2. Oh, will you be speech - less when questioned by One, Who
 3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And

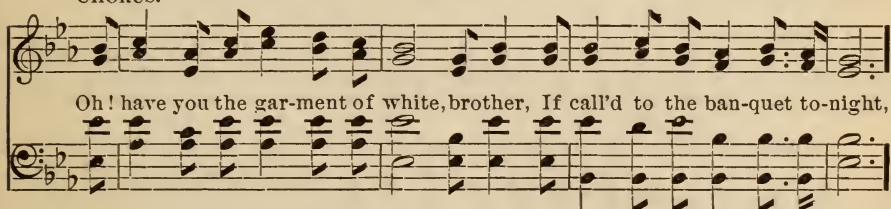


all there is room ev - en un - to the least? But if you would en - ter the
 of - fered you mer - cy thro' Je - sus, His Son? Who opened a fountain that
 join in the an - them the glo - ri - fied sing? Oh, will you be wel - come with

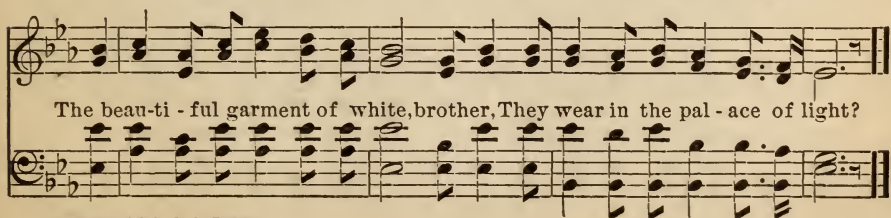


pal - ace so fair; The pure wed - ding garment you sure - ly must wear.
 sin - ners be - low Might wear a bright gar - ment as spot - less as snow?
 in that pure home, Where none but the white - rob'd are suf - fered to come?

CHORUS.



Oh! have you the gar - ment of white, brother, If call'd to the ban - quet to - night,



The beau - ti - ful garment of white, brother, They wear in the pal - ace of light?

239.

The Summer-Land of Love.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I've reached the land of Beu-lah, The summer-land of love, Land of the heavenly
 2. He lets me call Him Husband, I have Him always near, He carries ev - 'ry
 3. My life is all transfigured by the sweet touch of love, O'er all around there
 4. I've found the fount of healing, the spring of life di - vine, It is the love of

Bride-groom, Land of the Ho - ly Dove; My win - ter has de - part - ed, My
 bur - den, He com - forts ev - ery fear; He calls me His be - lov - ed, I
 shin - eth a glo - ry from a - bove; The wa - ter of earth's pleasures is
 Je - sus, it is the marriage wine; I've found the fount of pleasure, a

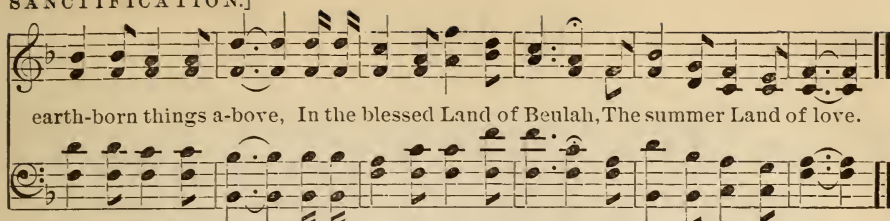
summer-time has come, The air is full of sing-ing, The earth is bright with bloom.
 lean up-on His breast, I've reached the land of Beulah, the promised land of rest.
 changed to heavenly wine, And life-like Cana's wedding becomes a feast di - vine,
 cup without al - loy, It is the love of Je - sus, it is the Bridegroom's joy.

CHORUS.

Oh, bless-ed land of Beu-lah! Sweet summer-land of love, Oh, blessed heavenly

Bridegroom Oh! bless-ed Heavenly Dove; Oh, Je - sus keep me ev - er, all

SANCTIFICATION.]



earth-born things a-bove, In the blessed Land of Beulah, The summer Land of love.

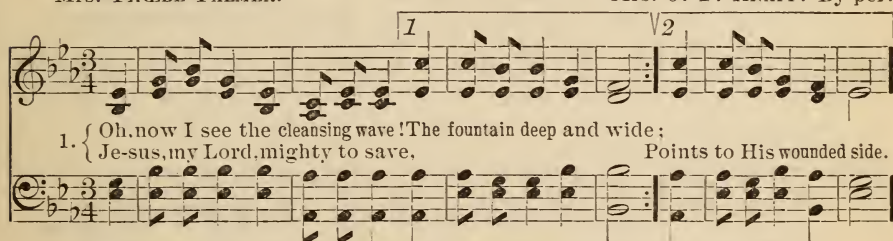
5 I've found the heavenly secret, the Love Life of the Lord,
The Golden Chain that bindeth the story of His Word.
Christ is the Heavenly Bridegroom, to seek His Bride He came,
This is the consummation, the Marriage of the Lamb.

6 Soon will He come in glory to claim His waiting Bride,
But I will know the Bridegroom, He walketh by my side,
He'll know me when He cometh, He'll call me by my name,
And take me to the marriage, the marriage of the Lamb.

240. Cleansing wave.

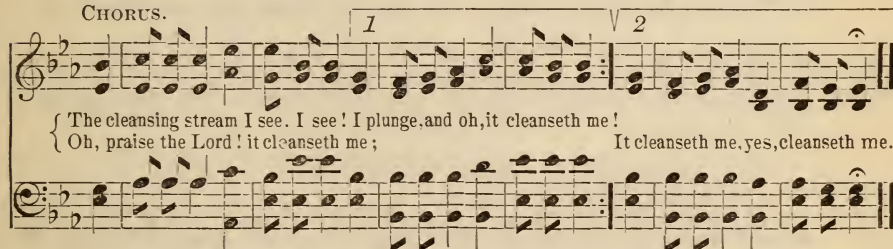
Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



1. { Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save. Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.



{ The cleansing stream I see. I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in Heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

2 In the grave with Christ I'm lying
Dead to earth and dead to sin,
Vanquished every foe, when dying
Gates of Heaven, He entered in.

3 On the throne with Christ I'm reigning
As He is, so now am I,
Saved and sanctified, obtaining
Grace and glory from on high.

4 In the heavenly places seated
With the Lord upon His throne
Death and hell shall be defeated
Since He claims me for His own.

241. With Christ. 8s & 7s.

Tune, Rathburn. Key C.

1 On the cross of Christ I've suffered,
God imputes His death to me,
For redemption full He offered,
Which receiving I am free.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I'll sing of my Be - lov - ed, My Hus - band and my Friend; He
 2. The name of my Be - lov - ed Is sweet as oint - ment rare; The
 3. The voice of my Be - lov - ed Is sweet - er to my ear Than

loved me from the be - gin - ning, He loves me to the end.
 chief a - mong ten - thous - and, The al - to - geth - er fair.
 earth's di - vin - est mus - ic, Or voice of friend most dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, Christ is my well Be - lov - ed, My Hus - band and my Friend; He

Ending, except for last verse. Last verse.

loved me from the beginning, He loves me to the end. loves me to the end.

4 The heart of my Beloved
 Is dearer far to me
 Than love's most fond affection,
 Or sweetest ecstasy.

5 The hand of my Beloved
 Is ever clasped in mine;
 It leads me, heals me, holds me,
 With love and strength divine.

6 The home of my Beloved
 Is the palace of the King,
 His chariot soon is coming
 His waiting bride to bring.]

7 But He, my well Beloved
 Is more than all to me,
 Himself my joy, my portion,
 Himself my song shall be.

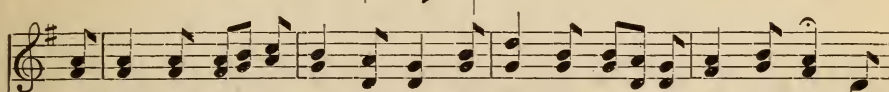
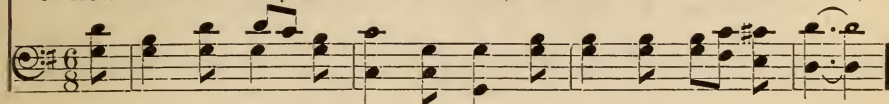
The Seven Overcomeths.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

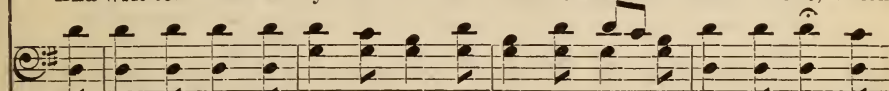
R. KELSO CARTER.



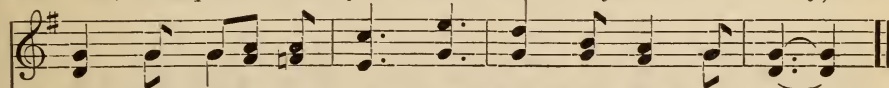
1. How blest are they who o - ver-come; To them the Lord will give
2. How blest are they who o - ver-come, Tho' tried by suff'r-ing here;
3. How blest are they who o - ver-come, Who hid-den man-na share,



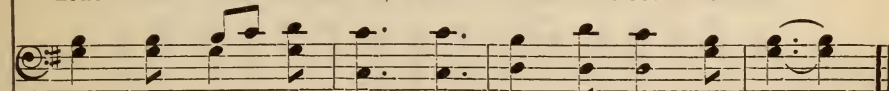
To eat of life's a - bun-dant tree, With Him in Par - a - dise to be, And
Tho' trib - u - la-tions be their lot, The sec-ond death shall hurt them not, Christ
And writ-ten in a mys-tic stone A name re-vealed to them a-lone, Which



CHO.—Oh, Je - sus pur-chased this for me, And Je - sus gives the vic - to - ry; Thro'



end - less life to live, And end - less life to live.
bids them naught to fear, Christ bids them naught to fear.
none but blood-washed bear, Which none but blood-washed bear.



Him I o - ver - come, Through Him I o - ver - come.
Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

- 4 How blest are they who overcome,
And to the end obey;
He gives them power o'er nations far,
And for their own the morning star,
That brings eternal day.
- 5 How blest are they who overcome;
In Sardis, shining bright,
Their names their Saviour shall confess,
And never from His book erase,
They stand in raiment white.
- 6 How blest are they who overcome;
He makes them, pillars fair,
And God shall write on them His name,
And also "New Jerusalem;"
They go not out from there.
- 7 How blest are they who overcome,
And sup with Christ alone,
To whom the Lord is all in all;
For he that overcometh shall
Sit with Him in His throne.

244. And Can I Yet Delay?

Tune, Shirländ, p. 44.

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth away
And Jesus to receive?

CHORUS.

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

- 2 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever Thine!
- 3 My one desire be this,
Thy love alone to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And the cross hath set me
 2. Mys-tery hid from an - cient a - ges! But at length to faith made
 3. This the se - cret, na - ture hid - eth, Summer dies and lives a -

free; I have ris'n a-gain with Je-sus, And He lives and reigns in me.
 plain; Christ in me the Hope of Glo-ry, Tell it o'er and o'er a-gain.
 gain, Spring from winter's grave ariseth, Harvest grows from buried grain.

CHORUS.

Oh! it is so sweet to die with Je-sus, To the world, and self, and

sin; Oh! it is so sweet to live with Jesus, As he lives and reigns within.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 This the secret of the holy,
 Not our holiness, but Him;
 Jesus! empty us and fill us,
 With Thy fullness to the brim.

5 This the balm for pain and sickness,
 Just to all our strength to die,
 And to find His life and fullness,
 All our beings need supply.

6 This the story of the Master, [Throne,
 Through the Cross, He reached the
 And like Him our path to glory,
 Ever leads through death alone.

7 It may be our dust shall moulder,
 In the tomb where Jesus lay,
 But we'll rise in all His glory
 On the resurrection day.

Anchored Fast.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I've en-tered the rest of the peo - ple of God Sweet peace in be-liev-ing I
 2. My la-bors, and struggles, and efforts are o'er, My bur-dens have all roll'd a-
 3. His yoke is so eas - y, His bur-den so light, His love is the theme of my
 4. He lead-eth me gen-tly be-side waters still, In pastures so green I lie

know; I'm saved by His grace, I am washed in His blood, The
 way; For Je - sus my sins and in - firm - i - ties bore, And
 song; He cleans - eth me dai - ly and clothes me in white, And
 down; The clouds of my tri - als shine bright in God's will, I

CHORUS.

blood that makes whiter than snow. I've anchored my bark in the
 He is my strength and my stay.
 keep - eth me all the day long.
 live 'twixt the cross and the crown.

har - bor of faith, The o - cean of fear I have passed, at last; Tho'

wild - ly without, sweeps the tempest of doubt, I'm safe, for I'm anchored fast.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the
 2. Once 't was painful try - ing, Now 't is per - fect trust; Once a half sal -
 3. Once 't was bus-y plan-ning, Now 't is trust-ful prayer; Once 't was anxious

feel - ing, Now it is His Word; Once His gifts I want - ed,
 va - tion, Now the ut - ter - most; Once 't was cease-less hold - ing,
 car - ing, Now He has the care; Once 't was what I want - ed,

Now, the Giv-er own; Once I sought for healing, Now Himself a - lone.
 Now He holds me fast; Once 't was constant drifting, Now my anchor 's cast.
 Now what Je-sus says; Once 't was constant asking, Now 't is ceaseless praise.

CHORUS.

All in all for - ev - er, Je - sus will I sing;

Ev - 'ry thing in Je - sus, And Je - sus ev - 'ry thing.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Once it was my working,
 His it hence shall be;
 Once I tried to use Him,
 Now He uses me;
 Once the power I wanted,
 Now the Mighty One;
 Once for self I labored,
 Now for Him alone.

5 Once I hoped in Jesus,
 Now I know He's mine;
 Once my lamps were dying,
 Now they brightly shine;
 Once for death I waited,
 Now His coming hail;
 And my hopes are anchored
 Safe within the veil.

248.

At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour, I long to rest, Near the cross where Thou hast died;
 2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Sav - iour, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
 3. O Je - sus. Sav - iour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from Thee;
 4. The cleans - ing pow'r of Thy blood ap - ply, All my guilt and sin re - move;

For there is hope for the ach - ing breast; At the cross I will a - bide.
 Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
 Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with per - fect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide,

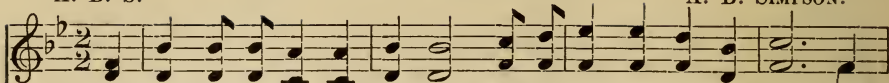
I'll a - bide; I'll a - bide; At the cross I'll a - bide, There His

blood is ap - plied, At the cross I am sat - is - fied.

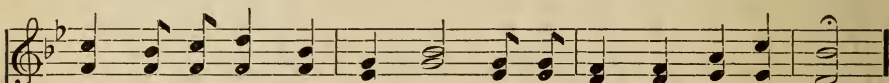
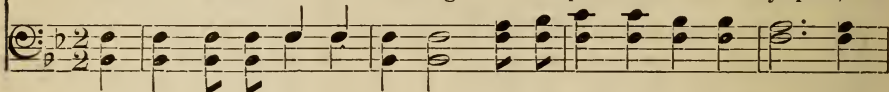
From "Gates of Praise," by permission.

A. B. S.

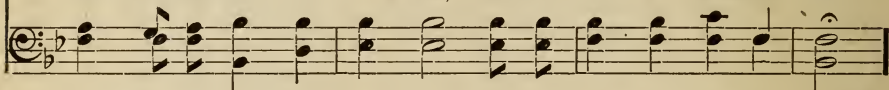
A. B. SIMPSON.



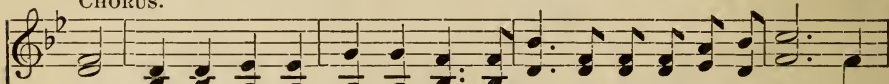
1. They came to the gates of Ca - naan, But they nev - er en - tered in; They
 2. On the morrow they would have en - tered, But God had shut the gate. They
 3. And so we are ev - er com - ing To the place where two ways part, One



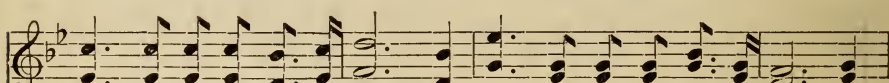
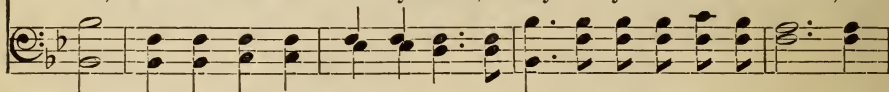
came to the ver - y thresh - old, But they perished in their sin.
 wept, they rash - ly ven - tured, But a - las! it was too late.
 leads to the Land of Prom - ise, And one to a hardened heart.



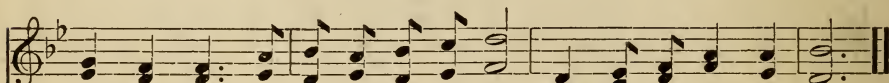
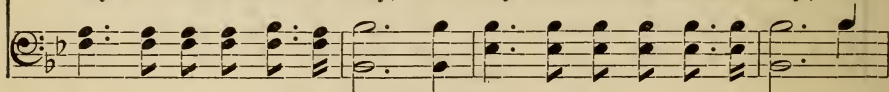
CHORUS.



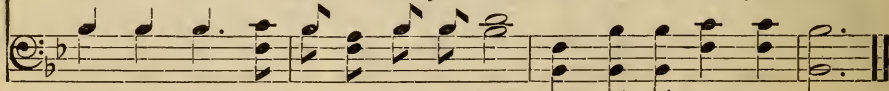
Oh, heark - en to the Ho - ly Ghost, To - day if ye will hear His voice, To -



day while it is call'd to - day, To - day while it is called to - day; Oh,



hard - en not, Oh, hard - en not your hearts, Oh, hard - en not your hearts.

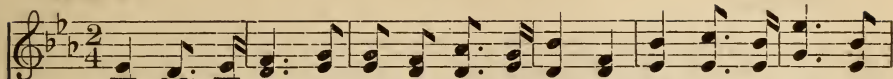


- 4 Oh, brother, give head to the warning, 5 Oh, come in complete surrender,
 And obey His voice today; Oh, turn from thy doubt and sin;
 The Spirit to thee is calling, Pass on from Kadesh to Canaan,
 Oh, do not grieve Him away. And a crown and kingdom win.

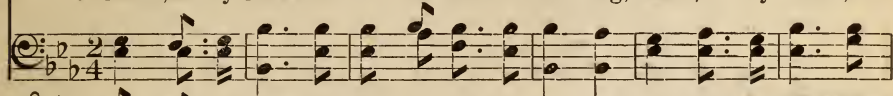
Not I, But Christ.

A. A. F.

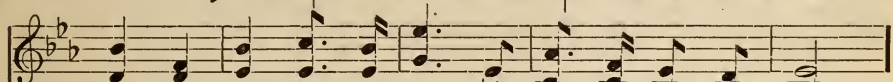
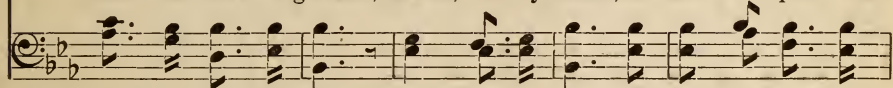
A. B. SIMPSON.



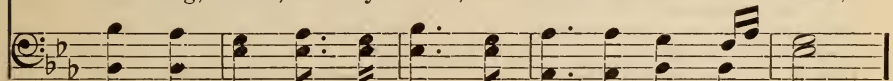
1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, ex - alt - ed, Not I, but Christ, be
2. Not I, but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row, Not I, but Christ, to
3. Christ, on - ly Christ! no i - dol ev - er fall - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no



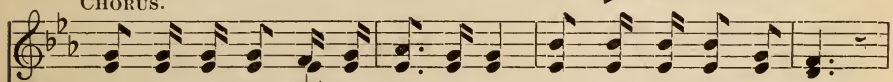
seen, be known, be heard, Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery look and
wipe the fall - ing tear, Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry
need - less bust - ling sound, Christ, on - ly Christ, no self - im - port - ant



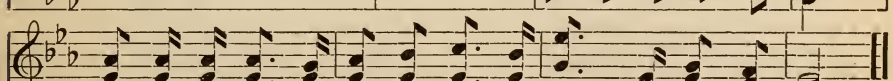
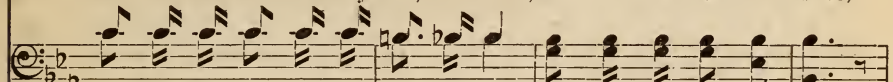
ac - tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery thought and word.
bur - den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear,
bear - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found,



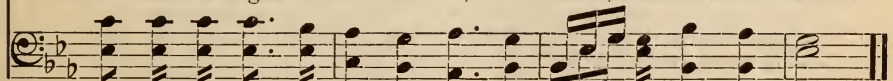
CHORUS.



O to be saved from my-self, dear Lord, O to be lost in Thee,



G that it might be no more I, but Christ, that lives in me.



5 Not I, but Christ, my every need supply-
ing, [health to be;

Not I, but Christ, my strength and
Christ, only Christ, for body, soul, and
spirit, [in me.

Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life

5 Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my
vision;

Glory excelling soon, full soon I'll see
Christ, only Christ, my every wish ful-
filling—

Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, McKENDREE, 8s & 7s, D.

FINE.

1. { Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, }
 { Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. }
 D.C. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.

Je sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, unbound - ed love Thou art.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit;
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty,

Upon their pilgrim journey
 Triumphantly may sing,—
 Of a Saviour who redeemed them
 And delivers from all sin,—
 His blood now makes me clean.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! :||
 His blood now keeps me clean.

3 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

2 On the mountain tops of Benlah land,
 Or in the vale below,
 Where temptation's wildest hurricanes
 Their fiercest tempests blow,
 In sorrow or in conflict now
 His grace He doth bestow,—
 His blood now makes me clean!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

3 He that dwelleth in the covert
 Of the highest of the high,
 Abides in perfect safety
 And the devil's hosts defies.
 As 'neath Jehovah's mighty wings
 No evil can come nigh,—
 His blood now makes me clean.

252. There's a Highway.

1 There's a highway for the ransomed
 Where the children of the King,

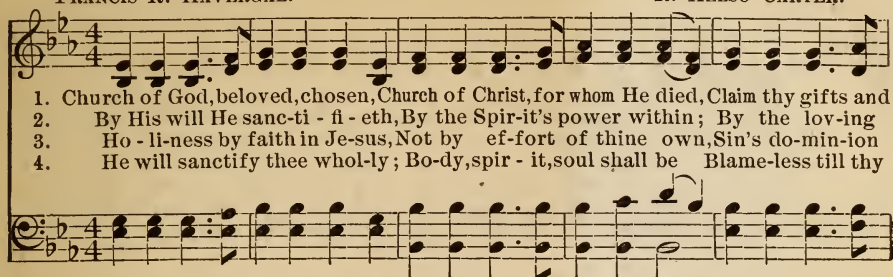
4 As the past I can't live over,
 Nor insure the coming years,
 I claim the now salvation,—
 Nor live in future fears;
 Cross no bridges till I reach them,
 And I shed no borrowed tears,—
 His blood now makes me clean.

Sanctified.

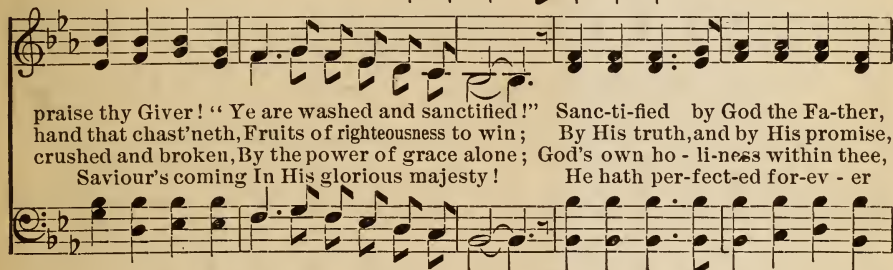
"Sanctified in Christ Jesus." 1 Cor. i: 2.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

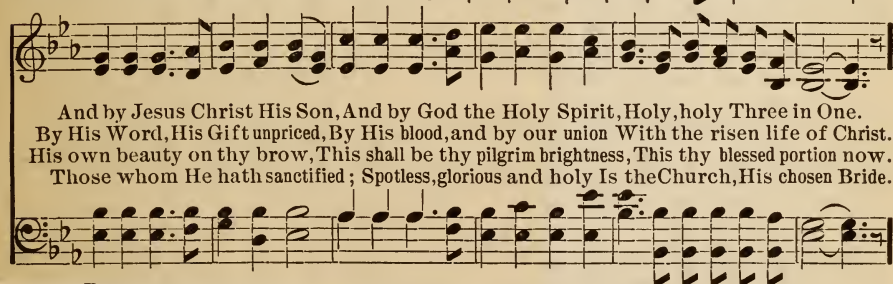
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Church of God, beloved, chosen, Church of Christ, for whom He died, Claim thy gifts and
 2. By His will He sanc-ti - fi - eth, By the Spir-it's power within; By the lov-ing
 3. Ho - li-ness by faith in Je-sus, Not by ef-fort of thine own, Sin's do-min-ion
 4. He will sanctify thee whol-ly; Bo-dy, spir - it, soul shall be Blame-less till thy

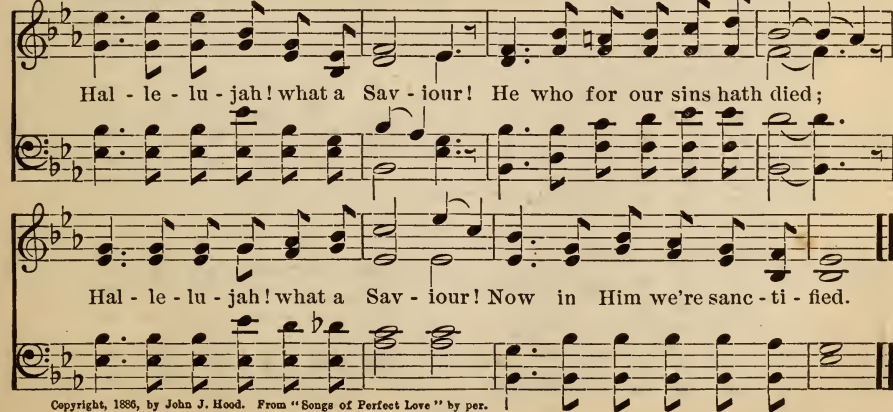


praise thy Giver! "Ye are washed and sanctified!" Sanc-ti-fied by God the Fa-ther,
 hand that chast'neth, Fruits of righteousness to win; By His truth, and by His promise,
 crushed and broken, By the power of grace alone; God's own ho - li-ness within thee,
 Saviour's coming In His glorious majesty! He hath per-fect-ed for-ev - er



And by Jesus Christ His Son, And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, holy Three in One.
 By His Word, His Gift unpriced, By His blood, and by our union With the risen life of Christ.
 His own beauty on thy brow, This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, This thy blessed portion now.
 Those whom He hath sanctified; Spotless, glorious and holy Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! He who for our sins hath died;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Now in Him we're sanc - ti - fied.

Present Victory.

[SANCTIFICATION.]

R. K. C.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." 2 Chor. xx: 17.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. On life's rag - ing o - ceans sail - ing, Je - sus' name I sought to bear;
 2. Wea - ry of myself de - ceiv - ing, Then His truth brokeli like a flood;
 3. In the world much trib-u - la - tion Must ye have, but be of cheer;
 4. Christ a - lone the vic-t'ry giv - eth, Oh! how sweet, by faith to cry,—

But my doubts and fears prevail - ing, Filled my soul with anx-i-ous care.
 I go on-ward, just be - liev - ing, Trust-ing in my Saviour's blood.
 I have o - ver-come temp-ta - tion, I have conquered, do not fear.
 "Sure - ly my Re-deem-er liv - eth, He hath conquered, and not I."

Fall - ing al-ways, al-ways cry - ing, "Help me! save me! grace al - low;"
 Now the wa-ters wild are sleep - ing, Je - sus speaks, the tem-pest stills;
 Long a - go the bat-tle end - ed, Now the flag of peace un-furled;
 Strike my harp with loud thanksgiv-ing, Bind the lau - rel round my brow;

Came the an-swer sweet re - ply - ing, "Je - sus saves thee, saves thee now."
 And a ho - ly peace comes creep-ing Like the sun-light down the hills.
 Wide pro-claims of Christ as-cend - ed; I have o - ver-come the world.
 I was dead, but now am liv - ing, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

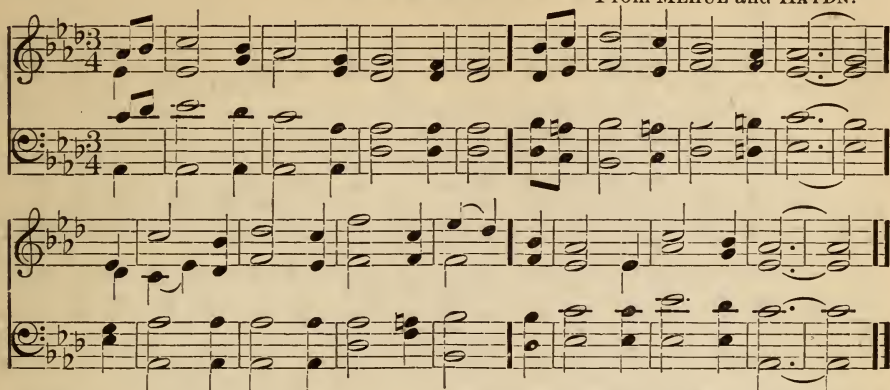
D.S. Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

REFRAIN.

D.S. 8:

Shout in triumph, shout the sto - ry; Nev - er more a doubt al - low;

Manoah. C. M. From MEHUL and HAYDN.



255.

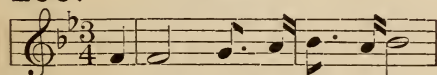
Tune, Manoah.

- 1 Oh, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth;
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth.
- 2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun eternal fires;
The thought of God will move the heart
To win sublime desires.
- 3 The freedom from all wilful sin
The Christians daily task,—
Are then our graces far below
What longing love would ask?
- 4 The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God
How swiftly wouldst thou move!
- 5 A trusting faith, a glowing eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

FREDERICK FABER.

256.

Oh, Bliss.



- 1 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the
free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for
me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his
hand.

CHO.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
||: Sing of His mighty love, :||
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the
pure,
No wound hath the soul that His blood
cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly
find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus'
breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified, Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my
King.
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to
Save."

REV. F. BOTTOME.

257. Dear Lord, Baptize.

- 1 Dear Lord, baptize my soul with fire,
Burn out all dross, refine,
And sanctify, and then inspire
With love, this heart of mine.
- 2 Blest Saviour, at Thy feet I wait —
Wait for Thy blessing Lord;
Transform my soul, the work complete,
According to Thy word.
- 3 I feel Thy sanctifying grace,
Which Thou dost now impart;
Gladly that love I now embrace,
E'en now within my heart.
- 4 'Tis sweet, dear Saviour, here to rest,
To trust Thy blessed name;
To lean upon Thy sacred breast
And Thy sure promise claim.

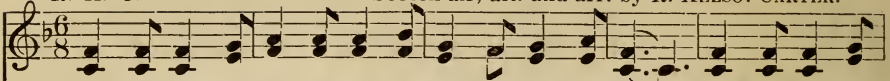
Mrs. S. M. SPERRY.

258.

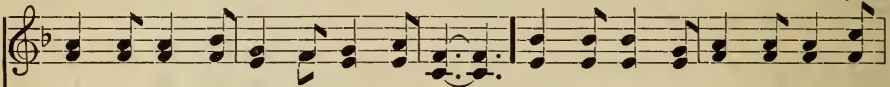
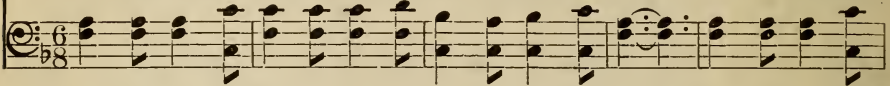
The Promised Land. 8s & 5s, D.

R. K. C.

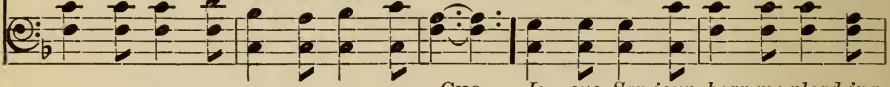
Scotch air, alt. and arr. by R. KELSO. CARTER.



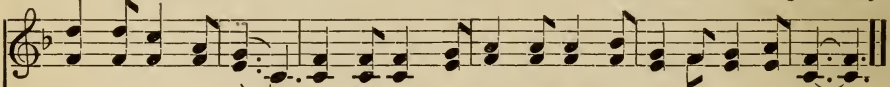
1. Je - sus, with di-vine com-pas-sion, Hear my help-less cry; From sin's ru - in
 2. Torn with strivings and conten tion, Toss'd by fierce a-larms; Stretch, with mighty
 3. Let me with God's sons and daughters, Bondage leave in haste; Cut my pathway



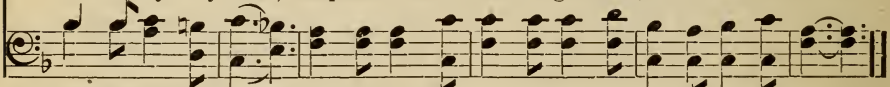
Thou canst fashion Work meet for Thine eye. Ush - er in Thy new cre - a - tion,
 in - ter-ven-tion, Thine e - ter - nal arms. Look up - on my deep con-tri-tion,
 thro' the wa-ters, Guide me o'er the waste. Quench my thirst send bread from heaven,



CHO. Je - sus, Sav-iour, hear me plead-ing,



Call it ver - y good; Light of life, send now sal-va - tion, Thro' the cleansing blood.
 Give me per-fect rest; Raise me from my lost con-di-tion, Fold me to Thy breast.
 Hold me by Thy Law; Keep me from the doubting leaven, Lead to Jordan's shore.



Copyright, 1886, by R. Kelso Carter.

Cleanse me now with-in; Hear the Spir-it's in - ter-ced-ing, Save me from all sin.

4 On the verge, in faith I'm standing,
 Cloud and fire gone,
 Waiting for Thy voice commanding,
 Ark of God lead on.
 Speak again the word of power,
 Hold me by Thy hand;
 Lead me, Lord this very hour
 To the promised land.

5 In the land, beset by danger,
 Every foe cast out;
 Even then I'll dwell a stranger,
 Though with victor's shout.
 Looking for the consummation
 O'er the bursting clod;
 For the city with foundation
 Made and built by God.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born Sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart;
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine
 Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From, care and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee

(172) My everlasting rest. C. WESLEY.

259.

O Love Divine.

Tune Ariel, p. 111.

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er, to
 2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com -
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat, I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait, Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know, Now
 cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now
 new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No, Now

CHORUS.

wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

By Permission.

Tune, Beulah Land. Key G.

1 My soul with steadfast hope believes,
 From Jesus daily strength receives,
 So in the strife I overcome,
 Gain foretastes of the heavenly home.

CHORUS.

From Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 I soon shall gain the heavenly strand.
 Across the waters, comes to me,
 While visions pure and bright I see,

A voice that speaks of rest and home,
 With Him by whom I overcome.

2 The soul that thirsts for righteousness,
 In spotless garments fain would dress,
 With "hidden manna" may be fed,
 In robes of righteousness arrayed.

3 My dear Redeemer still the same,
 Will gently whisper my new name,
 And call His child to rest and home,
 If to the end I overcome.

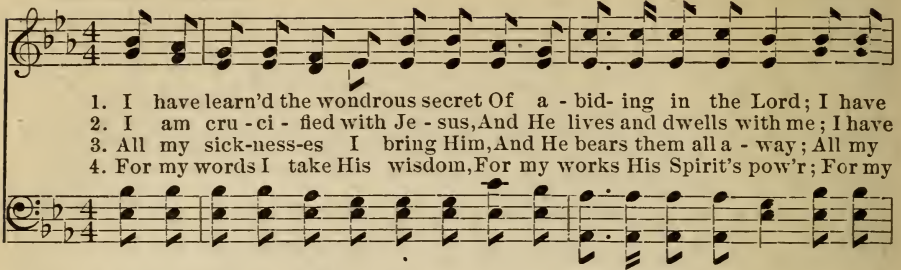
FRANCES BARROWS.

262.

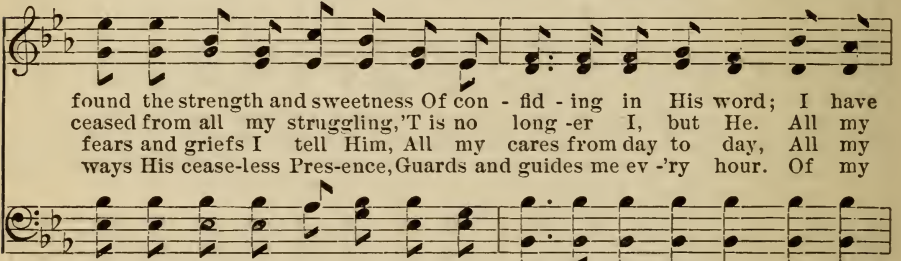
Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

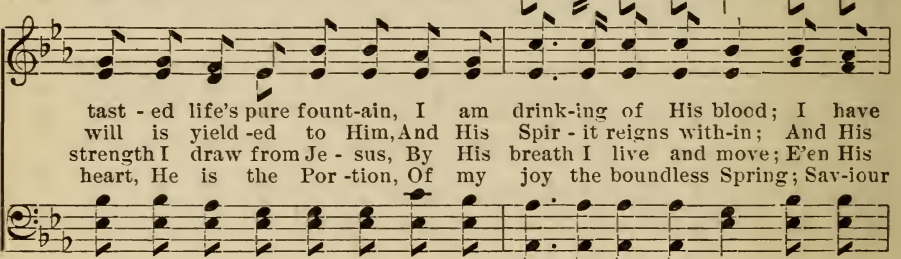
J. H. BURKE.



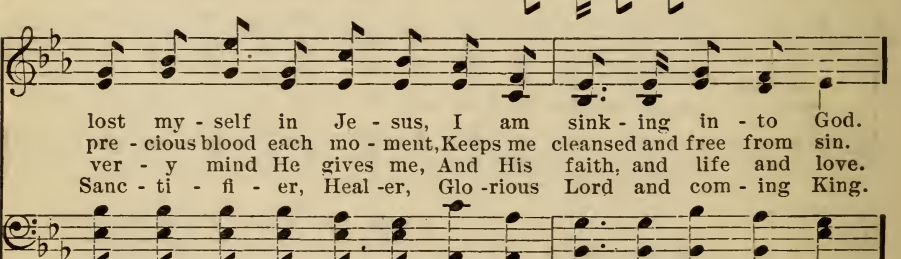
1. I have learn'd the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord; I have
 2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells with me; I have
 3. All my sick-ness-es I bring Him, And He bears them all a - way; All my
 4. For my words I take His wisdom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r; For my



found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in His word; I have
 ceased from all my struggling, 'T is no long - er I, but He. All my
 fears and griefs I tell Him, All my cares from day to day, All my
 ways His cease-less Pres-ence, Guards and guides me ev - ry hour. Of my

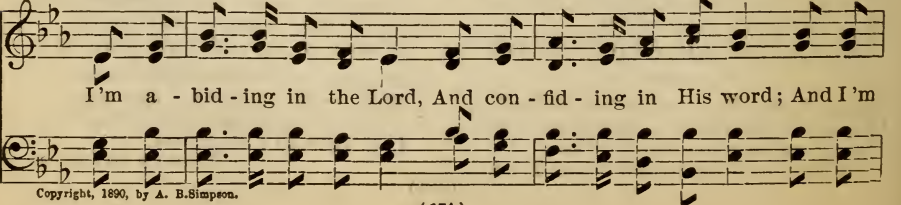


tast - ed life's pure fount-ain, I am drink-ing of His blood; I have
 will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with-in; And His
 strength I draw from Je - sus, By His breath I live and move; E'en His
 heart, He is the Por - tion, Of my joy the boundless Spring; Sav-iour



lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.
 pre - cious blood each mo - ment, Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
 ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life and love.
 Sanc - ti - fi - er, Heal - er, Glo - rious Lord and com - ing King.

CHORUS.



I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con - fid - ing in His word; And I'm

hid-ing in the bos-om of His love. Yes, a-bid-ing in the
of His love.

Lord, And con-fid-ing in His word, And I'm hiding in the bos-om of His love.

263. Crucified with Christ. S. M. D.

R. K. C.

K. KELSO CARTER.

1. My God so loved the world, He gave His on-ly Son; The hosts of hell were
2. As Mos-es lift-ed up The ser-pent on the pole, So Christ on Cal-v'ry
3. Be-set and sore-ly tried, He saves from sin and pain; I am with Je-sus
4. Oh, fight the fight of faith! The prom-ise is for you; What-ev-er Christ our

backward hurled, The bat-tle fought and won. My soul in faith re-ceive, In
drained the cup, To save my sin-ful soul. As I be-hold Him die, My
cru-ci-fied, And yet I live a-gain. For me He hath suf-ficed, From
Sav-iour saith, Be-lieve it to be true. Now reck-on on His word, That

spite of sin and strife, That who-so-ev-er Him be-lieves Hath ev-er-last-ing life.
heart from e-vil turns; The Spir-it an-swears to my cry, The fire with-in me burns.
ev-'ry care set free, I live by faith in Je-sus Christ, Who gave Him-self for me.
you are pure within, A-live, in Je-sus Christ, to God, And dead indeed to sin.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. What to do we often wonder, As we seek some watchword true, Lo! the answer God hath
 2. When the shafts of fierce temptation, With their fiery darts pursue, This will be your heavenly
 3. When He comes we shall be like Him, We may now be like Him too, All our life to others

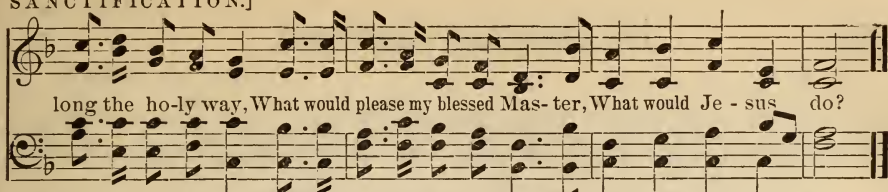
giv - en, What would Je-sus do? Ev -'ry ques-tion this will set-tle, Ev-'ry
 arm - or, What would Je-sus do? When the paths of sa-cred du-ty, Fie-ry
 showing, What would Je-sus do? How our lives would speak for Je-sus, If we

tangled maze un-do; Just to pause and ask each moment, What would Jesus do?
 tri-als lead you thro', Shrink not, faint not, but remember, What would Jesus do?
 ev - er kept in view, Ev'ry word and thought and action, What would Jesus do?

REFRAIN.

In the footsteps of the Saviour I would walk from day to day, I would follow Je-sus

on - ly all I think or do, or say; This my sa-cred watchword ever, All a -



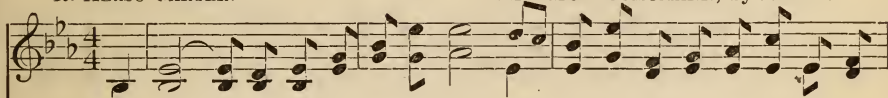
long the ho-ly way, What would please my blessed Mas-ter, What would Je - sus do?

265.

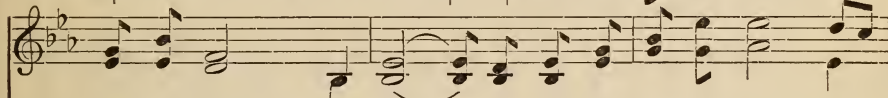
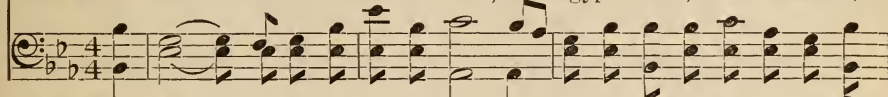
The Jordan Crossing.

R. KELSO CARTER.

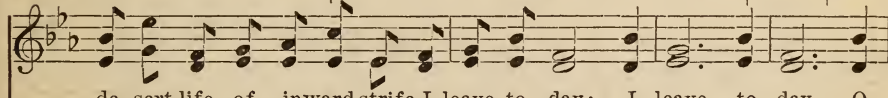
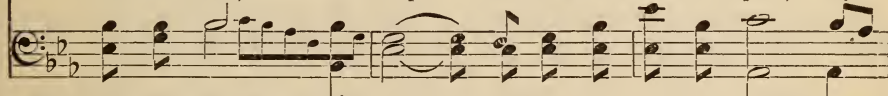
Arr. from SCHUMANN, by R. K. C.



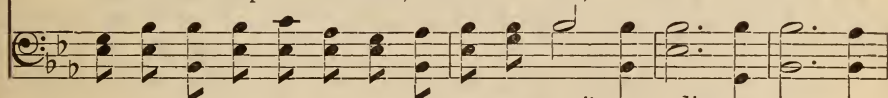
1. By Jor - dan's rushing stream I stand; The roll-ing tide is deep and wide, I
2. The pil - lar sheds its glowing light On corn and wine, on fields that shine In
3. I look in vain for Mos-es' rod, Yet on the brink I will not shrink, Nor
4. I find the corn and wine and oil; No Egypt's taste, no des-ert waste, No



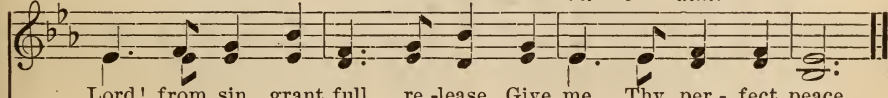
see no way; I long to reach the promised land; The
fair-est dress; But turns its cloud of dark-est night, To
fear the tide; Th'e-ter - nal word, the ark of God, Goes
man-na here; I reap the rich-est of the spoil; My



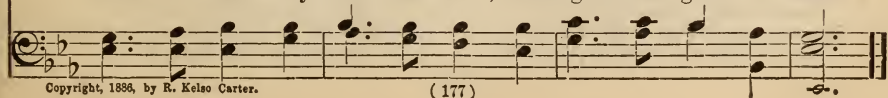
de-ert life of inward strife I leave to - day; I leave to - day, O
sighs and tears of wea-ry years My wil - der-ness; My wil - der-ness. With
on be - fore; from shore to shore, The floods di-vide, The floods di - vide. I
feet now stand up - on the land, No foes I fear, No foes I fear. I



rit - e - dim.



Lord! from sin grant full re - lease, Give me Thy per - fect peace.
God be - hind and God be - fore, I'll reach the far - ther shore.
reck - on I am dead to sin; God's word gives peace with - in.
trust in what my Josh - ua saith, And fight the fight of faith.

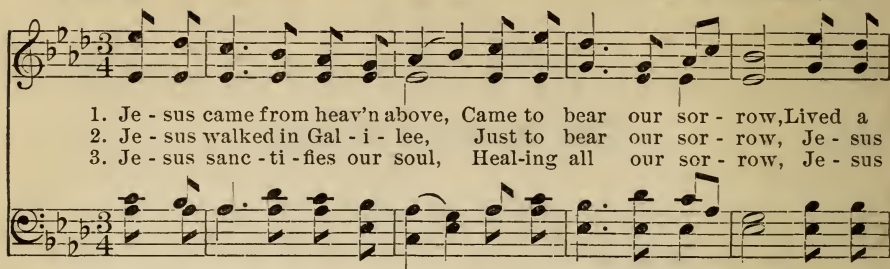


266.

He Bore Our Sorrows.

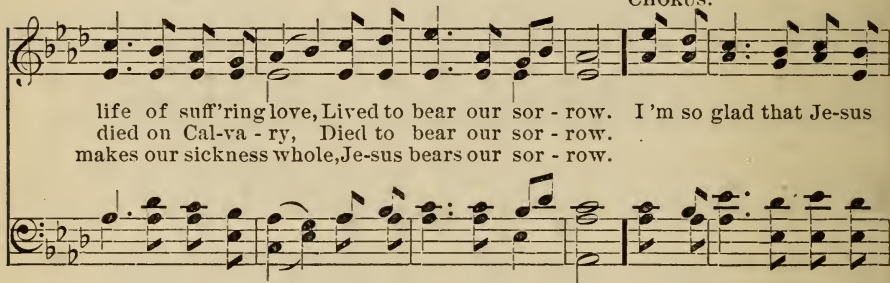
A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

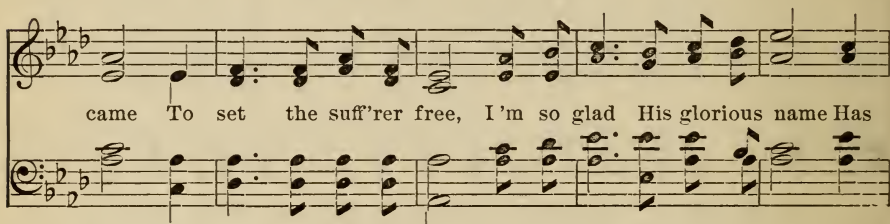


1. Je - sus came from heav'n above, Came to bear our sor - row, Lived a
 2. Je - sus walked in Gal - i - lee, Just to bear our sor - row, Je - sus
 3. Je - sus sanc - ti - fies our soul, Heal - ing all our sor - row, Je - sus

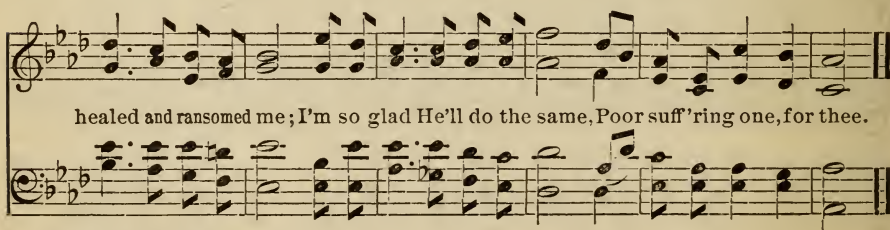
CHORUS.



life of suff'ring love, Lived to bear our sor - row. I'm so glad that Je - sus
 died on Cal - va - ry, Died to bear our sor - row.
 makes our sickness whole, Je - sus bears our sor - row.



came To set the suff'rer free, I'm so glad His glorious name Has



healed and ransomed me; I'm so glad He'll do the same, Poor suff'ring one, for thee.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Jesus weeps with all our woes,
 Jesus feels our sorrow,
 Jesus meets for us our foes,
 Jesus bears our sorrow.

5 Jesus soon will come again,
 Come to end our sorrow;
 Then we'll sing in louder strain,
 Jesus bore our sorrow

Jesus Thy Healer.

TABOR.

James v: 14, 15.

G. TABOR THOMPSON, by per.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour! has died on the tree, Bear - ing thy sickness thus
 2. In His a - tone-ment the work is com-plete, Sick - ness and sor - row are
 3. Call for the eld - ers, they'll pray for thee now, A - noint thee with oil, while
 4. Praise the Re-deem - er! I trust in His pow'r, His heal - ing hand touched me

mak - ing thee free: Oh! it is won - der - ful; How could it be?
 un - der His feet; Fly to this ref - uge, for here thou wilt see,
 low - ly they bow; Pray'r will be an - swered, 'twas an - swered for me;
 and from this hour I go to thank Him for mak - ing me whole,

CHORUS.
 Je - sus bro't heal-ing for thee. Heal-ing for thee, Heal-ing for thee;
 Je - sus has heal-ing for thee.
 Sick-ness and sor-row will flee.
 Bod - y as well as my soul.

In His a - tone - ment is heal - ing for thee; Oh! it is

won - der - ful; How could it be? Je - sus bro't heal - ing for thee.

268.

The Unchanged Healer.

"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Matt. viii: 17.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Je - sus, Thou ev - er art the same, To-day and yes-ter-day are one; The glo-ries
 2. In Thine own bo - dy on the tree My guilt and inbred sin were borne; My sickness-
 3. Is Thine arm shorten'd by the years? Thy promises outlaw'd by time? Canst Thou not

REFRAIN.

of Thy mighty name For-ev-er mark God's ris-en Son. For me the Lord was cruci-
 es were laid on Thee, For me Thy loving heart was torn.
 see the suff'r-er's tears That flow in ev'ry land and clime?

fied, For me He suf-f'red, bled, and died; My Je - sus bore it all for me,

My sin and sick - ness on the tree.

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood.

4 Is anything too hard for Thee?
 O God of all the earth, canst Thou
 Give to my spirit liberty,
 But cannot heal my body now?

5 Away, my fears, I come to Christ,
 Soul, spirit, body, by Thy word,
 Thro' Thee, who once was sacrificed,
 Be wholly sanctified to God,

269. Christ the Healer.

Tune above.

1 Tho' eighteen hundred years are past,
 Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,
 Thy tender mercies ever last,
 And still Thy healing power is here.
 2 O Christ, Thou art the Saviour still,
 In every place and age the same,
 Thou never hast forgot Thy skill,
 Or lost the virtue of Thy name.
 3 Faith in Thy changeless name I have,
 My good and kind Physician Thou,

From all disease Thy hand can save,
 To perfect health restore me now.

4 All my disease, my every sin,
 To Thee, O Jesus, I confess;
 Pardon my faults, my cure begin,
 And perfect me in holiness.

5 Be it according to Thy Word,
 Accomplish now the work in me,
 And so shall I, with health restored,
 Devote my every power to Thee.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per. John J. Hood.

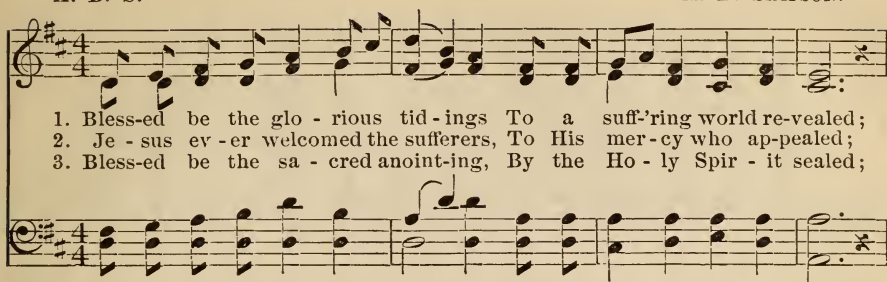
(180)

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

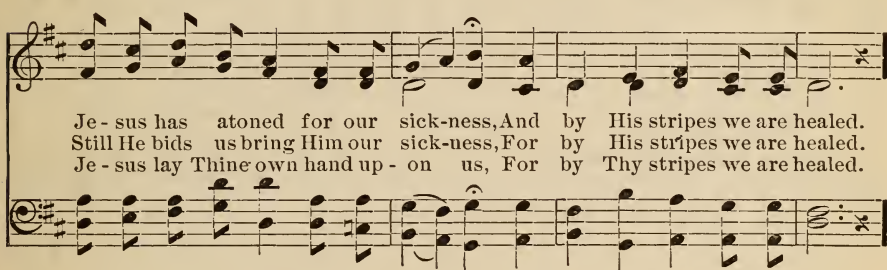
270. Blessed Be the Great Atonement.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

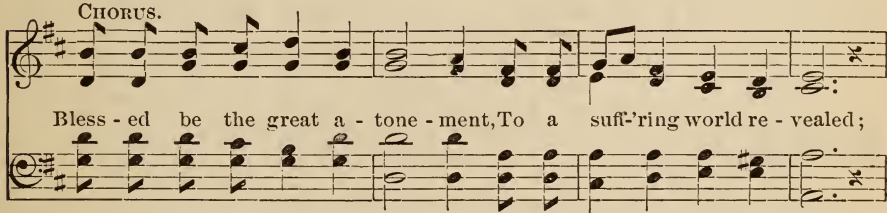


1. Bless-ed be the glo - rious tid - ings To a suff'-ring world re-vealed;
 2. Je - sus ev - er welcomed the sufferers, To His mer - cy who ap-pealed;
 3. Bless-ed be the sa - cred anoint-ing, By the Ho - ly Spir - it sealed;

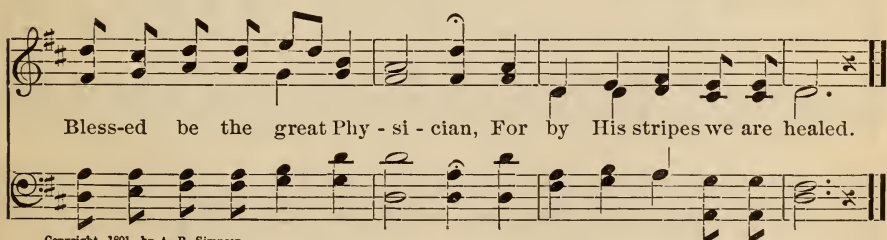


Je - sus has atoned for our sick-ness, And by His stripes we are healed.
 Still He bids us bring Him our sick-ness, For by His stripes we are healed.
 Je - sus lay Thine own hand up - on us, For by Thy stripes we are healed.

CHORUS.



Bless - ed be the great a - tone - ment, To a suff'-ring world re - vealed;



Bless-ed be the great Phy - si - cian, For by His stripes we are healed.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Saviour, mid the arrows of Satan,
 Be our refuge and our shield;
 Safely shall we walk through all danger,
 For by Thy stripes we are healed.

5 Jesus to Thy glory forever,
 All our members we would yield;
 Never let us cease to remember,
 That by Thy stripes we are healed.

271.

Healing for Thee.

[HEALING.]

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus the Sav-iour is pass-ing this way, Come, there is
 2. Je - sus is pa - tient-ly call - ing to - day, Come, there is
 3. Je - sus is pass - ing, oh, fall at His feet, Come, there is
 4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be - lieve, Come, there is

heal-ing for thee; . . . Rise at His bid-ding, oh, why wilt thou stay?
 heal-ing for thee; . . . Now He is wait-ing no long-er de-lay,—
 heal-ing for thee; . . . Fly to thy ref-uge, thy on - ly re-treat,
 heal-ing for thee; . . . Haste, and the rap-ture of par-don re-ceive,
 Yes, heal-ing for thee. . . .

CHORUS.
 Come, there is heal-ing for thee. . . . Healing for thee, sin-ner, for
 Yes, healing for thee.

thee, Now there is heal-ing for thee; Je - sus the Saviour is
 Yes, heal-ing for thee;

pass-ing this way; Come, there is heal-ing for thee. . . .
 Yes, heal - ing for thee.

Healing In Jesus.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There is cleans-ing in Je sus, for guilt and for sin, There's a fount-ain that
 2. There is heal-ing in Je - sus, the same as of old, There is heal-ing for
 3. There is glad-ness in Je - sus that nev-er grows old, There's a sunshine that

wash - es us whit - er than snow, There's a Spir - it that's will-ing To
 all who be - lieve and o - bey, For the love and com-pas-sion, that
 nev - er shall van - ish a - way; Oh, the rest and the sweetness can

fill us with-in Till the depths of our be-ing His cleansing shall know.
 nev-er grow cold, Are as a - ble and will-ing to help us to-day.
 nev-er be told, Of the hearts that have learned to be - lieve and obey.

CHORUS.

Healing in Je - sus, heal-ing for thee, Healing for all who believe and o - bey;

Heal-ing in Je - sus, Healing for me, Je - sus I take Thee, for healing to-day.

273. Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the footsteps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bearing balm for the
 2. 'T is the voice of that Sav-iour, Whose mer - ci - ful call Free-ly of - fers sal-
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpower'd by your sin, While the wa-ters are
 4. Blessed Sav-iour, as-sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul-healing

wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suff-'rer Who
 va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
 troubled Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-iour stands waiting To
 pow - er On us now be out-poured; Wash a-way ev - ry sin-spot, Take

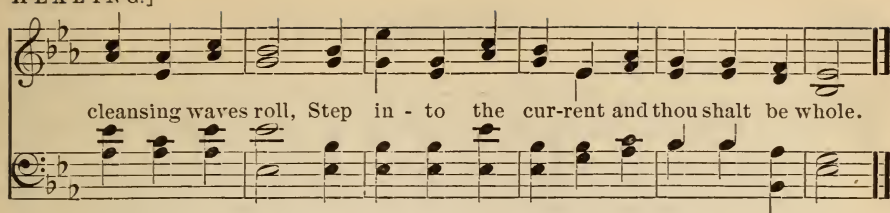
lay at the pool, He is say - ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 sin - taint - ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 strengthen your soul, He is ear - nest - ly plead - ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 per - fect con - trol, Say to each trust - ing spir - it, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? Oh, come, wea - ry

suff - 'rer, Oh, come, sin - sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow - ing, See, the

By permission.

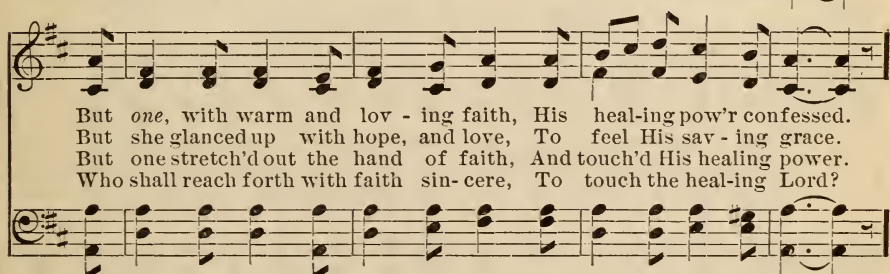
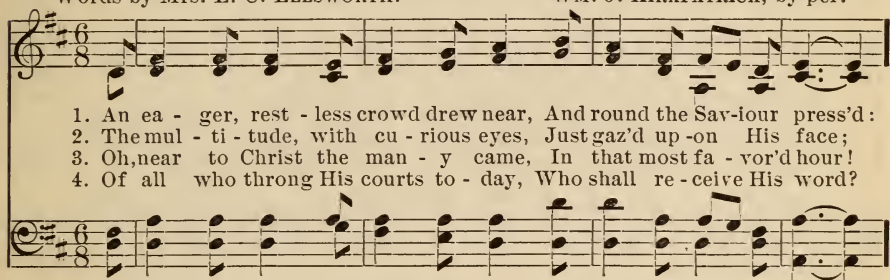


274. The Healing Touch.

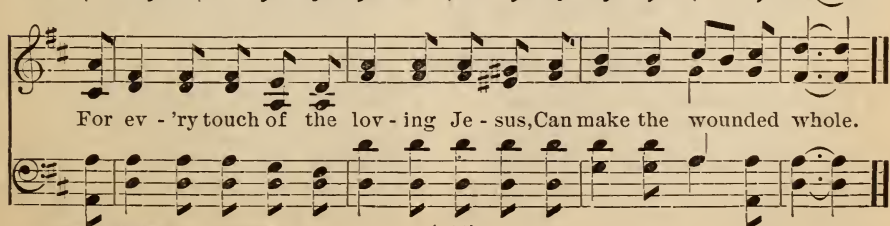
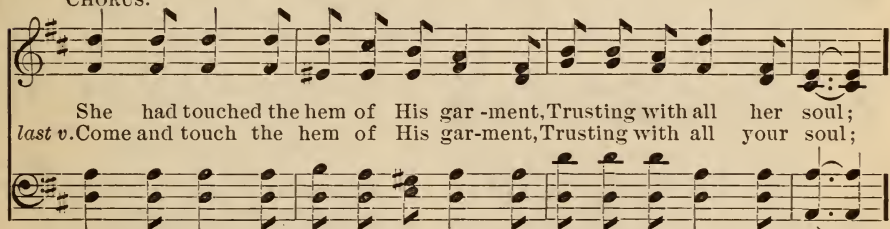
"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment." Mark v: 27.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



CHORUS.



275.

Healing. L. M.

Prof. THOMAS C. UPHAM.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, when shall sickness and disease, Their per-se-cu-ting war-fare cease; And
2. Doubt not that bet-ter day is near, The suf-f'ring sons of earth to cheer; Dis-
3. Let Christ, descending from a -bove, Be-come in - car - nate in Thy love; The
4. Let the great Heal-er make Thee free, From sins cor-rod-ing mal-a-dy; And

weak-ness die, and grief and pain, And death it - self at last be slain?
sease and pain are borne of sin. Their rem - e - dy is found with - in.
in - ward ills and wrong sub-due, And make Thy fal - len na - ture new.
then the life that's in the soul, Shall make the suf-f'ring bod - y whole.

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

276.

The Great Physician.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
2. { Your man - y sins are all for-given, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus, }

D. C. Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.
REFRAIN. D. C.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, }
Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue, }

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

277. At Evening. L. M.

Tune, *Healing*.

1 At evening when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay,
Oh, with what various pains they meet!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 't is evening, Lord and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near.
What though Thy face we cannot see?
We feel and know that Thou art near.

3 O gracious Lord, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

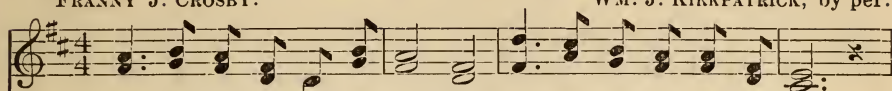
4 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word of Thine can fruitless fall.
Hear, in this solemn evening hour;
And, in Thy mercy, heal us all.

Rev. HENRY TIVELLS.

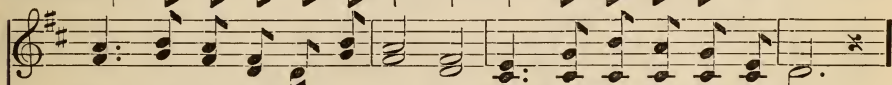
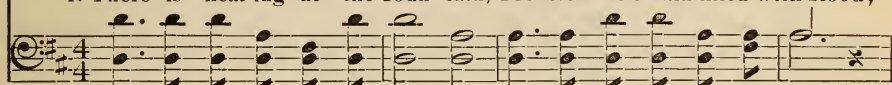
Healing at the Fountain.

FRANNY J. CROSBY.

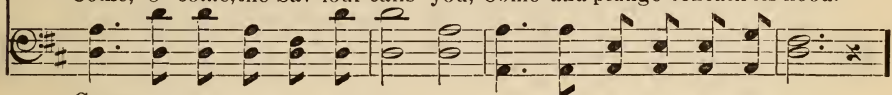
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



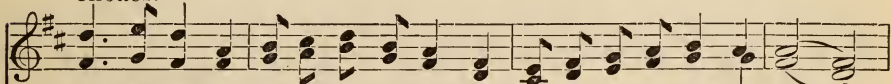
1. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Come, be - hold the crim-som tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Come and find it wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Look to Je - sus now and live,
4. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood;



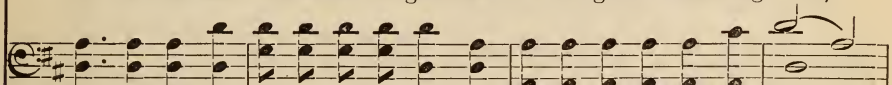
Flow-ing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
 There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.
 At the cross lay down thy bur - den; All thy wanderings He'll forgive.
 Come, O come, the Sav-iour calls you, Come and plunge beneath its flood.



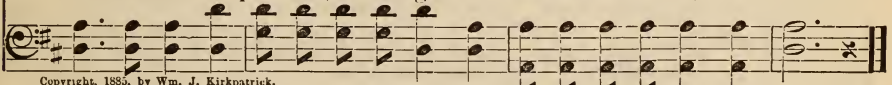
CHORUS.



O the foun-tain? blessed heal-ing fountain! I am glad 't is flow-ing free;



O the fount-ain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

He Healeth me.

Key of D.

- 1 He healeth me, O bless His name!
 I want to spread abroad his fame;
 From dread disease He sets me free,
 The Lord my healer, strong is He.

CHORUS.

He healeth me, He healeth me,
 By power divine He healeth me;
 He healed the sick in Galilee,
 And now by faith he healeth me.

- 2 He healeth me, my simple faith
 Believes the word that Jesus saith.
 And takes the place of ardent hope,
 Believes the Lord will raise me up.

- 3 He healeth me, I touch for cure
 The border of His garment pure,
 And virtue through my being flows,
 A healing balm for nature's woes.

- 4 He healeth me, as when of yore,
 Their sins and sicknesses He bore,
 Nor has He lost His power and skill,
 Our blessed Christ is living still.

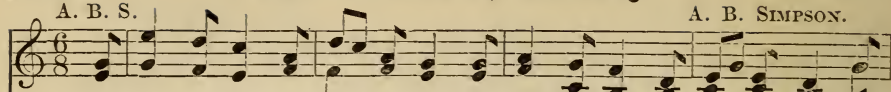
- 5 He healeth me, O oft I sought
 This healing power but found it not,
 But now I trust with all my soul,
 And now thro' faith He makes me whole.

280.

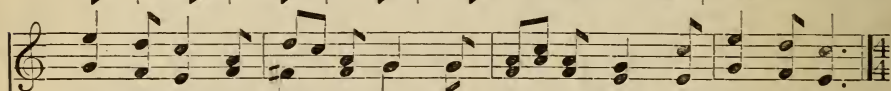
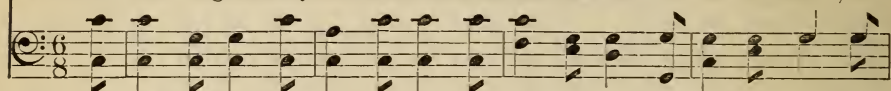
The Branch of Healing.

A. B. S.

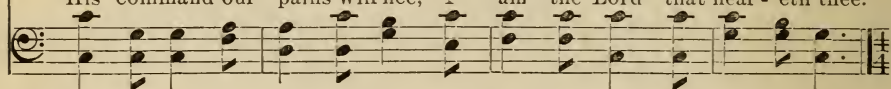
A. B. SIMPSON.



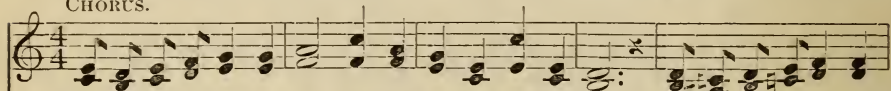
1. There is a heal-ing branch that grows Where ev-'ry bit - ter Ma-rah flows; This
 2. There is an old ap - pointed way For those who "hearken and o - bey;" A-
 3. There is "an ordinance" that has stood Since Israel crossed the parted flood; It
 4. There is a great Phy - si - cian still Whose hand has all its an-cient skill; At



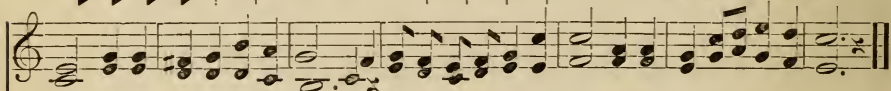
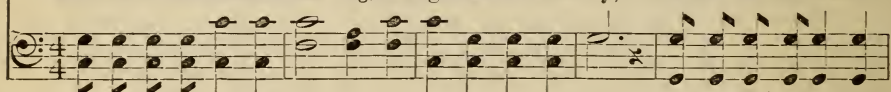
is our health re - new-ing tree, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
 bove the gate these words we see, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
 stands to-day for you and me, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
 His command our pains will flee, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."



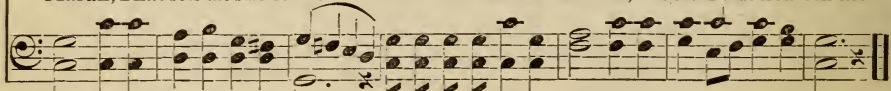
CHORUS.



Blessed be the branch of heal - ing, That grew on Calva - ry, Blessed be the law of



Marah, That sets the suff'rer free. Blessed be His name for-ev-er, The Lord that healeth me.



Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

281. We may not climb.

Tune, Azmon, p. 16.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him who fills Heaven's throne. | 4 Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame; [said,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name. |
| 2 But to the contrite spirit yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee. | 5 O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine. |
| 3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and
And we are whole again. [press, | 6 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In different phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,
The Truth, the Life, the Way. |

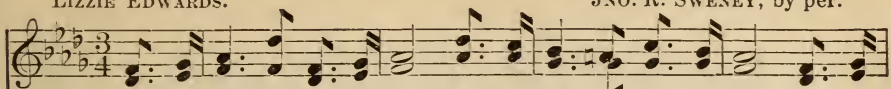
(188)

J. G. WHITTIER.

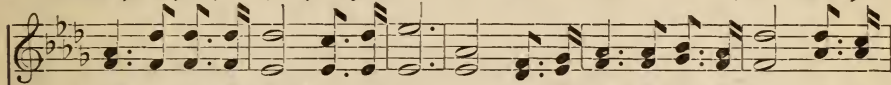
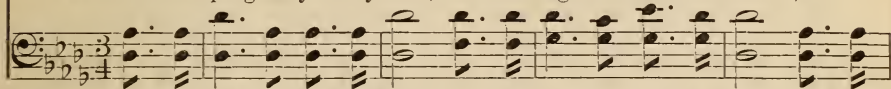
In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

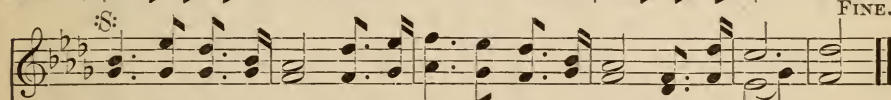
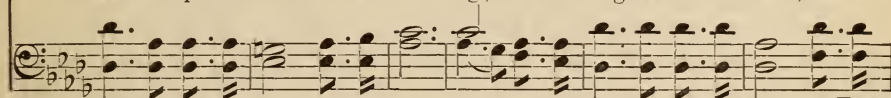
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. We are pil-grims looking home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these ten - der brok-en ties, How they dim our ach - ing eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far be - yond the nar - row sea, And we
4. Thro' our pil-grim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

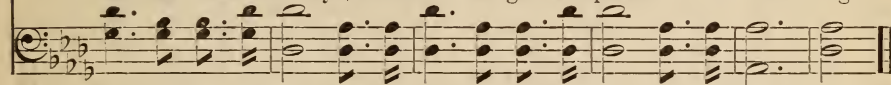


know 't will all be well, in the morning; When, our anchor firm-ly cast, Ev-'ry
jew-els they will shine in the morning; When our vic-tor palms we bear, And our
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and per-se-vere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise, For the



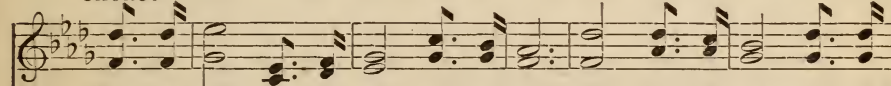
FINE.

storm - y wave is past, And we gath-er safe at last in the morn - ing.
robes im-mor-tal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn - ing.
feet of Christ, our King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Je - sus give the praise in the morn - ing.

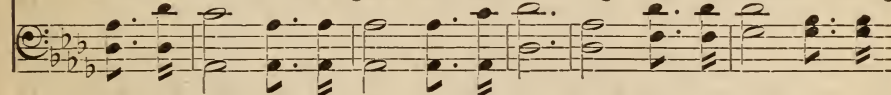


D.S. sun - ny re-gion bright, When we hail the bless-ed light of the morn - ing.

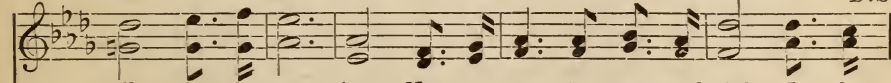
CHORUS.



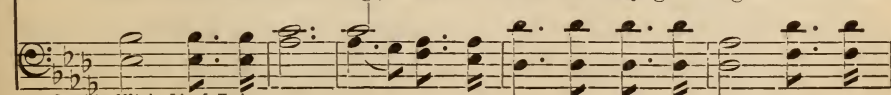
When we all meet a - gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming



D.S.



hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er - more to say good night In that

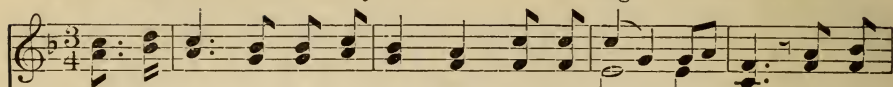


Art Thou Weary.

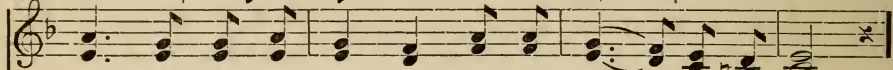
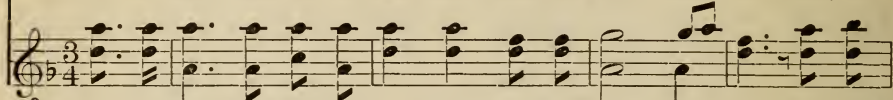
[TRIAL AND COMFORT.]

J. M. NEALE, D.D. Chorus by R. K. C.

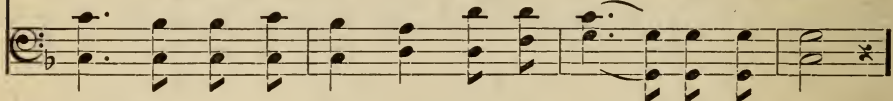
Arranged from M. LINDSEY.



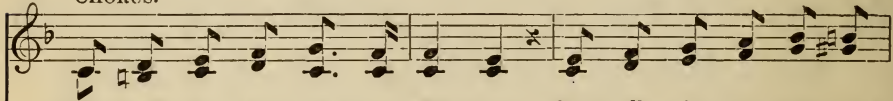
1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tress'd? "Come to
 2. Hath He di-a-dem as mon-arch, that His brow a-dorns? Yes, a
 3. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay? Not till
 4. If I find Him, if I fol-low What His guer-don here? Many a



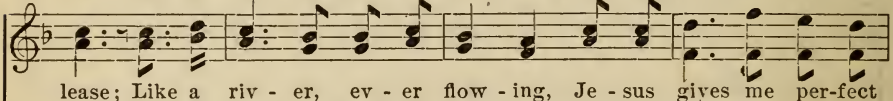
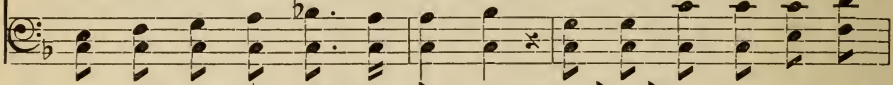
me," saith one, And com-ing, Be at rest, Be at rest.
 crown in very sur-e-ty, But of thorns, But of thorns.
 earth, and not till heav-en, Pass a-way, Pass a-way.
 sor-row, many a la-lor, Many a tear, Man-y a tear.



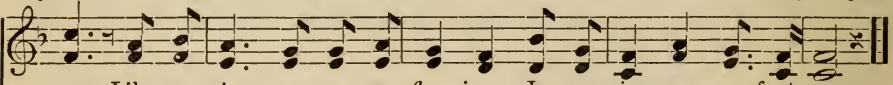
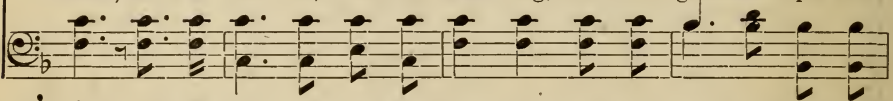
CHORUS.



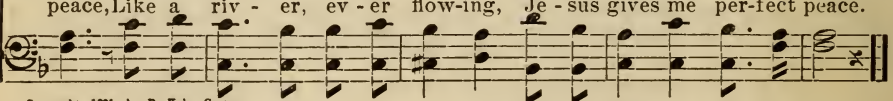
Depths of love and mer-cy show-ing, From all sin He grants re-



lease; Like a riv-er, ev-er flow-ing, Je-sus gives me per-fect



peace, Like a riv-er, ev-er flow-ing, Je-sus gives me per-fect peace.



Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelo Carter.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 Sorrow vanquished, labors ended,
 ||:Jordan past.:||

6 Finding, following, keeping, fighting,
 Is He sure to bless?
 Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 ||:Answer, yes!:||

Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA, 1840.

Expression.

1. Flee as a bird to your mount - ain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev'-ry fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear-flowing fount - ain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so ten - der - ly there!

f agitato.

Fly for th'aven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will
Haste then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in

a tempo.

hear thee; He on His bos - om will bear thee, O
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

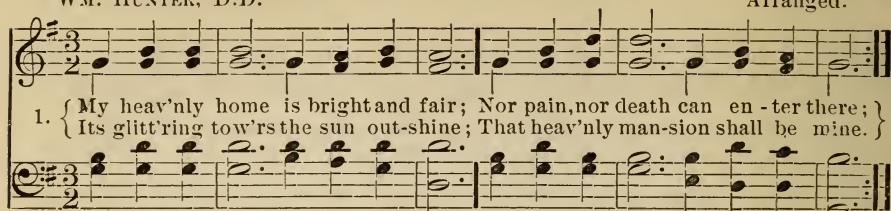
rit.

thou, who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art wea - ry of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

285. I'm Going Home to Die No More.

WM. HUNTER, D.D.

Arranged.



CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
 To die no more; I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

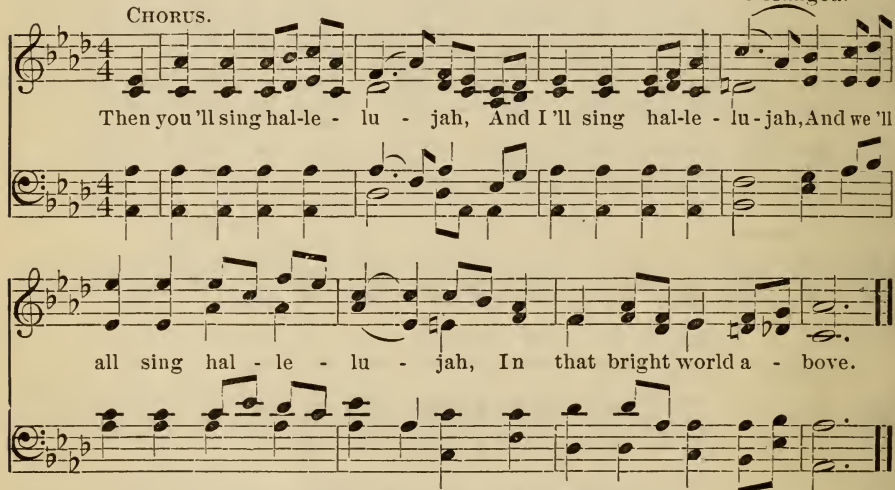
4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me

286. Pisgah. C. M.

CHORUS.

Arranged.



287. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

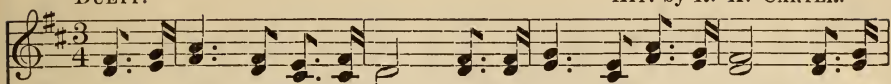
1 When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

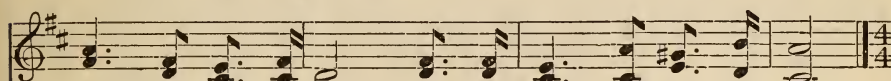
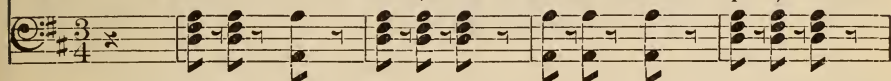
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall,
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

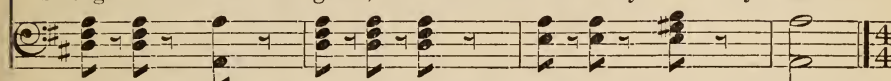
Weary, Heavy-Laden Soul.

W. M.
DUETT.W. MACOMBER.
Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

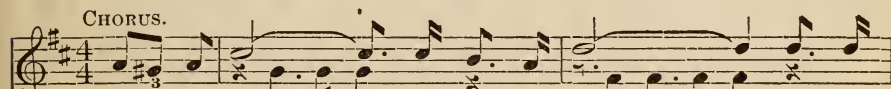
1. Wea-ry, heav - y - la - den soul, Je - sus will thy bur - den bear; Glad-ly
2. Why to-mor-row cloud with fears, Lift your heart to Him in prayer; Joy will
3. Storms will gath - er, yet they flee, Leav - ing us a rain - bow fair; So the
4. He's a Friend that ev - er lives, Thou need'st never know de - spair; Take the



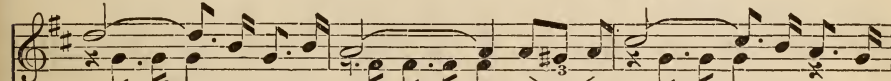
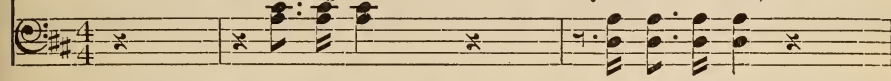
will He take the whole, Cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care.
 come in - stead of tears, If you'll cast on Him your care.
 light will beam on thee, If thou'lt cast on Him thy care.
 strength that Je - sus gives, Cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care.



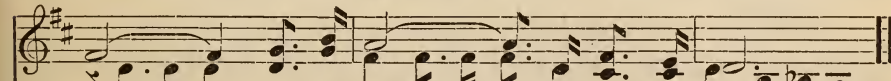
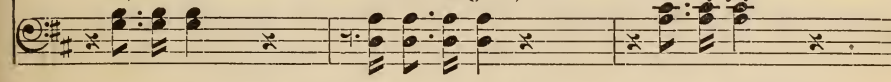
CHORUS.



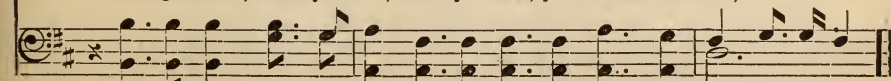
Cast - ing all . . . your care on Him; Oh, the
 Cast - ing all . . . your care on Him;



rest that Je - sus gives, . . . Earth - ly pleas - ures soon grow
 Oh, the rest that Je - sus gives, Earthly joys



dim; . . . When you cast, . . . your care on Him.
 soon grow dim; When you cast, when you cast, your care on Him, cast on Him.



A Crown Beyond.

[TRIAL AND COMFORT.]

E. G. U.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. Faint not a - mid the bat - tles smoke, Nor fal - ter in the fight; Press
 2. If sometimes wea - ry is the way, And cour - age seems to fade, Go
 3. Then sound the bat - tle - cry of faith, Catch and re - peat the strain, Till

on un - til the foe gives way, Walk in the Saviour's might. Thy
 trust - ing in His word of cheer, Be strong and not a - fraid. The
 ev - 'ry heart shall be in - spired, And swell the glad re - frain. En -

breast - plate, hel - met, and thy sword, Take up, and ne'er lay down; He
 Lord our lead - er, goes be - fore, His chil - dren to de - fend; He
 dure all hard - ness for His sake, Like sol - diers o - ver - come, E'en

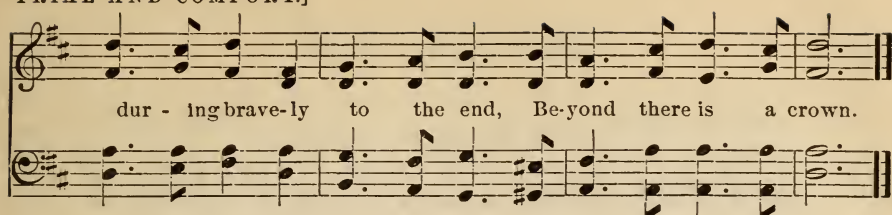
that en - dur - eth to the end, The same shall wear a crown.
 holds for thee a crown of life, If faith - ful to the end.
 till from la - bor to re - ward, The hosts are marshall'd home.

CHORUS.

March on, march on,

march on march on, Nor lay thine arm - or down; En -

TRIAL AND COMFORT.]



dur - ing brave-ly to the end, Be-yond there is a crown.

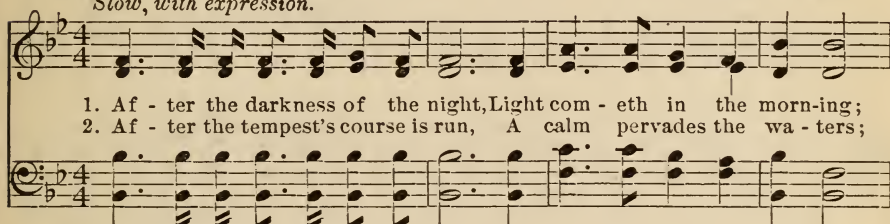
290.

Afterwards.

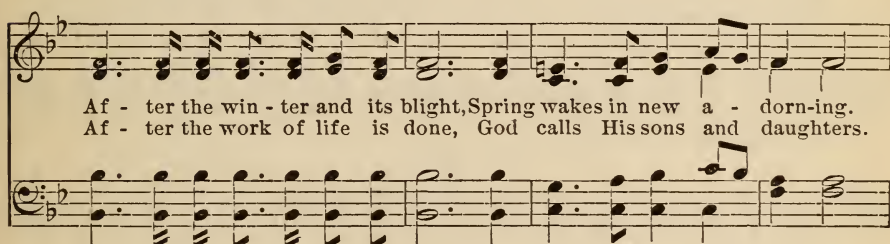
THOMAS MACKELLAR.

R. KELSO CARTER.

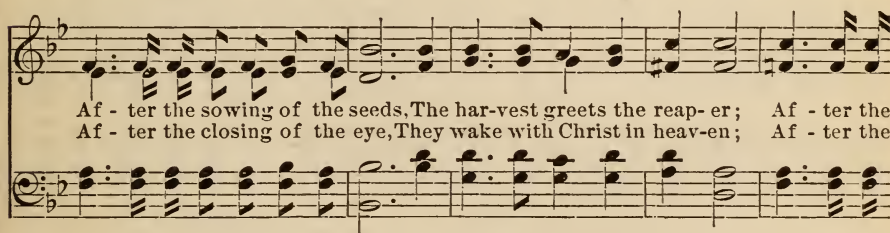
Slow, with expression.



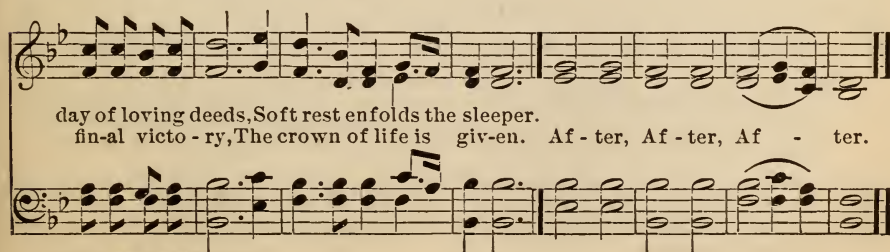
1. Af - ter the darkness of the night, Light com - eth in the morn-ing;
2. Af - ter the tempest's course is run, A calm pervades the wa - ters;



Af - ter the win - ter and its blight, Spring wakes in new a - dorn-ing.
Af - ter the work of life is done, God calls His sons and daughters.



Af - ter the sowing of the seeds, The har-vest greets the reap-er; Af - ter the
Af - ter the closing of the eye, They wake with Christ in heav-en; Af - ter the



day of loving deeds, Soft rest enfolds the sleeper.
fin-al victo - ry, The crown of life is giv-en. Af - ter, Af - ter, Af - ter.

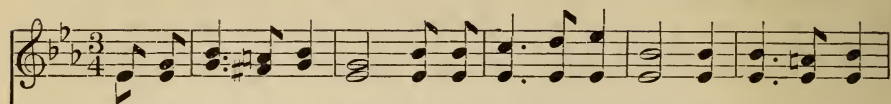
291.

Home of the Soul.

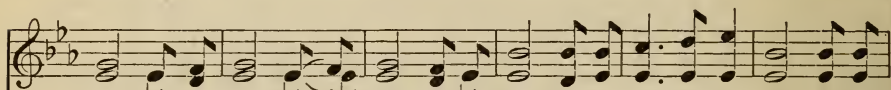
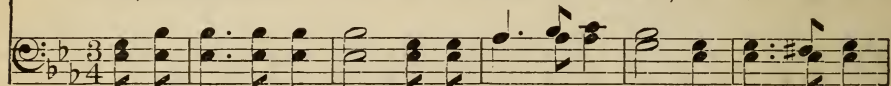
MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

JOHN 14:2.

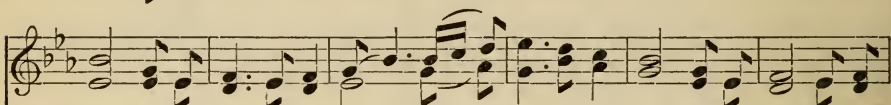
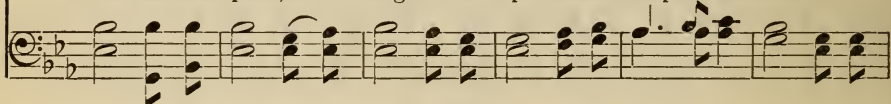
PHILLIP PHILLIPS.



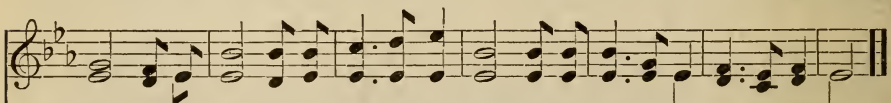
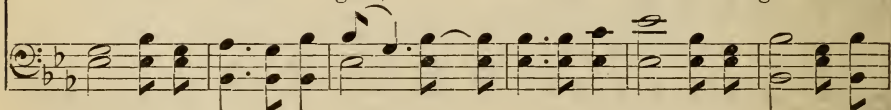
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far - a - way
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright, jas-per
3. That unchange-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all



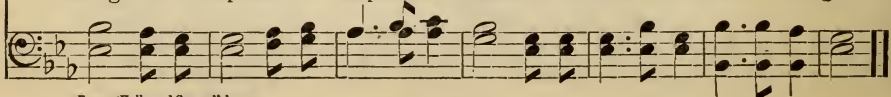
home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-
Naz - ar-eth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He
sor-row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To



years of e - ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me; Till I
hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one an - oth-er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain: With



storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter-ni-ty roll.
fan - cy but thin-ly the vail in - ter-venes Be-tween the fair ci - ty and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To meet one an - oth-er a - gain.

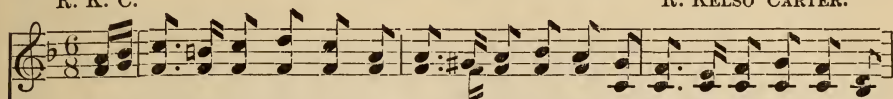


From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

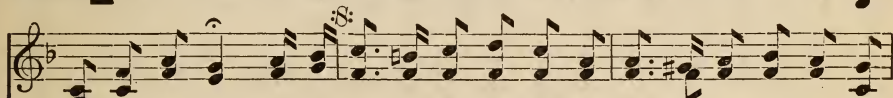
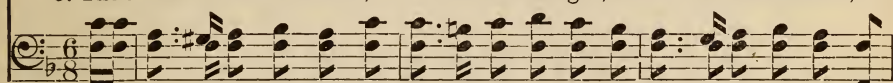
There'll Be Crowns.

R. K. C.

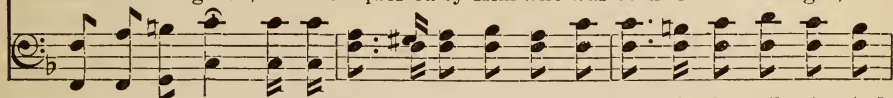
R. KELSO CARTER.



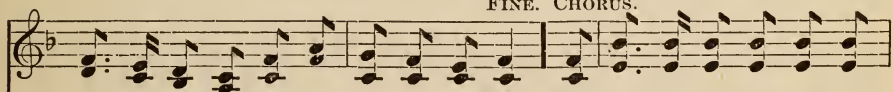
1. When weary and worn with the sor-row and sigh-ing, Of hearts that are broken with
2. The bat-tle is won, and the con-flict is o-ver, To him who has faith in the
3. Then stand in the dark-ness, fear not in the dan-ger, No foe can withstand thee, e'en



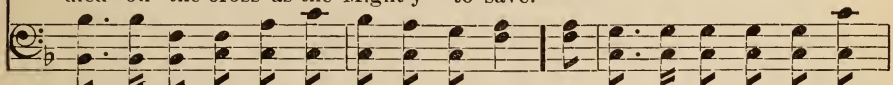
au-guish and woe; 'Mid the cries of the wounded and groans of the dy-ing, O
sin-cleans-ing blood; His crown is in view, and an-gel-ic wings hov-er, To
death and the grave, Were con-quer-ed by Him who was born in the man-ger, And



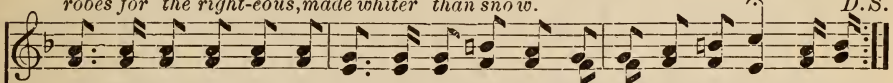
D.S. crowns for the vic-tor, and palms for the pil-grim, And
FINE. CHORUS.



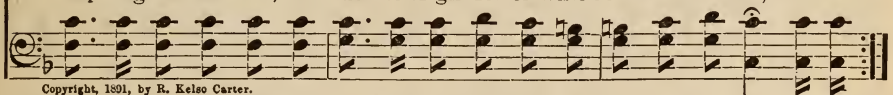
look for the com-fort that God can be-stow. The sow-ing will cease and the
car-ry him home to the ci-tty of God.
died on the cross as the Might-y to save.



robes for the right-eous, made whiter than snow.



reap-ing be end-ed, Be-side the bright riv-er which ev-er shall flow; There'll be



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What a Friend.

Key of F.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer?
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

G. O.

Rev. GEO. ORBIN, by per.

1. All ye who sigh for rest, Op-pressed with anxious care, Who fain would lean on
 2. This world no aid can lend To fos-ter growth in grace. In Christ a-lone we
 3. Af-flic-tions sore and long May bear up - on the heart; And in the hours of
 4. The voy-age rough may be, And heav-ing bil-lows foam, While o'er the dark and

Je-sus' breast, And find sweet com-fort there. Soon, soon will end this strife. Your
 must de-pend, All thro' the Christian race. The foe will e'er as-sail With
 mirth and song, Our joys may quick de-part. Our dear-est friends may die And
 track-less sea, Our wand'ring bark shall roam. We'll trust the Mighty One, And

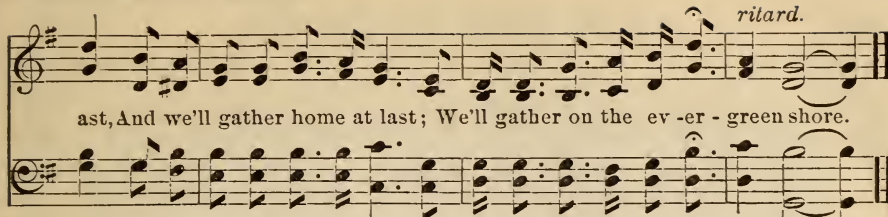
toils and cares be o'er; Then crown'd with everlasting life, You shall weep and sigh no more.
 might on ev-ry hand; But Jesus' strength will never fail Till we reach the heav'nly land.
 we be left a-lone; We'll hope to meet them in the sky, Around our Father's throne.
 on-ward plod our way; Still watching for the breaking dawn Of the great Eternal day.

CHORUS.

Soon the storms will all be past, And we'll gath-er home at last, We'll

gath-er with the dear ones gone be-fore. . . . Soon the storms will all be

ritard.



ast, And we'll gather home at last; We'll gather on the ev - er - green shore.

295. A Little While Longer.

A. FRANCIS.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

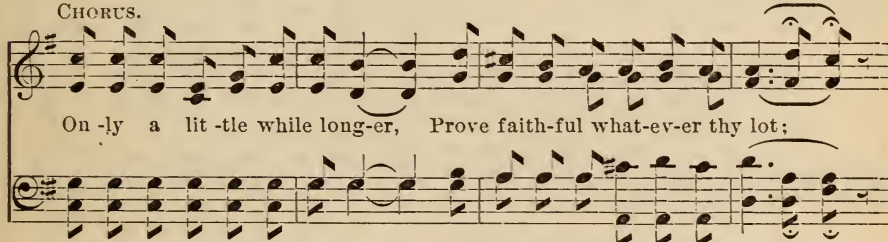


1. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er To toil in the field of the Lord;
 2. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er To fol - low the cross bearing way;
 3. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er To toil on by sor - rows op - press;
 4. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er Up - hold us and guide us, O Lord;



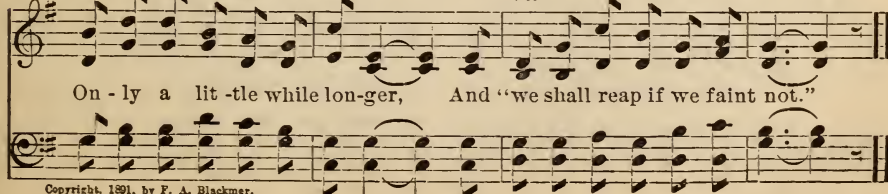
On - ly a lit - tle while long - er, And He shall be - stow the re - ward.
 Just a few days and this darkness, Shall merge in - to glo - ri - ous day.
 Soon shall we cease from our la - bors, And en - ter the heav - en - ly rest.
 Grace to the end of the jour - ney. In plen - ti - ful meas - ure af - ford.

CHORUS.



On - ly a lit - tle while long - er, Prove faith - ful what - ev - er thy lot;

rit.



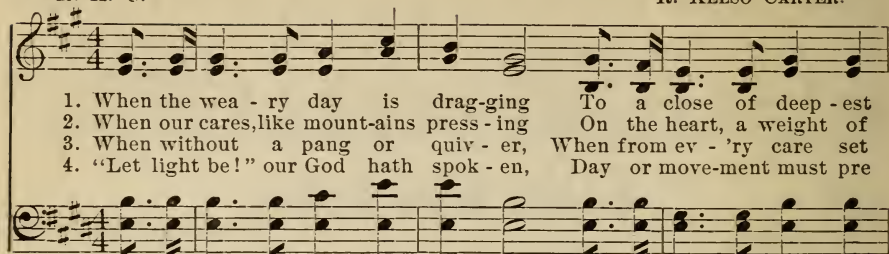
On - ly a lit - tle while long - er, And "we shall reap if we faint not."

It is Better Farther On.

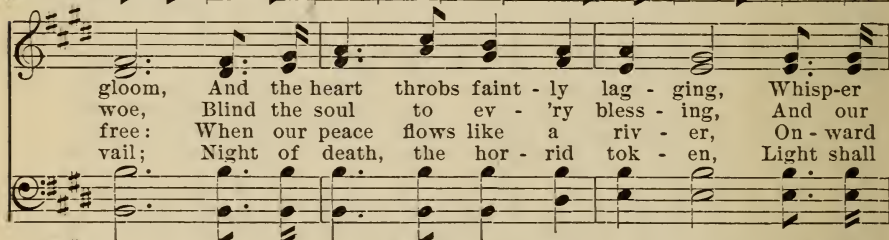
[TRIAL AND COMFORT.]

R. K. C.

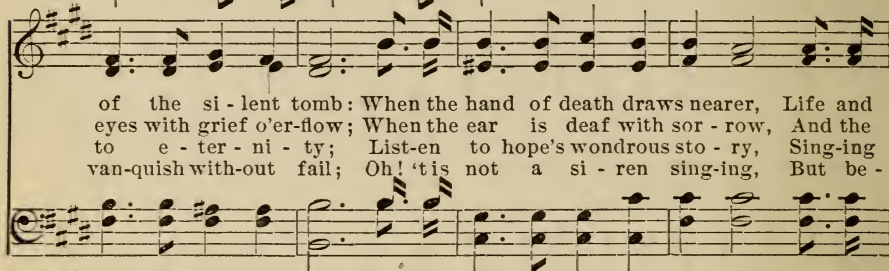
R. KELSO CARTER.



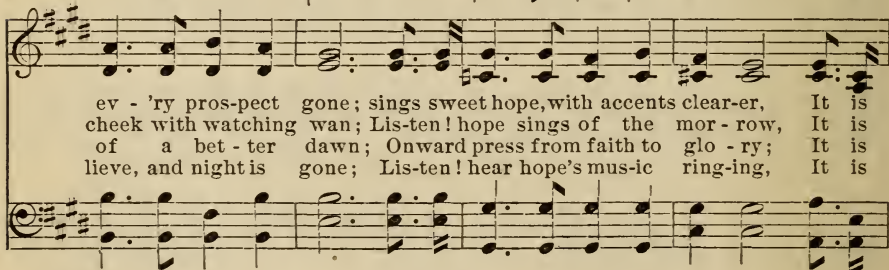
1. When the wea - ry day is drag-ging To a close of deep - est
2. When our cares, like mount - ains press - ing On the heart, a weight of
3. When without a pang or quiv - er, When from ev - 'ry care set
4. "Let light be!" our God hath spok - en, Day or move - ment must pre



gloom, And the heart throbs faint - ly lag - ging, Whisp - er
woe, Blind the soul to ev - 'ry bless - ing, And our
free: When our peace flows like a riv - er, On - ward
vail; Night of death, the hor - rid tok - en, Light shall

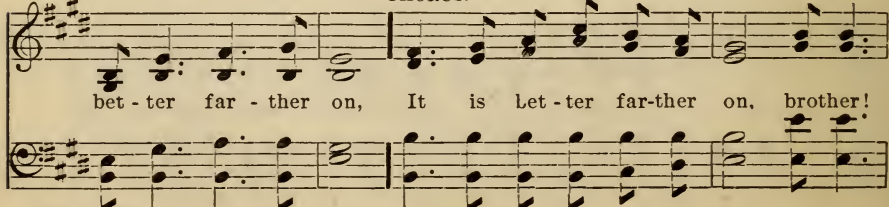


of the si - lent tomb: When the hand of death draws nearer, Life and
eyes with grief o'er - flow; When the ear is deaf with sor - row, And the
to e - ter - ni - ty; Lis - ten to hope's wondrous sto - ry, Sing - ing
van - quish with - out fail; Oh! 'tis not a si - ren sing - ing, But be -

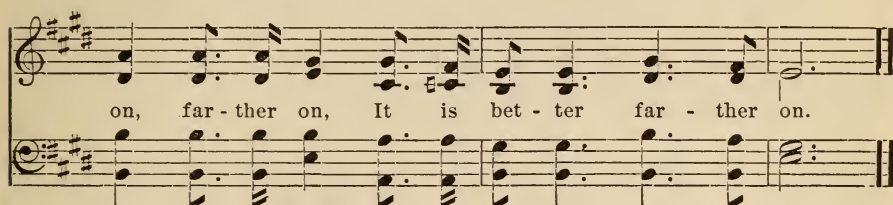
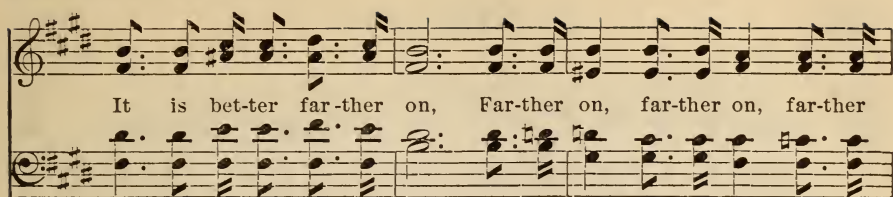


ev - 'ry pros - pect gone; sings sweet hope, with accents clear - er, It is
cheek with watch - ing wan; Lis - ten! hope sings of the mor - row, It is
of a bet - ter dawn; Onward press from faith to glo - ry; It is
lieve, and night is gone; Lis - ten! hear hope's mus - ic ring - ing, It is

CHORUS.

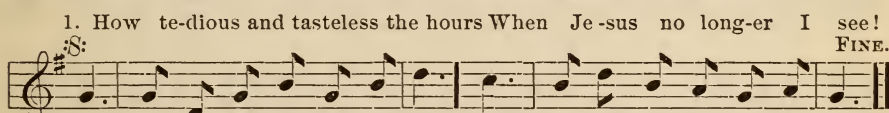
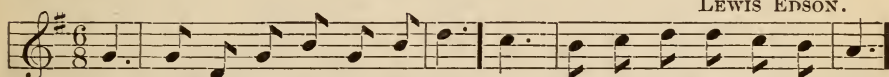


bet - ter far - ther on, It is Let - ter far - ther on, brother!

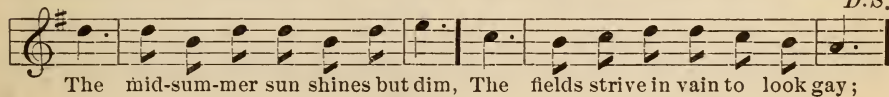


297. Contrast. 8.

LEWIS EDSON.



d.s. But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May. *D.S.*



1 How tedious and tastless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay:
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume.
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

298.

Trust.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There is a word that saves the soul, "I will trust." "I will trust," It
 2. There is a word that sanc - ties, "I will trust." "I will trust," And
 3. There is a word that keeps the heart, "I will trust." "I will trust," And
 4. There is a word that an-swers prayer, "I will trust." "I will trust," That

makes the sick and suff'ring whole, I will trust, I will trust.
 Je - sus' cleans-ing blood ap - plies, "I will trust, I will trust.
 shields from ev - ery fie - ry dart, I will trust, I will trust.
 stills each fear and calms each care, I will trust, I will trust.

I will trust, sweet-ly trust, I will trust, tho' I can - not
 I will trust, sweetly trust,

see, I will trust, ful-ly trust, I will trust, O Lord, in Thee
 I will trust, ful-ly trust,

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

5 There is a word of power divine,
 "I will trust."
 For God hath said "All things are mine,"
 "While I trust."

6 There is a word that death defies,
 "I will trust."
 It mounts above the grave and cries,
 "I will trust."

Jesus Is Victor.

"For He hath put all things under His feet." 1 Cor. xv: 27.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Je - sus is vic - tor! His work is complete, Crush - ing all en - e - mies
 2. Je - sus is vic - tor! the bat - tle is won, We can do noth - ing for
 3. Je - sus is vic - tor! without and with - in, Sav - ing and cleans - ing and

un - der His feet; Je - sus is vic - tor! He died not in vain,
 all has been done; Je - sus is vic - tor! the foe from the dust,
 keep - ing from sin; Je - sus is vic - tor! Oh, Heav - en - ly Dove,

REFRAIN.

Ris - en and glo - ri - fied, Je - sus doth reign. Je - sus is vic - tor!
 Nev - er can rise a - gain, if we but trust.
 Come to a - bide and make per - fect in love.

vic - tor! vic - tor! Ev - er - more His flag's un - furled;

Je - sus hath conquered! conquered! conquered! The dev - il, the flesh, and the world.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 Jesus is victor! effects of the fall,
 Trials and weakness, Himself bare them
 all;

Jesus is victor! though sickness assail,
 He's the physician that never can fail.

5 Jesus is victor! the heavens shall ring,
 Dread King of terrors, oh, where is thy
 sting?

Jesus is victor! we'll shout o'er the grave,
 Glory to God! He is mighty to save.

300.

God Knoweth. L. M.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Thou knowest Lord, I can not know The dangers that a-round me lie; Thou
 2. Thou se-est Lord, I can not see, To-mor-row I may not descry; With
 3. Thou hear-est Lord, I can not hear, As round me swells the bat-tle cry; Thy
 4. Thou Lord, Thyself, art my reward, With-out Thee, nothing now am I; In

bringest good from weal or woe, I trust Thee while my days go by.
 Thy right hand Thou lead-est me, I trust Thee while my days go by.
 word brings peace, and calms all fear, I trust Thee while my days go by.
 Je - sus, more than conquer'r, Lord, I trust Thee while my days go by.

CHO.—rest on Thine e - ter - nal word I trust Thee while my days go by.

CHORUS.

I trust Thee, dear-est Lord, My treas - ure is on high; I
 I trust Thee, dear-est Lord, My treasure is on high.

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301.

Resting In Christ.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. iv: 9.

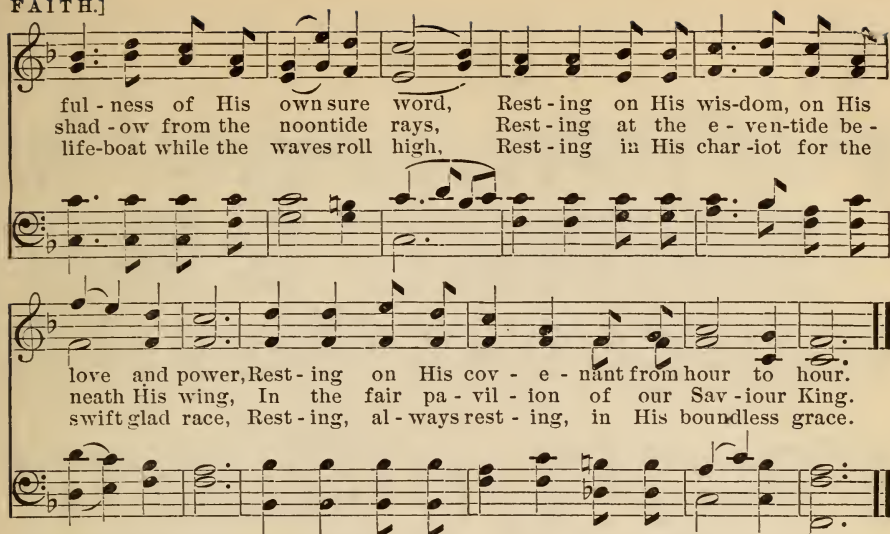
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Rest-ing on the faith-ful-ness of Christ our Lord, Rest-ing on the
 2. Rest-ing 'neath His guid-ing hand for un-tracked days, Rest-ing 'neath His
 3. Rest-ing in the fort-ress while the foe is nigh, Rest-ing in the

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FAITH.]



ful - ness of His own sure word, Rest - ing on His wis - dom, on His
shad - ow from the noontide rays, Rest - ing at the e - ven - tide be -
life - boat while the waves roll high, Rest - ing in His char - iot for the

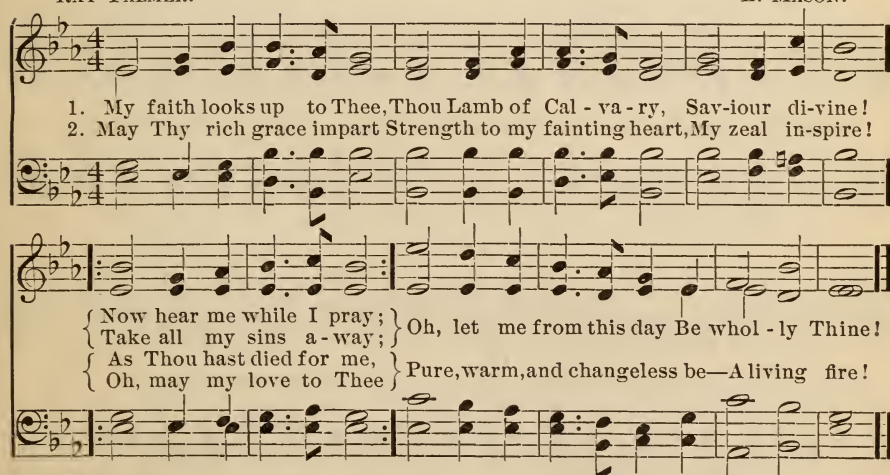
love and power, Rest - ing on His cov - e - nant from hour to hour.
neath His wing, In the fair pa - vil - ion of our Sav - iour King.
swift glad race, Rest - ing, al - ways rest - ing, in His boundless grace.

- 4 Resting in the pastures and beneath the
rock, [flock;
Resting by the waters where He leads His
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious
feet, [plete!
Resting in His very arms! Oh, rest com-
- 5 Resting and believing, let us onward
press, [eousness;
Resting on Himself, the Lord our right-
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones
sing.— [King.”
“Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our

302. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire!

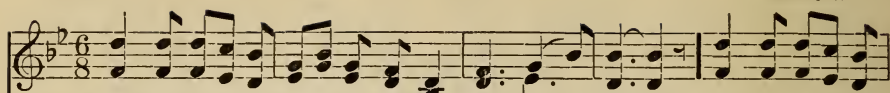
{ Now hear me while I pray;
{ Take all my sins a - way;
{ As Thou hast died for me,
{ Oh, may my love to Thee } Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

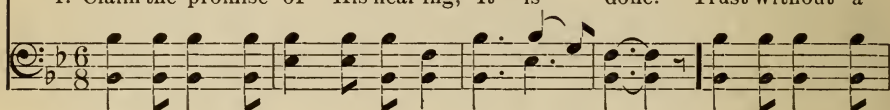
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

A. B. S.

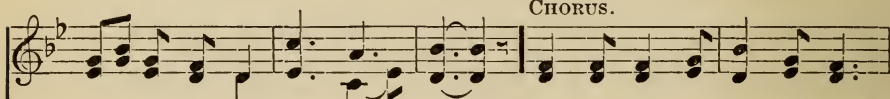
A. B. SIMPSON.



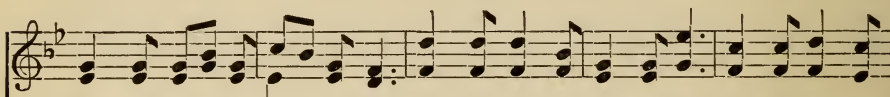
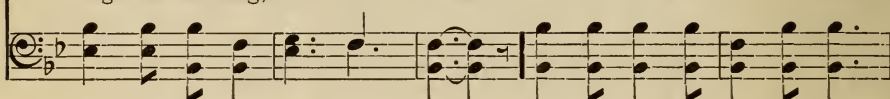
- | | | |
|--|--------|--------------------|
| 1. Hark! a voice from heav'n proclaiming, "It is | done." | Faith re-peats the |
| 2. Hear the bleeding Sav-iour cry-ing, "It is | done." | Claim His finished |
| 3. Yield thy-self in con-se-cra-tion, "It is | done." | Take the Lord for |
| 4. Claim the promise of His heal-ing, "It is | done." | Trust without a |



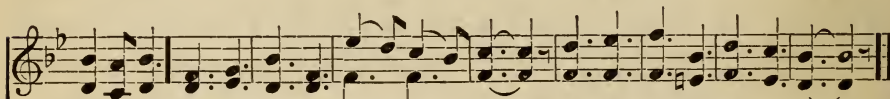
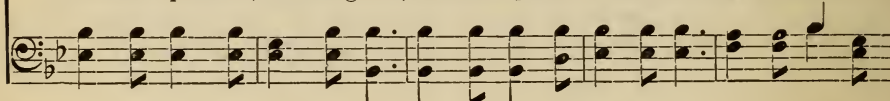
CHORUS.



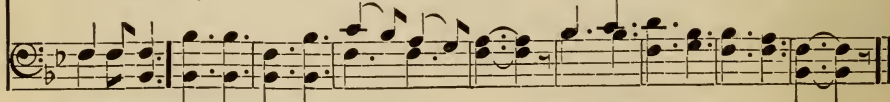
ech - o claim-ing, "It	is	done."	Hear the mes-sage from the throne,
work, re - ply-ing, "It	is	done."	
full sal - va-tion, "It	is	done."	
sign or feel-ing, "It	is	done."	



Claim the promise, doubting one; God hath spoken, "It is done." Faith has answer'd,



"It is done." Pray'r is o-ver, Praise be - gun. Hal-le-lu-jah, "It is done."



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5 Say of every promised blessing,
 "It is done."
 Rest upon His word confessing,
 "It is done."

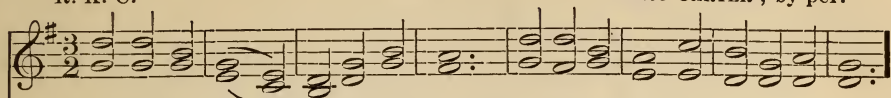
6 This the secret of receiving,
 "It is done."
 Take Him at His word believing,
 "It is done."

Have Faith in God.

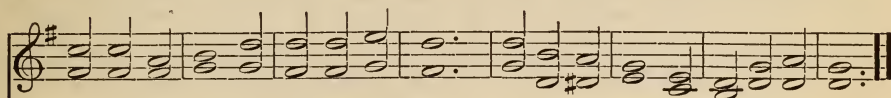
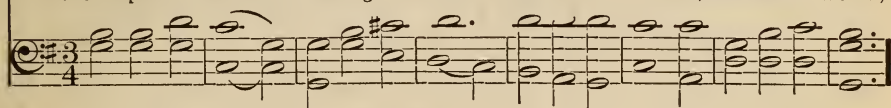
R. K. C.

Mark xi: 22.

R. KELSO CARTER, by per.



1. In hap-py hours, 'Neath sun-ny skies; When, from sweet flowers Glad perfumes rise;
2. When fears bid hearken, When doubts as-sail, When tempests darken, And clouds prevail;
3. 'Mid pow'rs in-fernal—Sin's flag unfurled—Death that's e - ter-nal, Flesh and the world,



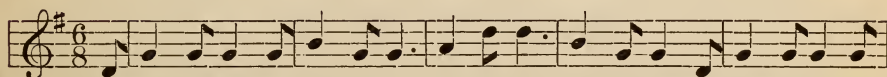
No foes af-frighting, When Thou hast trod Paths of de-light-ing, Have faith in God!
 When o'er some treasure Cold lies the sod, Earth has no pleasure, Have faith in God!
 'Mid threats tremendous From Satan's rod, Howe'er stu-pendous, Have faith in God!



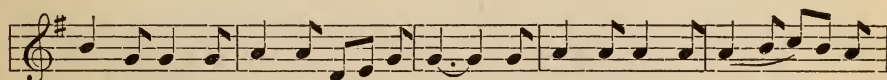
4 Foes all reproving,—
 By grace set free,
 Mountains removing
 Cast in the sea:
 God's sons and daughters,
 Walking dry-shod,—
 Pass through the waters,
 Have faith in God!

5 O'er death victorious,
 Conq'ring the grave;
 With Christ—the glorious,
 Mighty to save—
 Ended life's story,
 Through bursting clod,
 Sweeping to glory—
 Have faith in God!

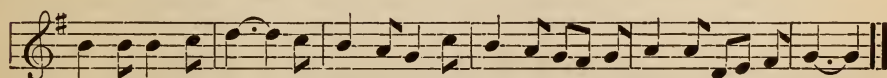
305. The Blood of Jesus Cleanseth Me.



The blood of Je-sus cleanseth me, Cleanseth me, cleanseth me, The blood of Jesus



cleanseth me, Just now while I be-lieve; Just now while I be-lieve, Just



now while I be-lieve, The blood of Jesus cleanseth me, Just now while I be-lieve.

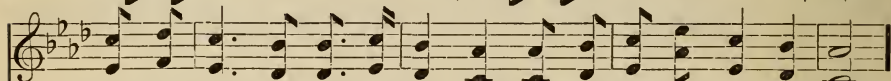
306.

Believing and Receiving.

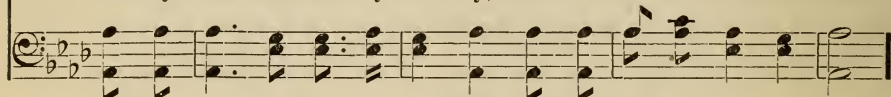
R. E. HUDSON, by per.



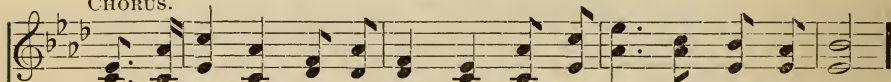
1. Sins of years I am confess-ing, While I to the foun-tain go;
2. I be-lieve Him, and re-ceive Him, Je-sus' blood my on-ly plea;
3. Keep me near Thee, precious Saviour, Help me bring the world to Thee;



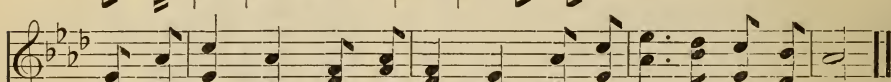
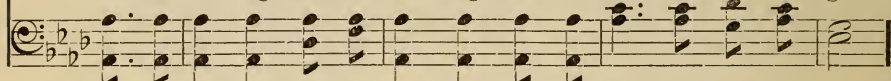
In His prom-ise I'm con-fid-ing, "I will wash you white as snow."
 Filled with love, O wondrous sto-ry! I am whol-ly lost in Thee.
 On-ly this shall be my sto-ry, Thro' the blood I now am free.



CHORUS.



I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceive-ing, While I to the fount-ain go,



And my heart His blood now cleanseth, Whit-er, whit-er than the snow.



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307.

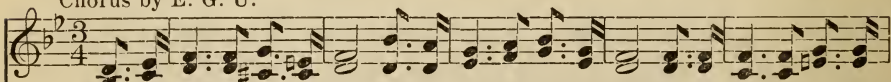
Strength for the Day.

"God hath sent forth strength for thee."—Ps 68: 20, Cranmer's translation. DEUT. 33: 25.

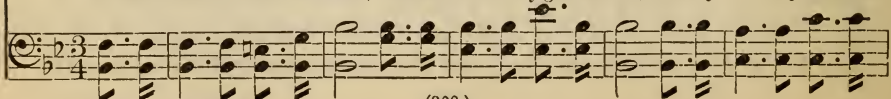
R. KELSO CARTER.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

Chorus by E. G. U.



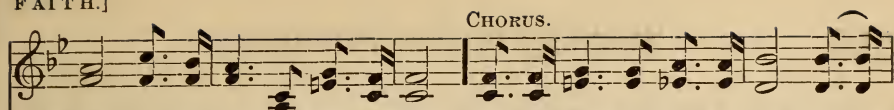
1. When the storm of tri-als sweeps Fiercely tossing o'er life's sea, Trust in Him who vig-il
2. Burdens come and troub-le clings. Dark the way, thou canst not see; Courage! for the promise
3. When the bit-ter, bit-ter cup, Sorrow's hand re-lentless-ly, Presseth to thy lips, look
4. Be thou faithful unto death, "Crown of life" thy guerdon be, Sure-ly to thy lat-est



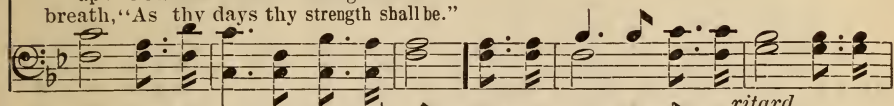
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(208)

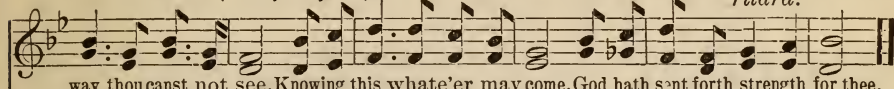
CHORUS.



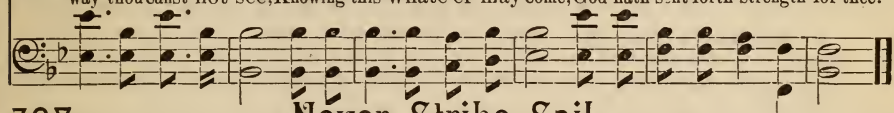
keeps; "God hath sent forth strength for thee." Trust in Him, and Him a-lone, Tho' the
rings; "As thy days thy strength shall be."
up! "God hath sent forth strength for thee."
breath, "As thy days thy strength shall be."



ritard.



way thou canst not see, Knowing this whate'er may come, God hath sent forth strength for thee.

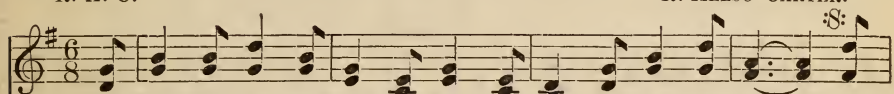


308.

Never Strike Sail.

R. K. C.

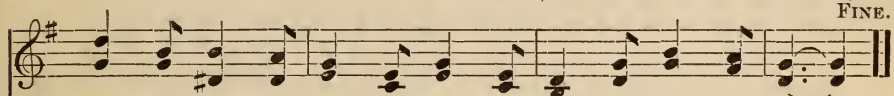
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. When tossed up - on the foam-ing wave, Be-neath a low'-ring sky; When
2. In faith your course hold steadfastly, When storms would over - whelm; The
3. A - mid the tem-pest soft - ly sleep, As though on heav-en's strand; Rocked
4. Thro' night, and gloom, and storm endure, Sail on, be not a - larmed; The



CHO. - By FINE.



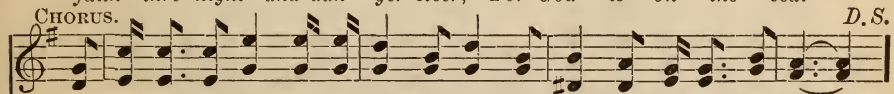
none can suc - cor, none can save, Fear not, the Lord is nigh.
all - wise Pi - lot of the sea, Him-self is at the helm.
in the cra - dle of the deep, The hol - low of God's hand.
shore is near, the har - bor sure, And ev - 'ry wave is charmed



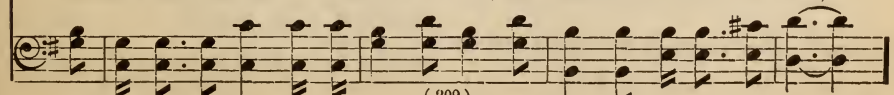
faith thro' night and dan - ger steer, For God is on the sea.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O nev - er strikes sail for a doubt or fear, Tho' rocks are un - der the lee;



R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ our King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, present

a - ges let His prais - es ring: Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,

CHORUS.
 Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises of God, Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

Stand - ing,
 Standing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - iour; Standing on the promise,

Stand - ing,
 Standing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom - is - es of God.

From "The Silver Trumpet" by per. John J. Hood.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the
 Lord,
 Bound to Him eternally by love's strong
 cord,
 Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
 Standing on the promises of God.

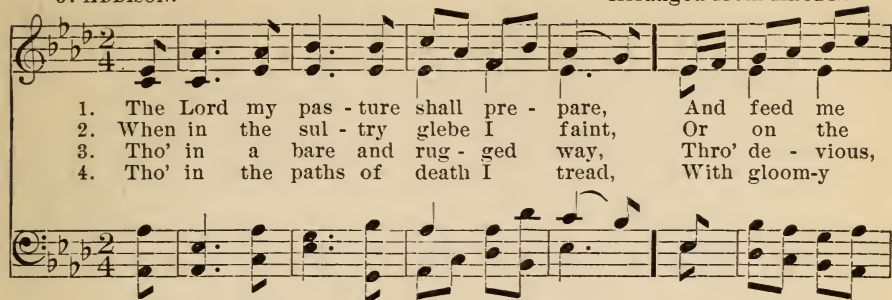
5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
 Listening every moment to the Spirit's
 call;
 Resting in my Saviour as my all in all,
 Standing on the promises of God.

310. The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare.

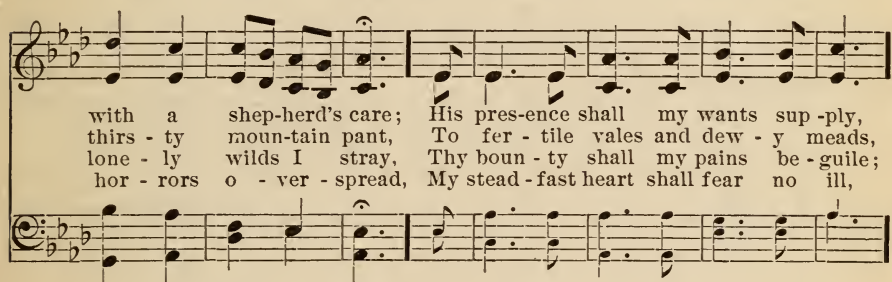
The Lord is my Shepherd.—Ps. 23: 1.

J. ADDISON.

Arranged from HAYDN.



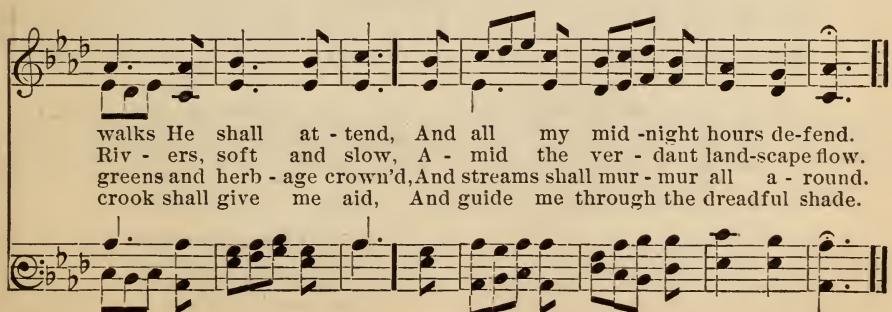
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
 2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the
 3. Tho' in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' de - vious,
 4. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom-y



with a shep-herd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply,
 thirs - ty moun-tain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,
 lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy boun - ty shall my pains be - guile;
 hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day
 My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps He leads, Where peace - ful
 The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With sud - den
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still, Thy friend - ly



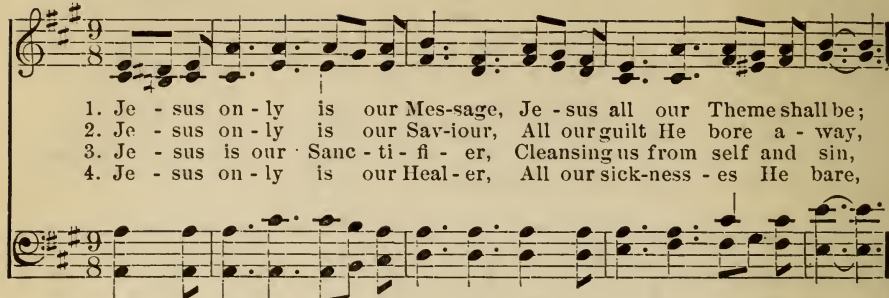
walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
 Riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.
 greens and herb - age crown'd, And streams shall mur - mur all a - round.
 crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

311.

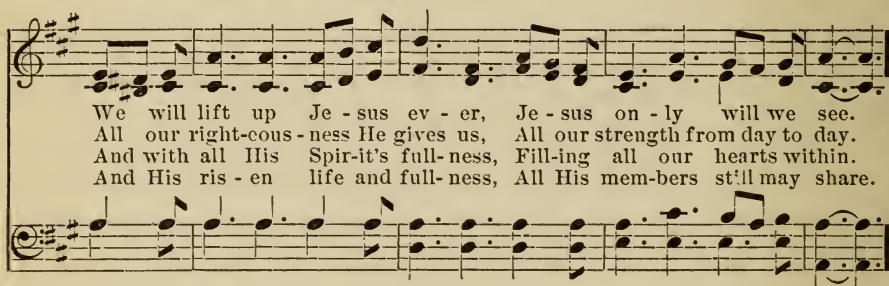
Jesus Only.

A. B. SIMPSON.

J. H. BURKE.

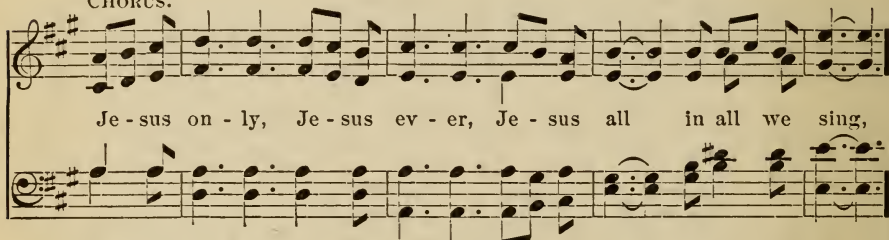


1. Je - sus on - ly is our Mes-sage, Je - sus all our Themeshall be;
 2. Je - sus on - ly is our Sav-iour, All ourguilt He bore a - way,
 3. Je - sus is our Sanc - ti - fi - er, Cleansingus from self and sin,
 4. Je - sus on - ly is our Heal-er, All our sick-ness - es He bare,

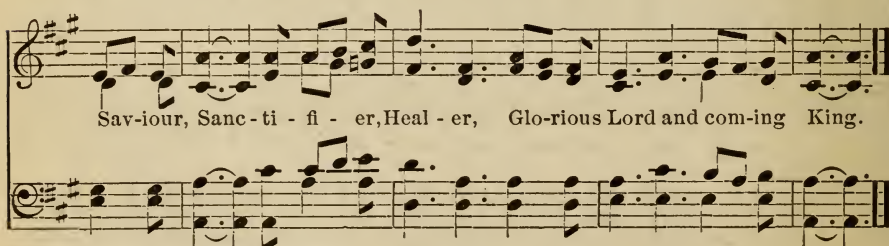


We will lift up Je - sus ev - er, Je - sus on - ly will we see.
 All our right-cous - ness He gives us, All our strength from day to day.
 And with all His Spir-it's full-ness, Fill-ing all our hearts within.
 And His ris - en life and full-ness, All His mem-bers st'll may share.

CHORUS.



Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus ev - er, Je - sus all in all we sing,



Sav-iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Heal - er, Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King.

Copyright, 1890, by A. B. Simpson & J. H. Burke.

5 Jesus only is our Power,
 His the gift of Pentecost;
 Jesus, breathe Thy power upon us,
 Fill us with the Holy Ghost.

6 And for Jesus we are waiting,
 Listening for the Advent Call;
 But 't will still be Jesus only,
 Jesus ever, all in all.

312. In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
 2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
 3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is

rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigh - bor,
 pass-eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end - ing,
 joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry;

In the sha - dow of His wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the
 In the sha - dow of His wings, There is peace, sweet peace, In the
 In the sha - dow of His wings, There is joy, glad joy, In the

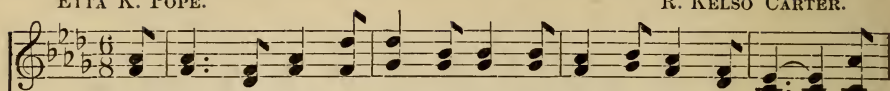
CHORUS.
 shadow of His wings, There is rest, (sweet rest,) There is rest, There is
 shadow of His wings, There is peace, (sweet peace,)
 shadow of His wings, There is joy, (glad joy,) sweet rest,

p peace, *f* There is joy In the shadow of His wings, shadow of His wings.
 sweet peace; glad joy;

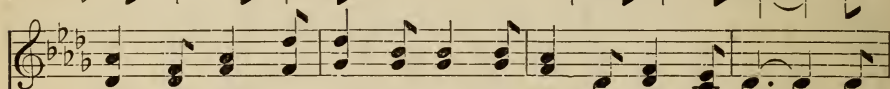
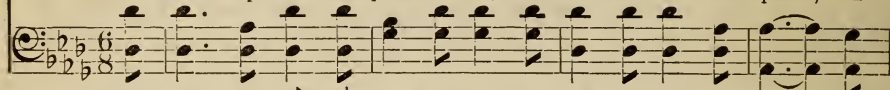
313. I Stand upon the Promises.

ETTA K. POPE.

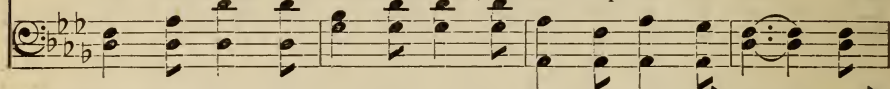
R. KELSO CARTER.



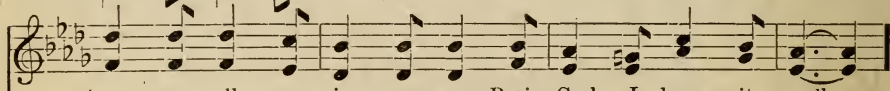
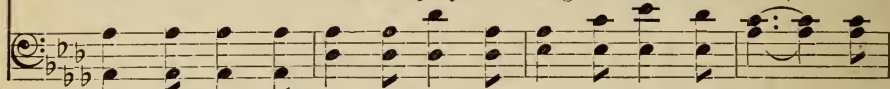
1. I stand up - on the prom - is - es, His word of truth to me, All
 2. I stand up - on the prom - is - es, To make and keep me pure: His
 3. I stand up - on the prom - is - es, When heart and flesh are weak; I
 4. I stand up - on the prom - is - es, So cer - tain and com - plete; I



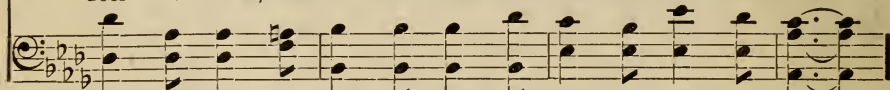
who be - lieve up - on His name, Shall saved and pardoned be. The
 grace in ev - 'ry hour of need, Will help me to en - dure; And
 lis - ten for the cheer - ing words, I know that He will speak; For
 bow be - side the Sav - iour's cross, And wor - ship at His feet. And



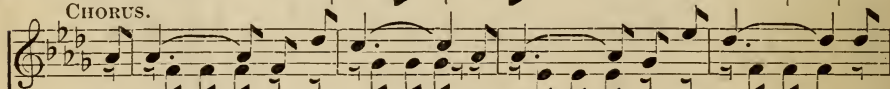
blood of Christ rolls o'er my soul, I feel its sur - ges swell, It
 when the storms and tempests beat, Their strength will not pre - vail; Tho'
 cleans - ing, par - don, life, and health, Are in the Sav - iour's blood; And
 there in hum - ble faith and prayer, I bring the loved and lost; I



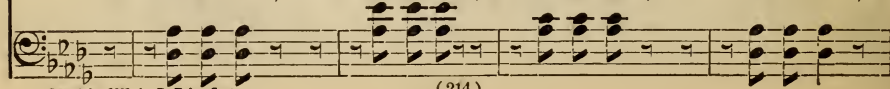
cleans - es all my sin a - way, Praise God I know it well.
 heaven and earth should pass a - way, His word can nev - er fail.
 for the weak - ness of my flesh, I have the strength of God.
 feel I know, that He will hear. And save them at the cross.

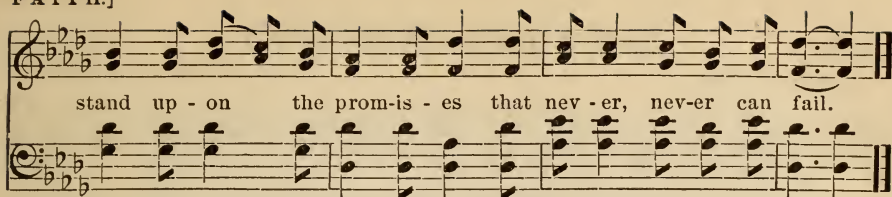


CHORUS.



I stand on the word, The word of the Lord, I
 on the word, on the word, of the Lord, of the Lord,

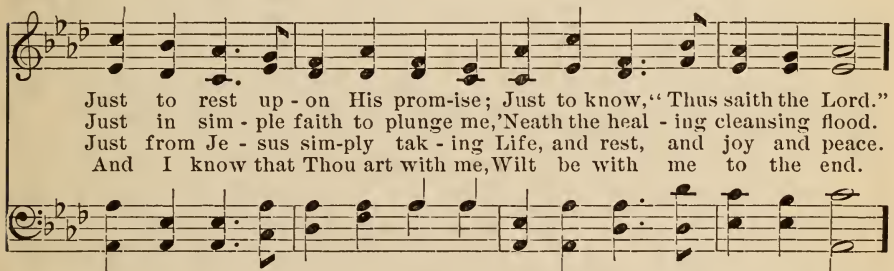
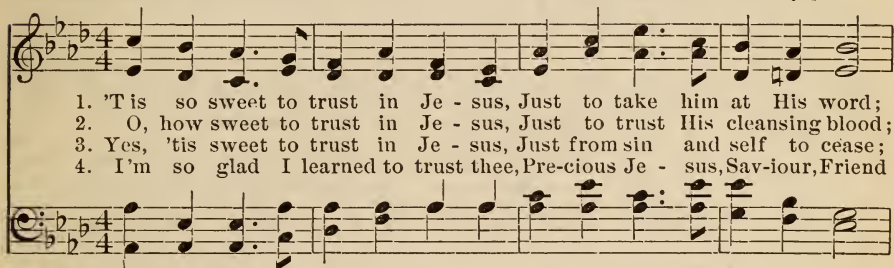




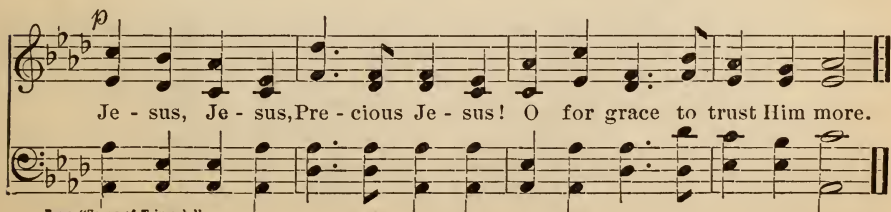
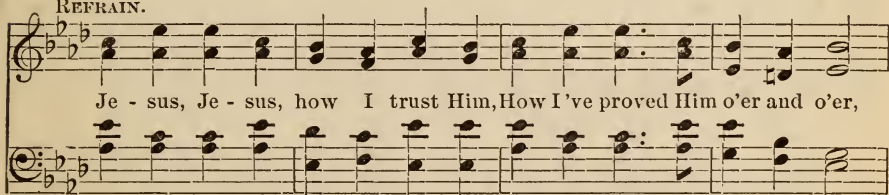
314. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



REFRAIN.

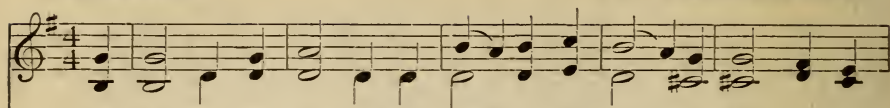


315.

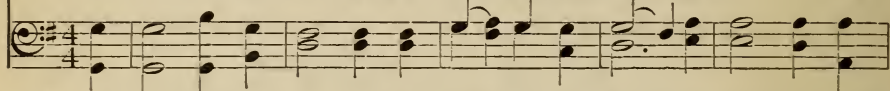
How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

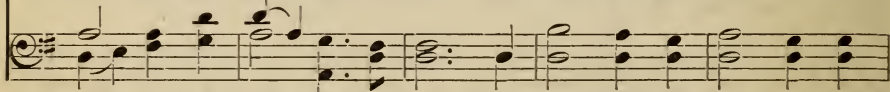
Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.



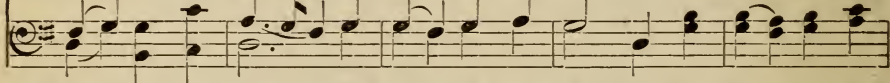
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When thro' tie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-



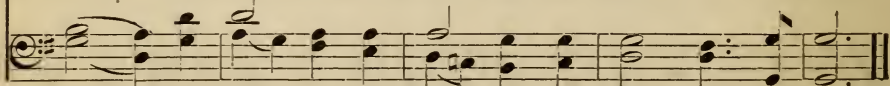
faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious om-ni-po-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-



fied? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.



- 5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
 for repose,


My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples That soul, though all hell should endeavor
 adorn, [borne. shake,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

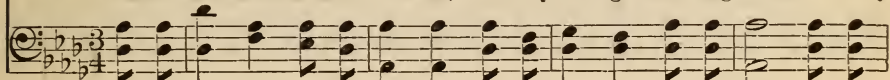
The Everlasting Arms.

A. B. S.

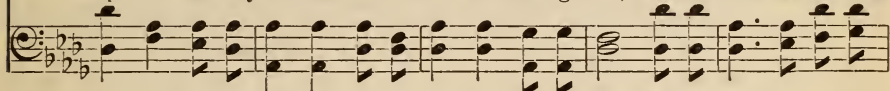
A. B. SIMPSON.



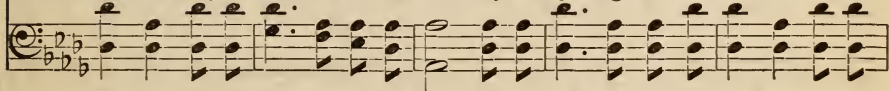
1. Art thou sunk in depths, of sor-row Where no arm can reach so low? There is
 2. Other arms grow faint and weary, These can never faint, nor fail, Others
 3. Un-der-neath us, O how eas-y We have not to mount on high, But to
 4. Arms to Je-sus! fold me clos-er, To Thy strong and loving breast, Till my



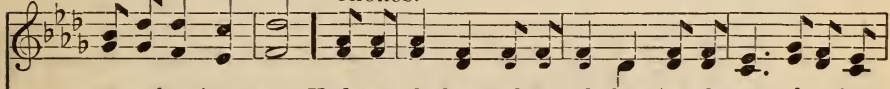
One whose arms almighty, Reach be-yond thy deepest woe. God th'Eternal is thy
 reach our mounts of blessing These our lowest loneliest vale. O that all might know His
 sink in-to His fullness, And in trustful-weakness lie. And we find our humbling
 spir-it on Thy bo-som Finds its ev-er-last-ing rest; And when time's last sands are



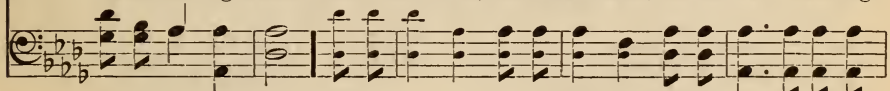
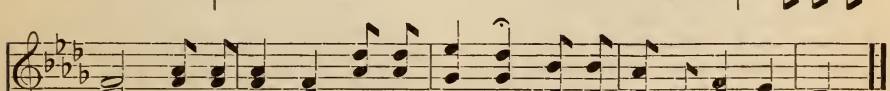
ref-uge, Let it still thy wild a-larms; Underneath thy deepest sor-row, Are the
 friendship! O that all might see His charms! O that all might have beneath them Jesus'
 fail-ures save us from the strength that harms, We may fail but underneath us, Are the
 sink-ing, Shield my heart from all alarms, Softly whispering, "Underneath Thee, Are the



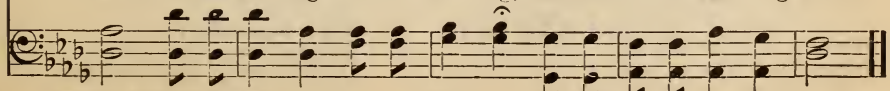
CHORUS.



ev-er-last-ing arms. Underneath thee, underneath thee, Are the ev-er-last-ing

arms, Ev-er-last-ing, Ev-er-last-ing, Are the ev-er-last-ing arms.



"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Ps. 25: 14.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
 tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of His love,
 Until all on the altar we lay;
 For the favor He shows,
 And the joy He bestows,
 Are for them who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at His feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do,
 Where He sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

318. Trust Him Today.

Tune, *Trust and Obey.*
 Malachi 3: 10.

1 In the strength of my King,
 To the storehouse I bring
 Every tithe that would keep me away
 From my Saviour and Friend,
 And the joy He doth send
 Unto all who will trust Him today.

CHORUS.

Trust Him today,
 His command now obey;
 In His love be made perfect,
 Fully trust Him today.

God Shall Supply Thy Need.

"My God shall supply all your need, according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus." Phil. iv: 19.
 Rev. FREDERICK W. FARR. E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. Lift up thy head thou toil-ing saint, Thy Father's prom-ise heed; He
 2. Shall He ob-serve the spar-row's fall, The ra-ven's nest-ling feed, Shall
 3. Ac-cord-ing to His boundless wealth In Christ the Lord, in - deed, For

giv-eth might un-to the faint, God shall sup-ply thy need.
 He not list-en to thy call? God shall sup-ply thy need.
 sick-ness He will give thee health, God shall sup-ply thy need.

CHORUS.

He will sup-ply thy need, He will, God shall sup-ply thy

need. . . Yes, all the way from earth to heaven, God shall supply thy need.
 He will,

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 If from His altar and His cross
 Thou wilt not e'er recede,
 No grace or glory shall be loss,
 God shall supply thy need.

5 His love inspires thy fleeting breath,
 His wounds, His sorrows plead;
 Oh, cling to Him in life and death,
 He will supply thy need.

Concluded from opposite page.

2 As before Him I kneel,
 In my heart I can feel
 Every doubt has been driven away;
 By His power divine,
 In this poor heart of mine
 He has perfected my love today.

3 Oh, the wondrous love!
 From the windows above
 He is pouring like showers of rain;
 While we do all His will,
 How our hearts He does fill!
 With love we can hardly contain.

PARKER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I'm more than con-q'r'r thro' His blood, Je - sus saves me now; I
 2. Be - fore the bat - tle lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now; Be -
 3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now; His
 rest be - neath the shield of God. Je - sus saves me now. I go a kingdom to ob -
 fore the boast - ing foe is dead, Je - sus saves me now. I win the fight tho' not be -
 prom - ise is c - nough for me, Je - sus saves me now. Tho' foes be strong and walls be
 tain, I shall thro' Him the vict'ry gain. Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me now.
 gun. I'll trust and shout, still marching on, Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me now.
 high, I'll shout, He gives the vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me now.

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. From "Songs of Perfect Love" by per.

4 Why should I ask a sign from God?
 Jesus saves me now;

Can I not trust the precious blood?
 Jesus saves me now.

Strong in His word I meet the foe,
 And, shouting, win without a blow,
 Jesus saves me now.

5 Should Satan come like 'whelming
 Jesus saves me now; [waves,
 Ere trials crush, my Father saves,
 Jesus saves me now.

He hides me till the storm is past,
 For me He tempers every blast,—
 Jesus saves me now.

I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

321

The Solid Rock.

*"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge." Ps. 94: 22. Key of G.

1 My hope is built on nothing-less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
 O, may I then in Him, be found;
 Drest in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne!

Seymour. 7s.

FROM CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



322. The Lord's time.

Is. lx: 22.

1 In His time! O precious word
Spoken by the glorious Lord,
Little one! leave all to me,
I will hasten it for thee.

2 In His time! the aching heart
E'en will lose its pain and smart;
And the thorn that wounds the feet
Shall give place to roses sweet.

3 In His time! the harvest hour
When the pruning days are o'er,
When the worthless twigs are gone,
Golden fruitage shall be borne.

4 In His time! the answered prayer,
Vanished all the load of care;
In His time! the crowning hour
When my Lord will come in power.

5 In His time! yes, precious word,
Spoken by my glorious Lord,
All I leave — aye, all to Thee,
Thou wilt hasten it for me.

C. L. HAMLEN.

2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer
leaf;
Yet, O forgive! I doubt not, tho' I fear,
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine un-
belief!"

3 Oh draw me nearer! for too far away,
The beamings of Thy brightness are
too brief,
While faith tho' fainting, still hath
strength to say,
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine un-
belief!"

J. S. B. MONSELL, L.L.D.

324. Say not. S. M.

Tune, Boylston, p. 7.

1 Say not, my soul, from whence
Can God relieve thy care?
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.

2 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed,
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.

3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

THOMAS A. LYNCH.

323. Lord, I believe.

Tune Eventide, p. 25.

1 Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine!
Thou art my joy — myself mine only
grief,— [shrine,
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine un-
belief!"

325. Thou thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

F. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadows cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
 I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!

CHORUS.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me,

What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

From "Songs of Refreshing," by per.

326. My God, the Spring. C. M.

Tune, *Mear*, p. 45.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!</p> <p>2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And Thou my rising sun.</p> <p>3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,</p> | <p>If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
 And whispers I am His.</p> <p>4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.</p> <p>5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.</p> |
|---|--|

ISAAC WATTS.

Risen with Christ.

Miss F. L. SHEPARD.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Rise with Thy ris-en Lord, As-cend with Christ a-bove, And in the heav'nlies
 2. Walk as a heav'n-ly race, Prin-ces of roy-al blood; Walk as the chil-dren
 3. Your full re-demp-tion rights With ho-ly bold-ness claim, And to its ut-most

walk with Him Whom seeing not, you love. Look on your tri-als here, As
 of the light. The sons and heirs of God. Fear not to take your place, With
 full-ness prove The pow'r of Je-sus' name. Your life is hid-den now, Your

He be-holds them now, Look on this world as it will seem When glory crowns your brow.
 Je-sus on the throne, And bid the pow'rs of hell and earth, His sovereign scepter own.
 glo-ry none can see, But when He comes His bride will shine, All glorious as He.

REFRAIN.

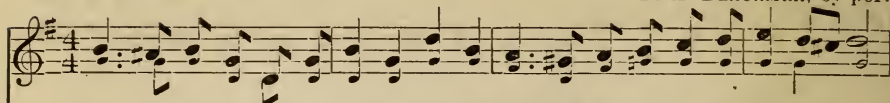
I am ris-en with Christ, I am dwelling above, I am walk-ing with Je-sus be-low, I am

shed-ding the light of His glo-ry and love, A-round me where-ev-er I go.

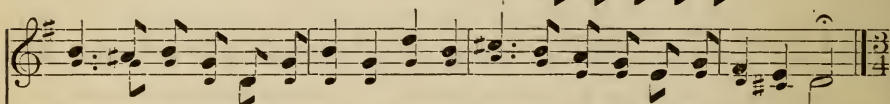
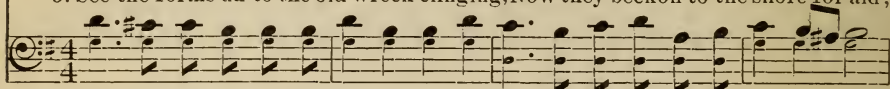
Suggested by the work of Messrs. Moody and Wooley in Boston, 1891.

F. A. B.

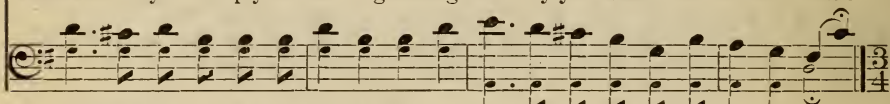
F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



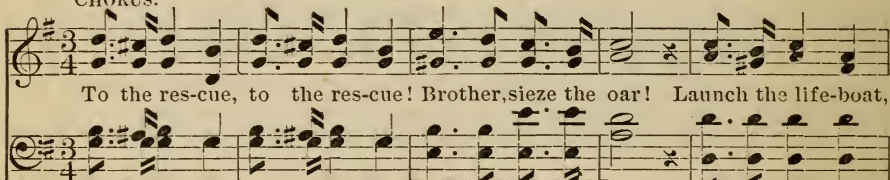
1. See! a sail a-mid the fearful breakers Yon-der, wav-ing sig-nals of dis-tress;
2. High -er, fierc-er yet the tem-pest ra-ges, Can the life-boat live in such a sea;
3. See the forms un-to the old wreck clinging, Now they beckon to the shore for aid;



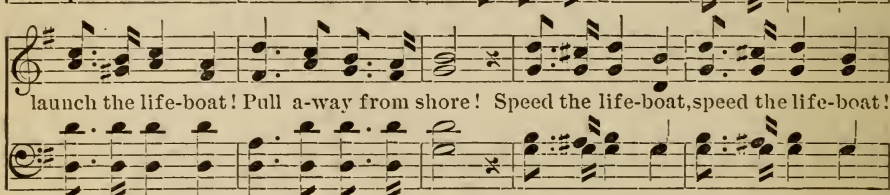
Haste! make read-y at the sav-ing sta-tion, Man the life-boat, praying God to bless!
Yes, for God who rules the storm, shall guide it Till im-per-illed souls in safe-ty be.
Now their cry for help your ears is greeting! Sure -ly you would not the call e-vade.



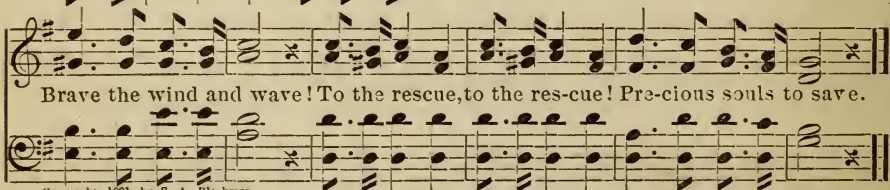
CHORUS.



To the res-cue, to the res-cue! Brother, sieze the oar! Launch the life-boat,



launch the life-boat! Pull a-way from shore! Speed the life-boat, speed the life-boat!



Brave the wind and wave! To the rescue, to the res-cue! Pre-cious souls to save.

Copyright, 1891, by F. A. Blackmer.

4 Sin is rampart and its billows raging,
And these human wrecks are every-
where;

Brother, do not lose a single moment!
Heaven's message to them quickly
bear.

5 Go and tell them Christ has died to
win them, [care;

Bid them cast on Him their load of
Bid them hope, tho' neath the wave now
sinking, [there.

Tell them Christ can save them even

A Little Talk With Jesus.

ANON.

Arr. for this Work.

1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The devil tries me hard; He uses all his
 2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy overhead, And trials of al-most
 3. When those who once were dearest friends Begin to persecute, And more who once pro-
 4. And thus, by fre-quent lit-tle talks, I gain the vic-tory; And march along with

migh-ty pow'r, My pro-gress to re-tard; He's up to ev-'ry move, And
 ev-'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How soon I con-quer all, As
 fessed to love, Have si-lent grown and mute; I tell Him all my grief, He
 cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib-er-ty; With Je-sus as my Friend, I'll

yet thro' all I prove A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.

God I al-ways find, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 CHORUS.

A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right; A

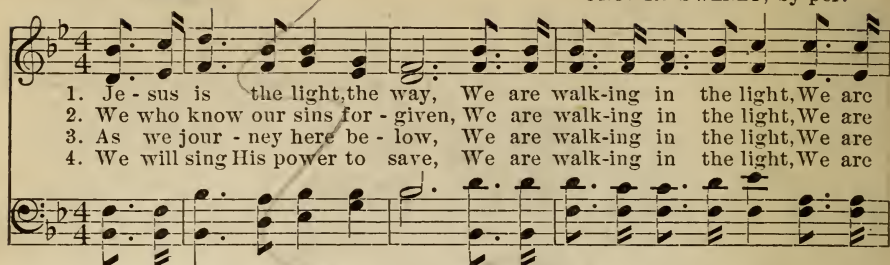
lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

330.

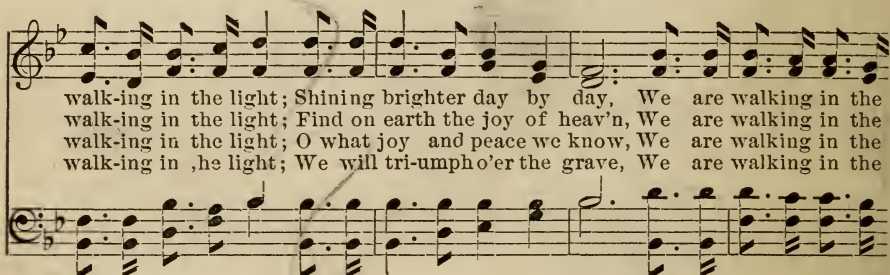
The Beautiful Light.

R. K. CARTER.

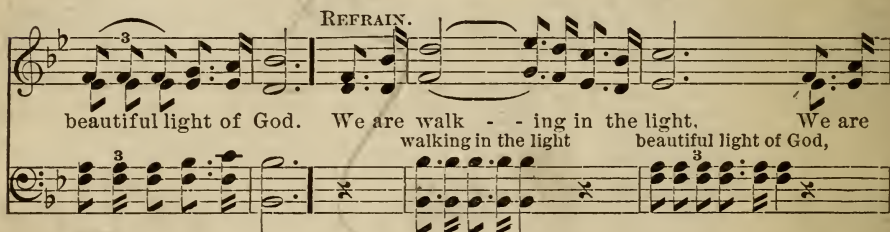
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



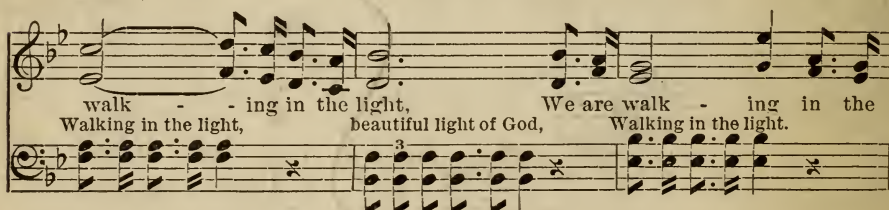
1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins for - given, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 4. We will sing His power to save, We are walk - ing in the light, We are



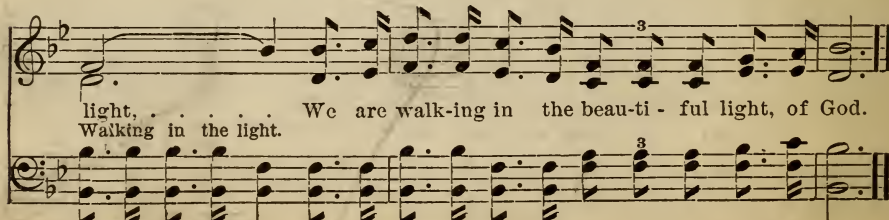
walk - ing in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; O what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; We will tri - umph o'er the grave, We are walking in the



REFRAIN.
 beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light. We are
 walking in the light beautiful light of God,



walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light.



light, . . . the light. We are walk - ing in the beau - ti - ful light, of God.
 Walking in the light.

The Blood-Washed Pilgrim.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Rev. J. MATTHIAS.

1. { I saw a blood-wash'd pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,
Temp - ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright,

Up - on the king's great high-way, With peace-ful, shin - ing face. }
He said, "The yoke is ea - sy, The bur - den, it is light." }

CHORUS.

Oh! palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic - to-ry I shall wear,

Copyright, 1886, by R. K. Carter.

2 His helmet was Salvation,
A simple Faith His shield,
And Righteousness His breast-plate;
The Spirit's sword he'd wield.
All fiery darts arrested,
And quenched their blazing flight;
He cried "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—CHO.

3 I saw Him in the furnace,
He doubted not, nor feared,
And in the flames beside Him
The Son of God appeared,
Though seven times 'twas heated
With all the tempter's might,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—CHO.

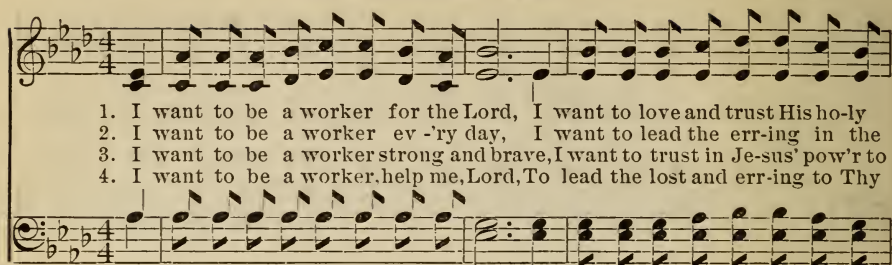
4 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, is so light."—CHO.

5 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.—CHO.

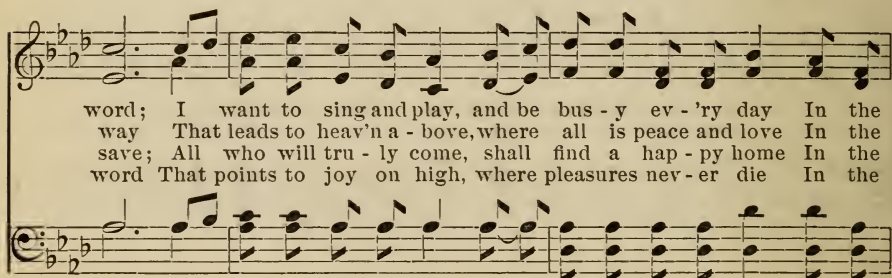
I. B.

"The laborers are few."—MATT. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

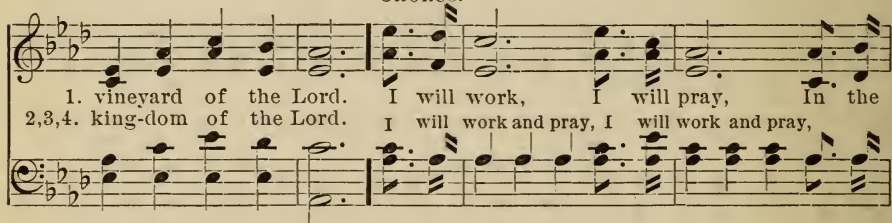


1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to Thy

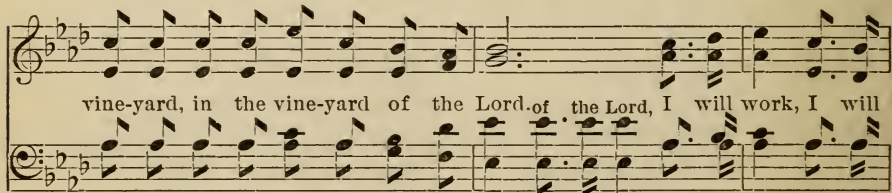


word; I want to sing and play, and be bus-y ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev-er die In the

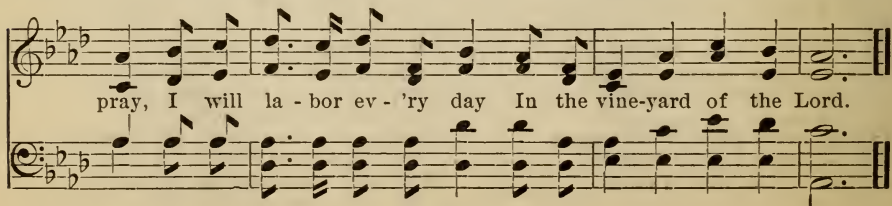
CHORUS.



1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2,3,4. king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord. of the Lord, I will work, I will



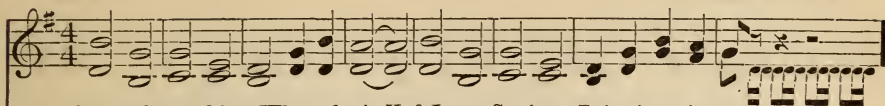
pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

The King of Glory.

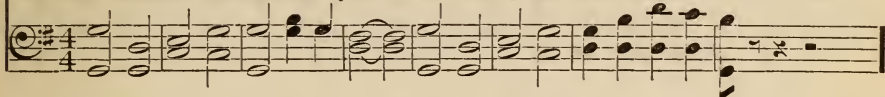
R. K. C.

Ps. xxiv.

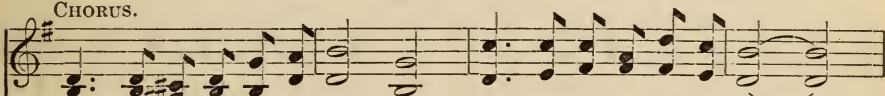
R. KELSO CARTER.



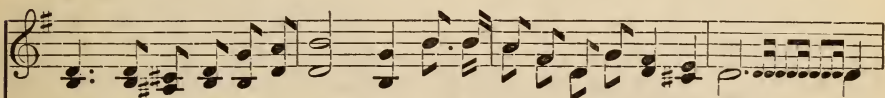
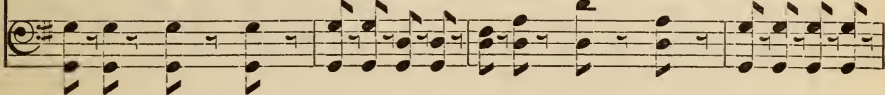
1. Onward marching, Who, who is He? Jesus, Saviour, Bringing victory.
2. Christian soldier, Follow the Lord; He will conquer, With His mighty sword.
3. Hills and mountains All pass away; But His promise Standeth day by day.
4. Blood-washed victors In ev'ry strife, We shall praise Him Round the tree of life.



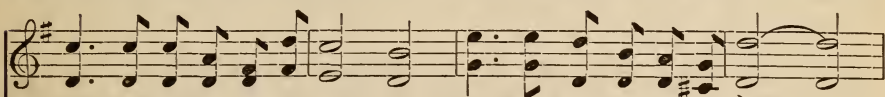
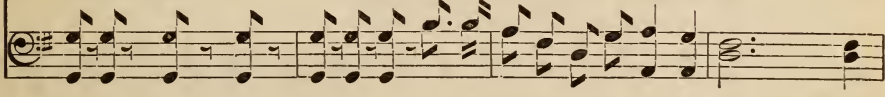
CHORUS.



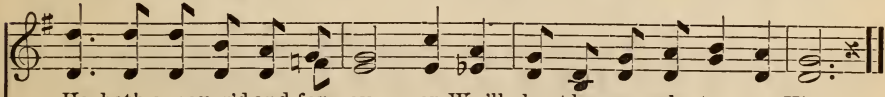
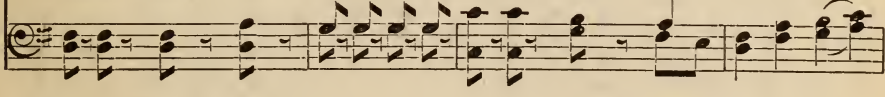
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly por - tals! Lift your heads, ye gates of pearl!
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly portals! Lift your heads, ye gates of pearl; For



Love and peace to err-ing mor - tals, On His banner now He doth unfurl. The
love and peace to err-ing men, On His ban-ner now He doth un - furl. The



King of glo - ry fail-eth nev - er, Praise Him while the heavens ring;
King of glo - ry fail-eth nev-er, Praise Him while the heavens ring;



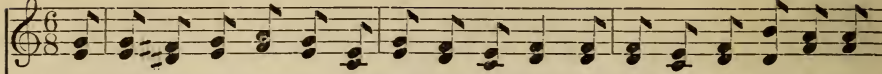
He hath conquer'd and for ev - er We'll shout ho-san-nah to our King.
He hath con - quered and we'll shouho - san - nah to our King.




334. Ye Servants of Jesus, Awake.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

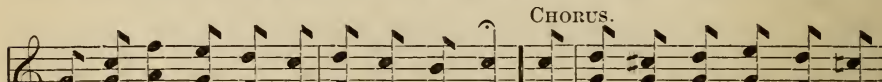


1. Ye servants of Je-sus, a-wake from your sleep, The fields are all golden, go
 2. Ye servants of Je-sus, go work with a will, Go reap-ers and gleaners His
 3. Ye servants of Je-sus, go work in His might, The sands are fast falling, soon

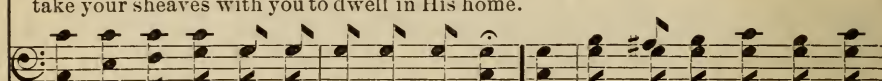
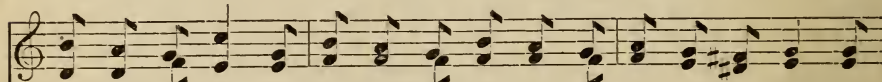


forth then and reap; The Mas-ter is call-ing for reap-ers to-day, A-gar-ner to fill; How dare you be i-dle so near to the field, That com-eth the night; Be read-y, be read-y when Je-sus says "come!" Go

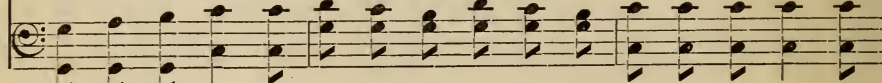
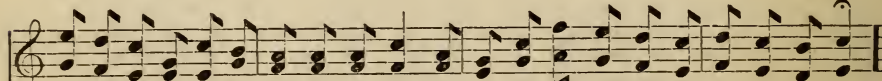
CHORUS.



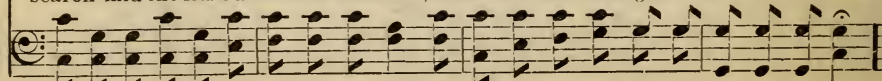
rouse ye, a-rouse, ye His words to o-bey. Go search 'mid the bri-ars and quickly would give you a glo-ri-ous yield. take your sheaves with you to dwell in His home.

un-der the leaves, There's room in His gar-ner for all of the sheaves; Go

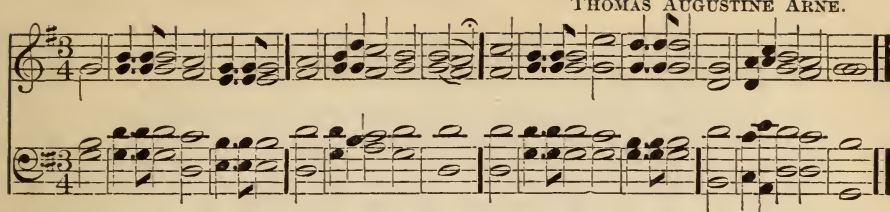



search 'mid the briars and under the leaves, There's room in His garner for all of the sheaves.



Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.



335. Faith sees the Final Triumph.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

ISAAC WATTS.

336. The Race for Glory.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowed with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

337. Missionary Hymn.

Tune, Contrast. p. 201.

1 Let us go to the dusky Hindoo,
Who is bowing to wood and to stone;
Let us tell him the news 'twas for you,
That Jesus abandoned His throne.
Let us go to the isles of the sea,
Where the Cannibal thirsteth for blood,
And the Savage shall hear such as he
May plunge in the soul-cleansing flood.

2 Let us go to the regions of ice,
Where the Esquimaux dwells in the cold,
Tell him Jesus has bought with a price,
The souls that for naught have been sold.
Let us go unto Africa's race,
Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands,
And Egypt shall hear of His grace,
Be loosed from her sin and her bands.

3 Let us go to the busy Chinese,
To the Empire of lovely Japan;
Let us go everywhere — o'er all seas,
Wherever there dwelleth a man.
Let us go through our own christian lands,
Where churches and bibles abound;
Let us stretch to the lost helping hands,
And tell what a Saviour we've found.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

338.

We are Marching On.

Words and music by D. W. CRIST, by per.

Lively.

1. We are marching on with sword and bat-tle shield, We are marching on to
 2. We are marching on to reach the shin-ing shore, We are marching on to
 3. We are marching on with hap - py hearts and light, We are marching on re-
 4. We've a Captain true, He holds the stand-ard high, And we shout a - loud, our

conquer, not to yield, We are marching on, we're bound to take the field, We are
 rest when life is o'er, And we'll ne'er be wea - ry, faint or thirst-y more, For we're
 joic-ing in the right, Proudly pressing on, the foremost in the fight, Glad-ly
 en - e - my de-fy, He will lead us on, we'll con-quer by and by, And go

CHORUS.

marching on for Je-sus. Marching on, marching on, Marching on, marching
 marching home to Je-sus.
 marching on for Je-sus. marching on, marching on, marching on,
 home to dwell with Jesus.
 on, marching on, marching on, We are marching on for Je - sus.
 marching on, marching on, marching on,

Copyright, 1889, by D. W. Crist.

339.

He Leadeth Me.

Key D.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 't is His hand that leadeth me!

CHO.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me:
 By His own hand He leadeth me:
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine,
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 't is my God that leadeth me!

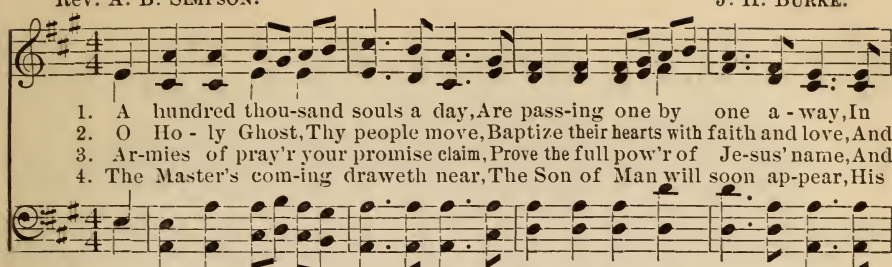
(232)

J. H. GILMORE.

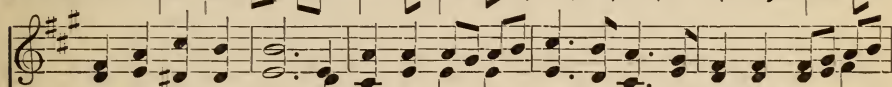
A Missionary Cry.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

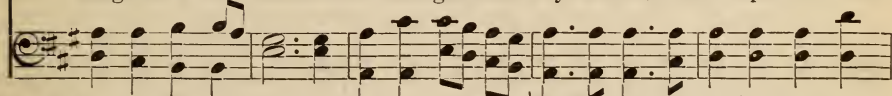
J. H. BURKE.



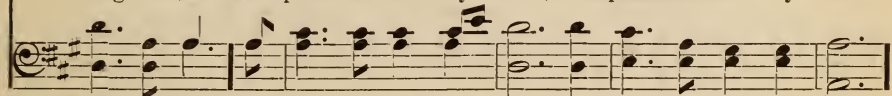
1. A hundred thou-sand souls a day, Are pass-ing one by one a-way, In
 2. O Ho-ly Ghost, Thy people move, Baptize their hearts with faith and love, And
 3. Ar-mies of pray'r your promise claim, Prove the full pow'r of Je-sus' name, And
 4. The Master's com-ing draweth near, The Son of Man will soon ap-pear, His



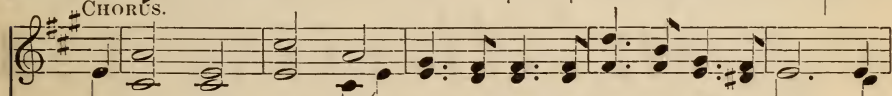
Christless guilt and gloom. Without one ray of hope or light, With future dark as
 con-secrate their gold. At Je-sus feet their millions pour, And all their ranks u-
 take the vic-to-ry. Your conqu'ring Captain leads you on, The glorious fight may
 Kingdom is at hand. But ere that glorious day can be, This Gos-pel of the



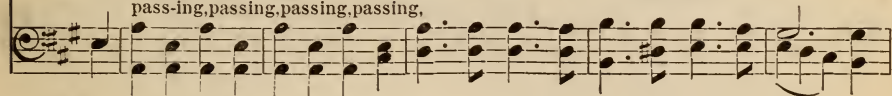
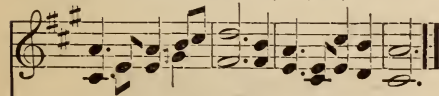

end-less night, They're passing to their doom, They're passing to their doom.
 nite once more, As in the days of old, As in the days of old.
 still be won, This ver-y cen-tu-ry, This ver-y cen-tu-ry.
 King-dom, we Must preach in ev-'ry land, Must preach in ev-'ry land.



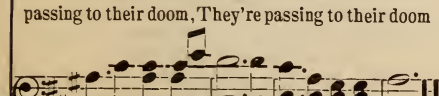
CHORUS.



They're pass-ing, pass-ing fast a-way, In thousands day by day, They're
 pass-ing, passing, passing, passing,

passing to their doom, They're passing to their doom



5 O let us then His coming waste,
 O let us end this awful waste
 Of souls that never die.
 A thousand millions still are lost,
 A Saviour's blood has paid the cost,
 O, hear their dying cry.

6 They're passing, passing fast away,
 A hundred thousand souls a day,
 In Christless guilt and gloom,
 O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say
 When in the awful judgment day,
 They charge thee with their doom?

341.

The Volunteer's Song.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. A cry comes up from the dark-ness, A wail of ag-o-o-ny rolls
 2. Oh, who can tell this sal-va-tion? The judgment thun-der rolls;
 3. Oh, who will go to the res-cue? The world mere pit-tan-ces doles;
 4. From east to west we will tell it, To all men between the poles;

Thro' the night of sin, in this world of ours, 'Tis the cry of per-ish-ing souls.
 Who will bear the news of redemp-tion down To the helpless per-ish-ing souls.
 'Tis the Christian sav'd by redeem-ing love Who must help the perishing souls.
 We can tell it best, we who feel it most, For we were per-ish-ing souls.

CHORUS.

Are you saved? ful-ly saved? Has Je-sus wash'd your sins away, a-way?
 are you saved? ful-ly saved?

Then work, brother, work; the night is coming on; Oh, work, work for souls to-day.

Copyright, 1890, by R. Kelso Carter.

342. Be Watchful. S. M.

Tune, Laban, p. 244.

1 My soul, be on thy guard
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains. 7s, 6s.

MASON.



343. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamb of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds. His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock!

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale and plain 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere!

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

344.

The Sower.

Tune, *Laban*, p. 244

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land!

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,

HEBER.

345. Prayer for Light..

Tune, *McKendree*, p. 163

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, Thyself revealing;
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
Thou, of life and light creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O thou God of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

CHAS. WESLEY, 1745.

346. The Christian Mission War Song.

WELCH AIR.

1. { Chris-tian, rouse thee! War is rag-ing, God and fiends are bat-tle wag-ing,
Dare ye still lie fond-ly dreaming, Wrapt in ease and world-ly scheming,
2. { Lord, we come, and from Thee never, Self nor earth our hearts shall sev-er,
To a world of reb-els dy-ing, Heav-en, and hell, and God defying,
3. { Hark! I hear the warriors shouting, Now the hosts of hell we're routing;
See the foe be-fore us fall-ing, Sin-ner's on the Sav-iour call-ing.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r en-gag-ing, Break the tempter's spell, } Thro' the world re-
While the mul-ti-tudes are streaming Downwards in-to hell? }
Thine en-tire-ly, Thine for ev-er, We will fight and die.
Ev - 'ry-where we'll still be cry-ing, "Will ye per-ish—why?" }
Cour-age! onward! nev-er doubt-ing, We shall win the day. }
Throwing off the bond-age gall-ing—Join our glad ar-ray. }

sounding, Let the gos-pel sounding, Summon all at Je-sus' call, His
glorious cross sur-rounding. Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless,
but be-liev-ing, To your conqu'ring Captain cleaving, For-ward to the fight.

347.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
 3. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundation's quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,

CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
 Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King.
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

348.

Strike! Strike for Victory.

1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the Lord, Hop-ing in His mer-cy,
 2. What tho' rag-ing li - ons Meet us on the way, Zionward we're marching,
 3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the cross Sac - ri - fic - ing pleasure,
 4. Hand to hand u - nit - ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching,

Trusting in His word; Lift the gos-pel ban - ner High a - bove the world;
 Toward the gates of day; Ev - er pressing on - ward, Onward to the light,
 Glo - ry - ing in loss; Bind the hel-met strong-er, Tighter grasp the sword;
 Till our journey's done, Till we see the an - gels Come in glo-ry down,

CHORUS.
 Let its folds of beau-ty Ev - er be un - furled. Strike! strike for vic-t'ry,
 Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
 Conq'ring and to con-quer, Bat-tle for the Lord.
 With the shining garments And the vic-tor's crown.

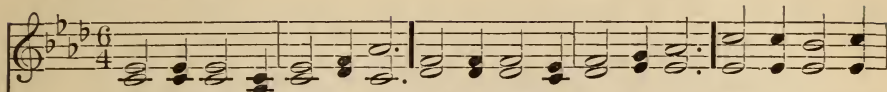
War-riors bold; Strike! till the vic - t'ry You be - hold; Strike! strike for

vic - t'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glo - ry, Ev - er - more.

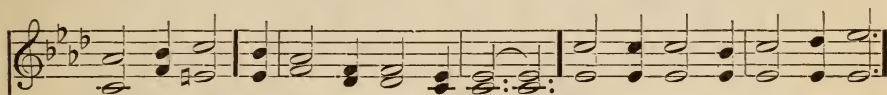
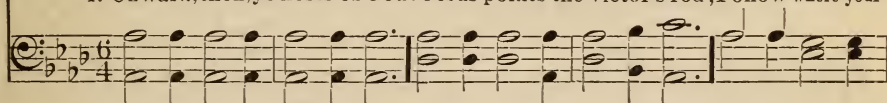
Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY.

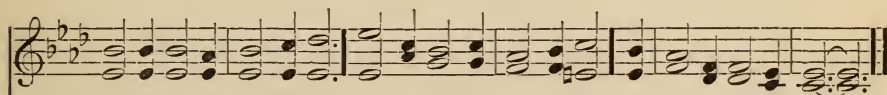
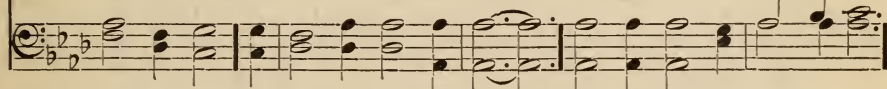
Tune, CALEDONIA, 7, 7, 7, 6.



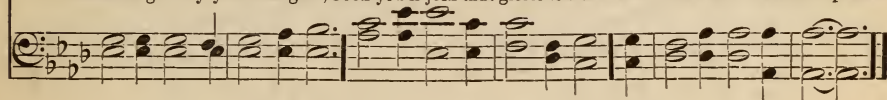
1. Sol-diers of the cross a-rise ! Lo ! your Leader from the skies Waves before you
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin, Strive the victor's
3. Je-sus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell ; Now He leads you
4. Onward, then, ye hosts of God ! Jesus points the victor's rod ; Follow where your



glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry. Seize your ar - mor, gird it on ;
 palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord. Gird ye on the armor bright,
 on to swell The triumphs of His cross. Though all earth and hell ap-pear,
 Lead-er trod ; You soon shall see His face. Soon, your en - e - mies all slain,



Now the battle will be won ; See, the strife will soon be done ; Then struggle manfully.
 Warriors of the King of Light, Never yield nor lose by flight Your divine re-ward.
 Who will doubt, or who can fear ? God, our strength and shield is near ; We cannot lose our cause.
 Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain, Soon you'll join that glorious train Who shout their Saviour's praise.



350. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Key F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming ;
 Work, through the morning hours ;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work, in the glowing sun,
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store,
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

351.

Come On, My Partners. C. P. M.

1. Come on, my part - ners in dis-tress, My comrades thro' the wil - der -

ness, Who still your bod - ies feel, Who still your bod - ies feel;

A while for-get your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears. To

that ce - les - tial hill, To that ce - les - tial hill, To
To that ce - les - tial hill, To that ce - les - tial
that ce - les - tial hill. To that ce - les - tial hill.

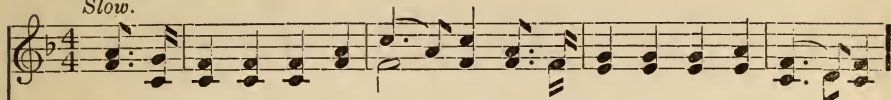
that To that ce - les - tial hill.
hill, To that ce - les - tial hill. (240)

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

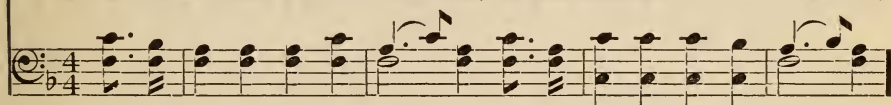
352. By the Grace of God, I'll Meet You.

R. KELSO CARTER.

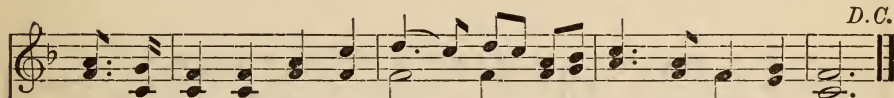
A. A.

Slow.

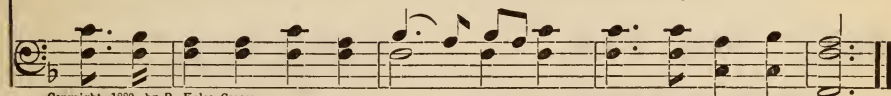
1. We are march-ing on to glo - ry, We are march-ing on to glo - ry,
 2. We must pass thro' trib-u - la - tion, We must pass thro' trib-u - la - tion,
 3. In the world we're o-ver-com - ers, In the world we're o-ver - com - ers,



CHO.—By the grace of God I'll meet you, By the grace of God I'll meet you.



- We are march-ing on to glo - ry, Re-deemed by Je - sus' blood.
 We must pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, Re-deemed by Je - sus' blood.
 In the world we're o - ver - com - ers, Re-deemed by Je - sus' blood.



Copyright, 1889, by R. Kelso Carter.

By the grace of God I'll meet you, On Canaan's hap - py shore.

- 4 We will follow where He leadeth,
 We will follow where He leadeth,
 We will follow where He leadeth,
 Redeemed by Jesus' blood.

- 5 In His name we'll surely conquer,
 In His name we'll surely conquer,
 In His name we'll surely conquer,
 Redeemed by Jesus' blood.

Concluded from opposite page.

- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before His face appear,
 And by His side sit down;
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice bless'd, bliss-inspiring hope!
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead;

- Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.

- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.

C. WESLEY.

Webb. 7s, 6s.

G. J. WEBB, 1830.



353. Webb. 7s & 6s.

He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr., 1858.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you —
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor.
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
'The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;

354. The City of God.

Tune, McKendree, p 163

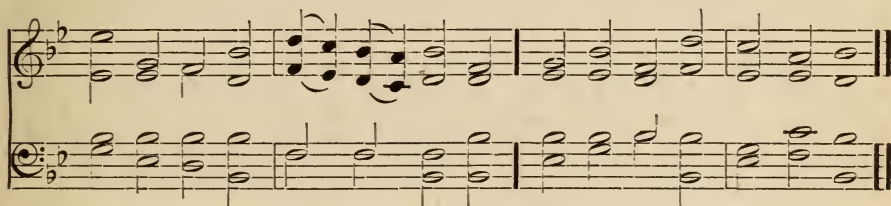
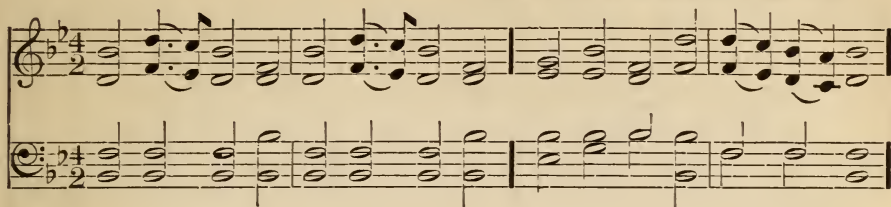
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply Thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1786-1826



355. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

EccL. xi. 1.

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll;
They but aid thee as thou toilest,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

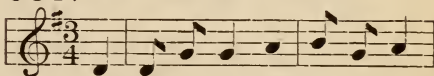
Mrs. J. H. HANAFORD, ab. 1852.

And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

357. My Days are Gliding.



1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Let sorrows rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever.

REV. DAVID NELSON.

356. For Watchfulness.

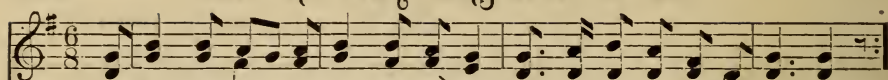
Tune, Laban, p. 244.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

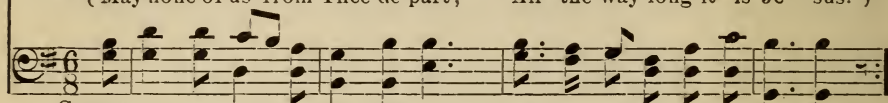
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil.—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;

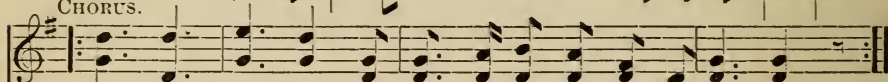
358. All the way long it is Jesus.



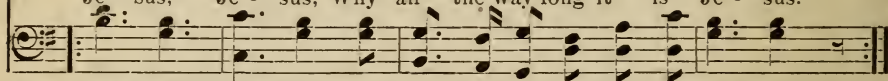
1. { O good old way, How sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus; }
 { May none of us from Thee de-part; All the way long it is Je - sus. }



CHORUS.

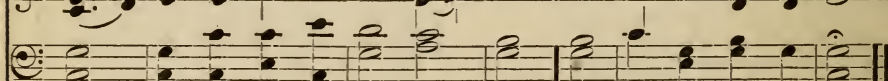
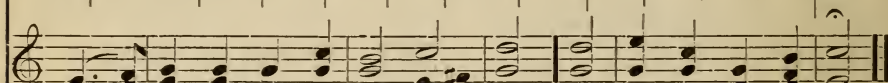
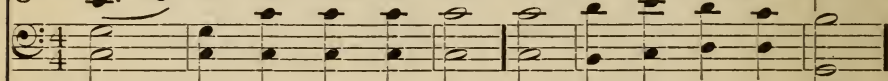
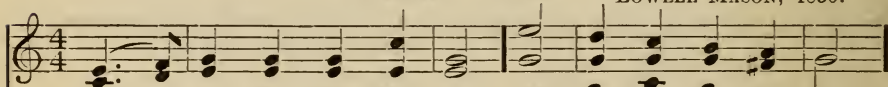


Je - sus, Je - sus, Why all the way long it is Je - sus.



- 2 But may our actions always say 3 This note above the rest shall swell,
 We're marching in the good old way. That Jesus doeth all things well.

Laban. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



359. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Tune, Oneard Christian Soldiers, p. 237.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ers onward.
To their home on high;
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way. | Keep us mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way, |
| CHORUS.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ers onward,
To their home on high. | 3 All our days direct us,
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over ev'ry foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour. |
| 2 Jesus, Lord, and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray, | 4 Then with saints and angels,
May we join above,
Offering endless praises,
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty;
Songs that never cease. |

Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER.

Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John xv: 3.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
 3. While its hosts cry "ho-san - na", from heav-en de-scend-ing, With go - ri - fied
 4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an - gels at - tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

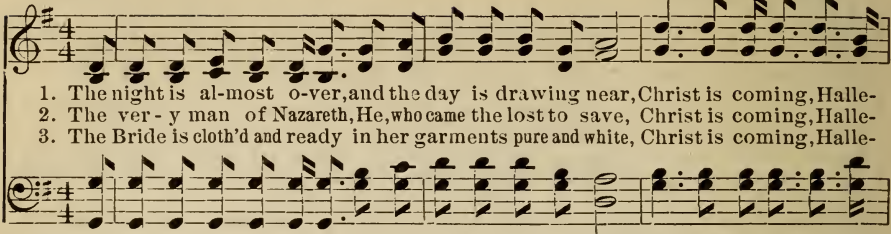
turn-eth, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

361.

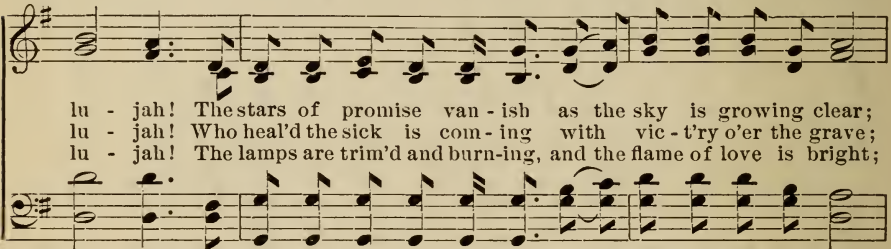
The Night is Almost Over.

R. K. C.

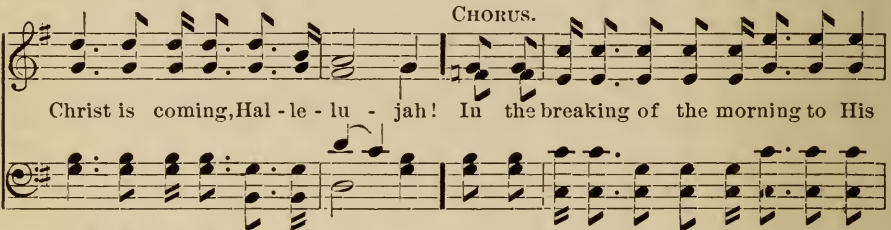
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. The night is al-most o-ver, and the day is drawing near, Christ is coming, Halle-
 2. The ver-y man of Nazareth, He, who came the lost to save, Christ is coming, Halle-
 3. The Bride is cloth'd and ready in her garments pure and white, Christ is coming, Halle-




lu - jah! The stars of promise van-ish as the sky is growing clear;
 lu - jah! Who heal'd the sick is com-ing with vic-t'ry o'er the grave;
 lu - jah! The lamps are trim'd and burn-ing, and the flame of love is bright;

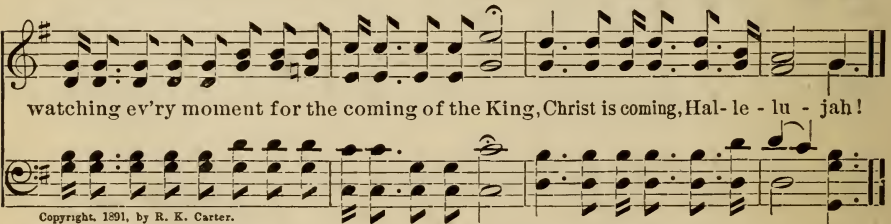


CHORUS.

Christ is coming, Hal-le-lu - jah! In the breaking of the morning to His



promise-es we cling; With the wedding march of Jesus heaven's vaulted arches ring; We are



watching ev'ry moment for the coming of the King, Christ is coming, Hal-le-lu - jah!

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

- 4 The rocks and hills are trembling, and the heavens flee away,
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah! [tion day;
 The elements dissolving in the resurrec-
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah!
- 5 We'll rise from earth to meet Him for we know it by His word;
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah! [the Lord;
 And then we'll be forever, yes forever with
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah!

A Little While.

R. K. C.

Haggai ii: 6-9.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Lift your heads, O broth - ers, heark - en! Lift your heads, the day draws
 2. He shall shake the earth and heav - en, Shake the land and shake the
 3. Nev - er mind if shad - ows dark - en, Nev - er fear if foes are

near For the com-ing of the King-dom, When our Je - sus shall ap - pear.
 sea, Fill the lat-ter house with glo - ry; Come and reign e - ter - nal - ly.
 strong, Lift your heads and shout ho-san-nah! Praise the Lord! it won't be long.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! it won't be long, Till we see His ten - der, lov - ing

smile, Brothers, shout! lift up your heads, Praise the Lord it is a lit - tle

while, Brothers, shout! lift up your heads; Praise the Lord! it is a lit - tle while.

Copyright, 1886, by R. K. Carter.

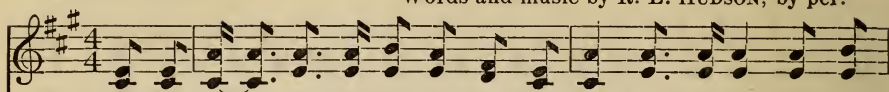
- 4 Sound an anthem in your sorrows,
 Build a fortress of your fears;
 Throw a halo round your trials,
 Weave a rainbow of your tears.

- 5 Lift your heads, the morning breaketh;
 Praise the Lord! from all that's vile;
 Jesus comes to give deliverance,
 It is but a little while.

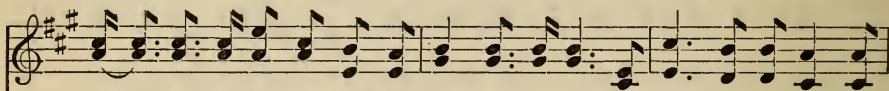
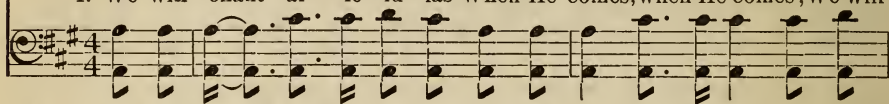
363.

Behold the Bridegroom.

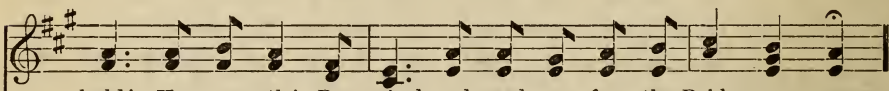
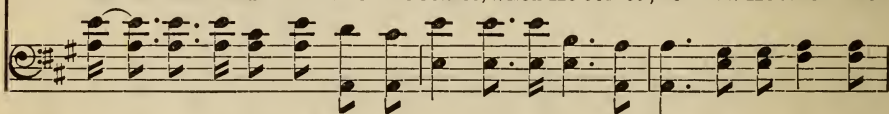
Words and music by R. E. HUDSON, by per.



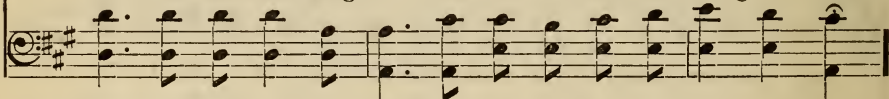
1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; We will



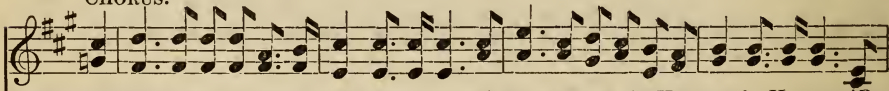
ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Behold! He cometh! Be-
lamps trimmed and burn-ing When He comes, when He comes; He quickly cometh, be
all go out to meet Him, when He comes, when He comes; He surely cometh! He
chant al - le-lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; Lo! now He cometh! Lo!



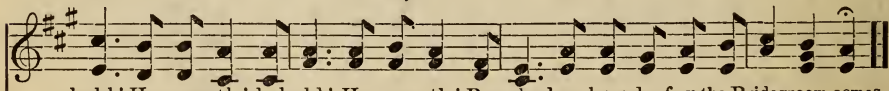
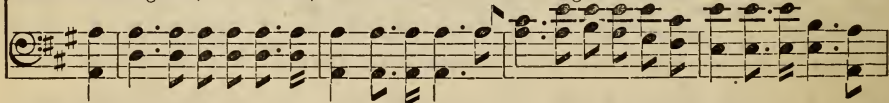
hold! He com-eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick - ly com-eth, O soul! be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes.
now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



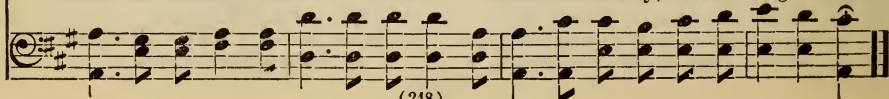
CHORUS.



Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Be-



hold! He cometh! behold! He cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.



364. The King's Wedding March.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Saints a - rise! in grace a - bound-ing, Hark! the wedding march is sound - ing;
 2. In the sky His flam-ing ban - ner, Lift your heads and shout ho-san - nah!
 3. Trumpets sounding, sev-en thun-ders, Op'n-ing heav-ens, crowning won-ders;
 4. March-ing legions, heavens trem - ble, Sol-diers of the cross as - sem - ble!

Read the times with quick dis-cern-ing, See the signs of Christ's re-turn - ing.
 Trump of God the tid-ings sum-meth, Saints, be-hoid! the Bridegroom cometh!
 Ush - er in the con-su - ma - tion, Mys-tery, merged in rev - e - la - tion.
 Lightnings sig-nal, thunders drum-ming, Wheel in line, THE KING is com - ing.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, quick-ly come! Bless-ed hope, oh, wondrous sto - ry,

Je - sus and the coming glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! O Lord, quick-ly come!

365.

The Hope of the Ages.

[THE LORD'S COMING.]

R. KELSO CARTER.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. Je - sus comes, He comes in glo - ry, Ech-oes thro' the a - ges hoar - y;
 2. Je - sus comes, the dead are waking, Earth with mental pangs is quak - ing;
 3. Je - sus comes, in clouds de-scend-ing, Sin re-straining, sor-row end - ing;
 4. Je - sus comes, all things re-stor - ing, Cry a-loud, His grace im - plor - ing;

Jesus comes!
 Blessed hope and thrill-ing sto - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
 Stars are fall - ing, heav-ens shak - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
 Broken ties for - ev - er mend - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
 Bow the knee, the King a - dor - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

CHORUS.
 Hope of all . . . the a - ges past, . . . King of kings, . . . He comes at
 Blessed hope, Blessed hope, King of kings,

last. Je - sus comes. Up, ye saints of God a - wak - ing! See the

morn - ing light is break-ing! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

Hail Thou Coming King.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. xxiv: 7.

By M. W. BATCHELDER.

D. C. WRIGHT, by per.

1. Hail, Thou com - ing King of Glo - ry, Hail, O bright, pro - pi - tious
 2. Who, who is the King of Glo - ry? Prince, Im-man - uel, Son of
 3. Yes, we greet you, ye redeemed ones, In that bless - ed choir a -
 4. Hast - en Lord, Thy blest ap - pear - ing, Wide those heav - enly gates un -

day, When those pearl - y gates are lift - ed, We'll be like our Lord al - way.
 God, Who hath purchased our re - demp - tion With His own most precious blood.
 above, Soon we'll share your ho - ly rap - ture, Ev - er chant - ing wondrous love,
 fold, King of Glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Ev - er - more Thy tem - ple hold.

CHORUS.

We shall see Him in His beau - ty, With the great host gone be -

fore; King of Kings. He reigns vic - to - rious, Great High Priest, for - ev - er - more.

367. Oh, the Glad Home-Coming.

A. B. S.

HOME LONGING AND HOME COMING.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I am wait-ing for the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am
 2. I am let-ting go the pleasures and the treasures, worldlings prize, I am
 3. I am hast-ing on the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am

long-ing for the gath'ring of the ransomed o-ver there; I am put-ting on the
 lay-ing up my treasures and am-bi-tions in the skies; I am set-ting my af-
 sending forth the gos-pel of the King-dom every-where; I am warn-ing saints and

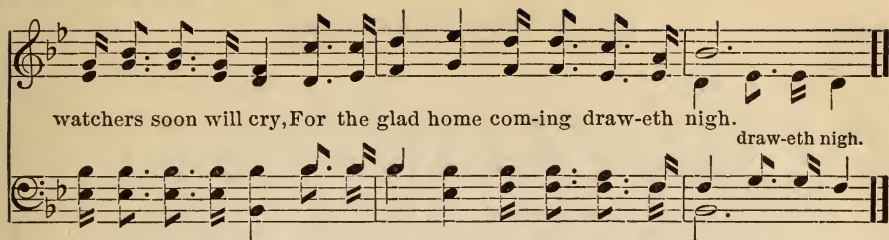
garments which the Heavenly Bride shall wear, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.
 fectious where there are no broken ties, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.
 sinners, for the summons to pre-pare, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.

CHORUS.

Oh, the glad home-com-ing, It is swift-ly draw-ing nigh; Oh, the

sad home longing will be o-ver bye and bye. Lo! the Bridegroom cometh, holy

THE LORD'S COMING.] \



4 I am watching for the rising of the morning star's first ray,
In my heart its beams have risen as the harbinger of day;
Christ in me the hope of glory, every moment seems to say,
"Lo! the glad home-coming draweth nigh."

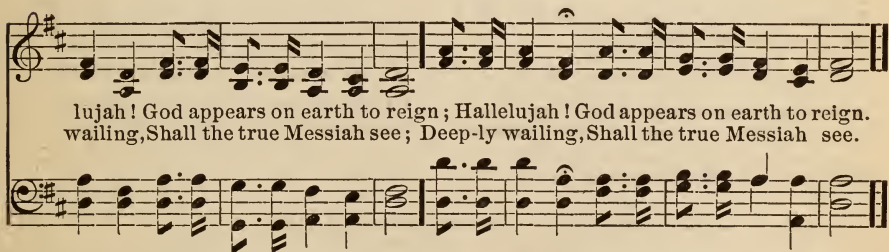
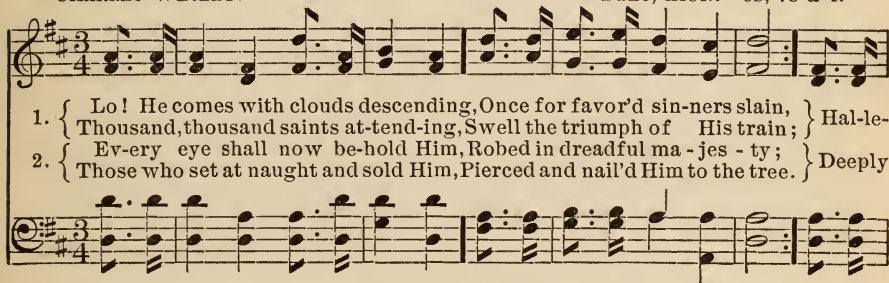
5 Oh, the joy of meeting Jesus and the loved ones gone before!
Oh, to be where sin and sorrow, pain and sickness come no more;
All my heart is turning ever to that everlasting shore,
Where the glad home-coming draweth nigh.

368.

Lo! He Comes.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune, ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.



3 All the tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make Thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

369.

Hark! Ten Thousand.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.

FINE.

1. { Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove; }
 Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, }
 2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens, All a - bove, and gives it worth; }
 Lord of life, Thy smile en - lightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth. }

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

D. C.

See He sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone;
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di-vine;
 See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je-sus rules the world a-lone;
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di-vine;

3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine
 Happy objects of Thy grace, [own;
 Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

THOMAS KELLY, ab. 1804.

370.

In a Little While.

Tune Hendon, p. 257.

1 "Little while" what doth that mean,
 Age on ages roll between;
 Lord! Thy going and return,
 What hast Thou for me to learn?

2 "Little while," how long it seems
 From earth's partings, fading dreams—
 To the time when Thou wilt come
 Bringing all Thy ransomed home.

3 "Little while," how short the time
 From the cross to life sublime;
 Scarcely had they dried their tears,
 When, behold! their Lord appears.

4 "Little while," oh, yes, I know
 Heaven and earth and all below,
 Soon will join in glad some song
 Praise to God — The Lord has come.

C. L. HAMLEN.

Music on opposite page.

4 Ye who have the oil of wisdom,
 Are you ready now to-day?
 Are you watching for the Bridegroom?
 Waiting to be called away?
 If not ready, hasten quickly,
 To prepare, make no delay;
 Hear the cry, "Behold, He cometh!"
 Sounding in your ears to-day.

5 With what joy shall we behold Him,
 When He comes to take His Bride,
 To the mansions of His glory,
 Pardoned, cleansed and sanctified;
 Oh, the happy, joyful meeting!
 Come, come quickly, dearest Lord!
 For Thy coming, I am waiting,
 Living on Thy precious word.

371. Ready and Waiting.

Altered and arr. by R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Chris-tian vir-gins, are you read - y, The glad summons to o - bey?
 2. Have you on the wedding gar-ment? Are your robes made white and clean?
 3. Are you sealed up on your foreheads? Do your hearts His impress bear?

Are you watch-ing, are you wait - ing, Standing stead-fast by the way?
 Are they pure with snowy white - ness? Wash'd in Je - sus' blood from sin.
 Does the bri-dal gift a - dorn you, That His love may be our share?

Are your lamps all burn-ing bright-ly, Filled with oil and neat-ly trimmed?
 Are your hearts re - joic-ing great-ly, That the Bridegroom cometh soon?
 Do you fol - low close-ly to Him, Thro' the des - ert paths be - low,

Are you hold-ing them be - fore you, That your vis-ion be not dimmed?
 Does the glad-ness of His glo - ry Fill your souls at night and noon?
 Where so - e'er the Lamb doth lead you, Do you fol-low high and low?

CHO. Chris - tian vir-gins, are you read - y, Watch-ing till the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Ready, Ready, Ready, Ready, Ready now and waiting till He comes.
 ready, ready, ready, ready,

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372. When All the Saints get Home.

R. KELSO CARTER.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. There's a glad day com-ing, by and bye, A day that will sure-ly
 2. What a day of rapture that will be! We'll gath-er no more to
 3. When the sign of the com-ing Son of Man Shall flash thro' the heav-en's

come; When the ransom'd throng shall u-nite in song, When all the saints get home.
 roam; All our wand'rings o'er, we shall part no more, When all the saints get home.
 dome, How the Bride will rejoice at the Bridegroom's voice, When all the saints get home.

CHORUS.

When all the saints get home to glo-ry, When all the saints get home; His

prais-es we'll sing till the heav-ens ring, When all the saints get home.

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373. Millennial Hymn.

Tune, Harwell, p. 254.

1 Hark, the joyful anthem sounding
 From the ransomed far and wide!
 Faithful hearts with bliss are bounding,
 Praising Him, the Crucified!
 Banish now all tones of sadness,
 Bring fresh flowers to strew His way;
 Let your mourning turn to gladness,
Jesus reigns through endless day!

2 Hail, the grand prophetic warning!
Christ returns to bless His own!
 Hail, the great Millennial morning!
Jesus claims His earthly throne!

Angels bright are earthward winging,
 While glad hosts in bright array,
 Heaven's triumphant song are singing,
 "*Jesus* reigns through endless day."

3 Sound the glorious anthem higher,
 Precious offerings hither bring;
 Hail! our Saviour! Sanctifier!
 Hail! Blest Healer! Coming King!
 No more sorrow, no more sighing,
 God will wipe all tears away!
 No more pain, and no more dying!
Jesus reigns through endless day!

(256)

Maj. THEODORE J. ECKERSON, U. S. A

374.

Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. x: 37.
 Rev. Ed H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trem- bling chords;
 D.C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be- yond that "Till He come!"
 2. When the wea- ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a- bove,
 D.C. Hush! be ev- 'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on- ly, "Till He come!"

D.C.
 Let the "lit- tle while" be- tween, In their gold-en light be seen;
 /hen the words of love and cheer, Fall no long-er on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and eat the bread;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "Till He come!"

375.

Hendon. 7.

Rev. HENRI ABRAHAM CÆSAR MALAN.

376.

We Shall Hear a Voice.

[THE LORD'S COMING.]

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. We shall hear a voice, a wond'rous voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! At the midnight hour thro'
2. We shall hear a voice, a thrill-ing voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! When the weary life seems
3. We shall hear a voice, a might-y voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! When the trumpet sounds the
4. We shall hear a voice, a liv-ing voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! When the dead shall rise from

si-lence deep, When the virgin's eyes are closed in sleep, We shall hear a voice, a
on - ly loss, And the crown is hid be - hind the cross, We shall hear a voice, a
fin - al blast, And redemption full has come at last, We shall hear a voice, a
graves wide cleft, And one is tak-en, an - oth-er left, We shall hear a voice, a

CHORUS.

wondrous voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes! O be read-y, read-y,
thrill-ing voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes!
might - y voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes!
liv - ing voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes! read-y, read-y,

read-y, read-y, read-y when the Bridegroom comes, At ev-en or at
read - y, read - y,

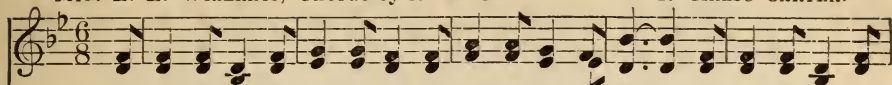
midnight, at cock-crow-ing, in the morning; O be read-y when the Bridgeroom comes.

Our Coming Lord.

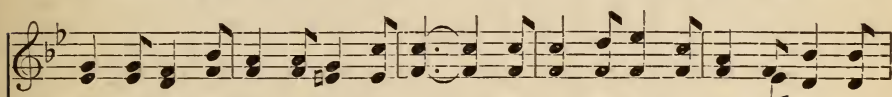
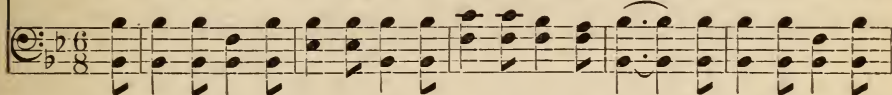
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Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS, Chorus by R. K. C.

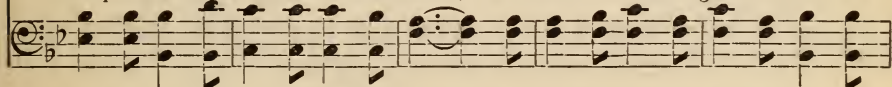
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. He's coming back to earth again, Our dear ascended Lord, Surrounded by the
2. No more the one despised of men, Reject-ed by His own; We'll see Him when He
3. No more forsaken and denied; The Man of griefs no more, Scourg'd, mock'd, thorn-crown'd and
4. He'll come with radiant glory crown'd To bid the dead a-rise. While mighty shouts and



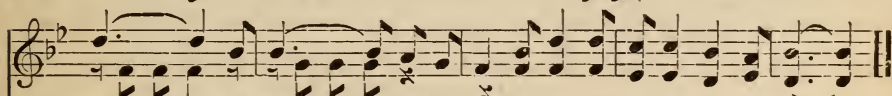
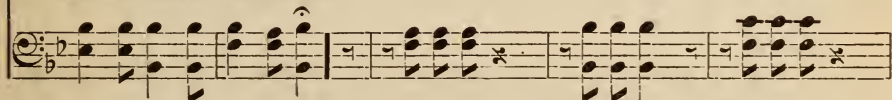
heavenly train, By Ser-a-phim a-dored; No more the Babe of humble birth, He comes a-gain, On His im-per-ial throne, While shining hosts around Him sing The cru-ci-fied By those whose sins He bore. But clothed in power and ma-jes-ty, Our trumpet's sound shall rend the vaulted skies, And from the slumb'ring na-tions all His



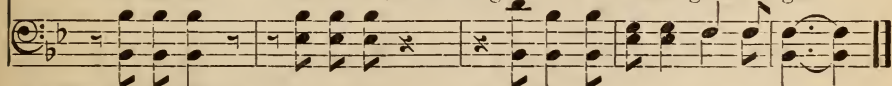
CHORUS.



comes a King to reign on earth. Roll on mighty song, Re-demp-tion for
praise of our tri-umphant King. Yes, roll on mighty song, hear it now
com-ing Lord we soon shall see.
own will waken at His call.



men, it will not be long,
for all men! hear it now, not be long, Our Lord is coming back a-gain.



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5 He's coming back His Bride to claim,
And lo, the day draws near;
O ye, who love the Saviour's name
Look up, He'll soon be near.
Your hopes will reach fruition when
The Lord returns to earth again.

6 Roll on, roll on, thou mighty song;
All ye His saints rejoice,
And swell the echoes loud and long
With one tremendous voice.
Angels and men take up the strain,
The Lord returns to earth again.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Are you ready for your Lord should He come, should He come; Are you
 2. Oh, there'll be re-joic-ing when He comes, when He comes; If we
 3. See! the saints en-ter in, when He comes, when He comes; To the

ready for your sum-mens home? Does your an-xious spir-it burn, His ap-
 hear Him say-ing, child-ren come. sum-mons home.
 Come ye bless-ed, en-ter in I have
 children come.
 wedding when the Bridegroom comes. Brightly burn-ing is each light, And in
 when He comes.

pear-ing to dis-cern; Are you ready if your Lord should come?
 cleansed you from all sin, Oh, there'll be re-joic-ing when He comes.
 rai-ment spotless white, See the saints en-ter in when He comes.

CHORUS.

Oh, be ready for Him when He comes, when He comes, Oh, be ready for Him when He comes; Be it

mid-night, be it morn-ing, When He gives the solemn warning, Oh, be ready, be ready when He comes.

379. I Have Learned the Secret.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There's a se-cret God has whis-pered To His hid-den ones a - lone; 'Tis a
 2. Changeless se-cret, how it keeps us Thro' all chan-ges life can bring; Joy may
 3. Ho - ly se-cret, how it cleans-es All the heart from self and sin; Crowding

se-cret sweeter, stranger, Than thy heart has thought or known. I have learned the secret, the
 cheer, or tri - al press us, Still the rest-ful heart can sing.
 out the power of e - vil, By the life of Christ within.

wondrous secret, To His own revealed at length, I can do all things, I can do

all things Thro' Christ who is my strength, Thro' Christ who is my strength.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Mighty secret, how it brings us
 Heavenly help for hearts forlorn;
 Turns our battle-tide to triumph,
 Changes midnight into morn.

5 Precious secret, I have found it,
 Precious Jesus, Thou art mine;
 Prove in me Thy boundless fullness,
 Live in me Thy life divine.

380. We Love Him, Because He First Loved Us.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. 'Tis not my love to Thee, That I de-light to tell; But on Thy love, O
 2. Ere the cre - a-tion rose, Or an-gels sang a - bove, The rec-ord of the
 3. When dead in sin we lay, Thou cam'st for us to die; Long ere we sought the

CHORUS.

Christ to me, Oh, how I love to dwell. We love Him, we love Him, We
 heavens dis-close Thy ev - er - last - ing love.
 heav-enly way, Thou call'dst us from on high.

love Him be-cause He first loved us, He loved us, He loved us, He

rall.

first loved us; We love Him be-cause He first loved us.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 No life can be too lost
 Thy loving heart to move;
 The soul that costs Thy heart the most,
 Most richly shares Thy love.

5 Lord, help me to believe
 Thy wondrous love to me;
 Then shall my heart most fully give
 Thine own love back to Thee.

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His

REFRAIN.

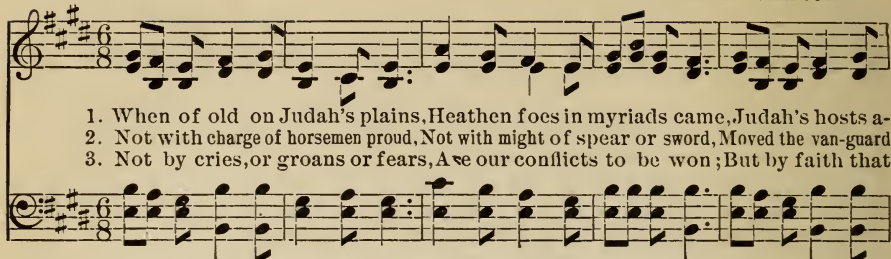
Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 good-ness lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

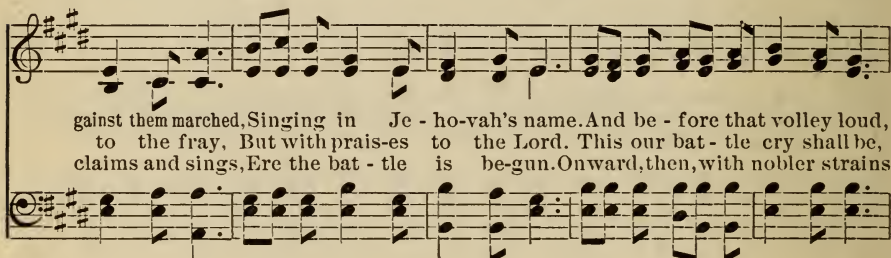
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

A. B. S.

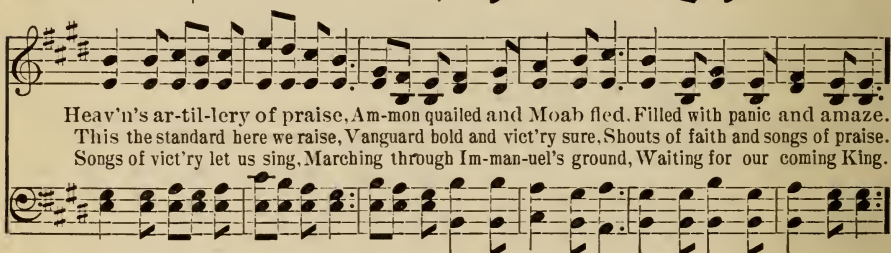
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. When of old on Judah's plains,Heathen foes in myriads came,Judah's hosts a-
 2. Not with charge of horsemen proud,Not with might of spear or sword,Moved the van-guard
 3. Not by cries,or groans or fears,Ase our conflicts to be won;But by faith that

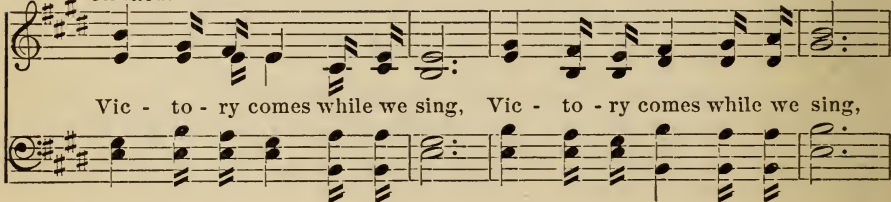


gainst them marched,Singing in Je - ho-vah's name.And be - fore that volley loud,
 to the fray, But with prais-es to the Lord. This our bat - tle cry shall be,
 claims and sings,Ere the bat - tle is be-gun.Onward,then,with nobler strains

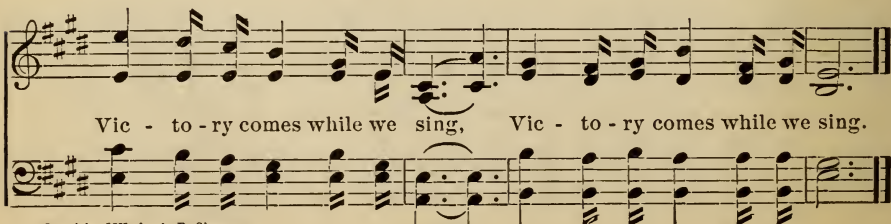


Heav'n's ar-til-lery of praise,Am-mon quailed and Moab fled.Filled with panic and amaze.
 This the standard here we raise,Vanguard bold and vict'ry sure,Shouts of faith and songs of praise.
 Songs of vict'ry let us sing,Marching through Im-man-uel's ground,Waiting for our coming King.

CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry comes while we sing, Vic - to - ry comes while we sing,



Vic - to - ry comes while we sing, Vic - to - ry comes while we sing.

383.

All Taken Away.

R. KELSO CARTER, (*except first verse*).

A. A.

1. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me? They're all taken a - way, a - way, Your
 2. Oh, this wondrous grace so free and full; They're all taken a - way, a - way, Tho'
 3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all taken a - way, a - way, My
 4. I have plung'd beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a - way, a - way, And

sins are pardoned and you are free, They're all tak - en a - way.
 red like crim - son, they're now as wool; They're all tak - en a - way.
 sins like scar - let are white as snow; They're all tak - en a - way.
 now by faith I am pur - i - fied; They're all tak - en a - way.

CHORUS.

They're all tak - en a - way, a - way, They're all tak - en a - way, away, They're

all ta - ken a - way, a - way, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my
 They're all taken away, away; [soul;
 And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
 They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
 They're all taken away, away;
 And keeps me standing in liberty;
 They're all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
 They're all taken away, away;
 While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
 They're all taken away.

8 And when in glory we meet above;
 They're all taken away, away;
 We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
 They're all taken away.

384.

The Same Old Way.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jer. vi: 16.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. We are com-ing, hal-le-lu-jah! In the way our fa-thers trod; Up from
 2. We are marching on to vic-t'ry, And the hymn of triumph swells; And the
 3. We can see the heav'nly cit-y, Where the liv-ing riv-er rolls; And the

D.C. We are com-ing, hal-le-lu-jah! etc., etc.

Cal-v'ry's flow-ing fountain, We are com-ing home to God. In the
 bat-tle cho-rus ring-ing, Of our Cap-tain's val-or tells; In His
 gold-en gleams of glo-ry Are re-lect-ed in our souls. As we

life and strength of Je-sus We are walk-ing day by day, With the
 name we'll sure-ly con-quer, Thro' the thick-est of the fray, With the
 go the light in-creas-eth, Shin-ing bright-er ev-'ry day; 'Tis the

FINE. CHORUS.

same old-time re-lig-ion, In the same old way. Lord, we come . . . to Thee, we
 same old-time re-lig-ion, In the same old way.
 same old-time re-lig-ion, And the same old way. Lord, we come,

come, Yes, we come, . . . we come to-day: In the
 Lord, we come, Now we come, Yes, we come,

way our fathers trod, We are coming in the same old way.
in the way, in the way,

385.

Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. All praise to Him who reigns above, In majes - ty supreme; Who gave His Son for
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand. Exalted more and more, At God the Father's
3. Re - deemer, Saviour, Friend of man Once ruin'd by the fall, Thou hast devis'd sal -
4. His name shall be the Counsellor, The mighty Prince of Peace, Of all earth's kingdoms,

CHORUS.

man to die, That He might man redeem. Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
own right hand, Where angel hosts adore.
vation's plan. For Thou hast died for all.
conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

Blessed be the name of the Lord; Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

- 5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at His feet.
- 6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

386.

Happy in Jesus,

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Hap-py in Je - sus, hap-py in Je - sus, I will de-clare it a - broad;
 2. Cling-ing to Je - sus, on - ly to Je - sus, O what a com-fort is mine;
 3. Walk-ing with Je-sus, on - ly with Je - sus, Sweetly I jour - ney a - long;

CHO.—Hap - py in Je - sus, hap-py in Je - sus, I will de-clare it a - broad;

Thro' His a-tone-ment, pre-cious a-tone-ment, I have found fav-or with God.
 I will a-dore Him, yes I will praise Him, Je - sus my Sav-iour di - vine.
 I have be-liev'd him, I have re-ceiv'd him, He is my joy and my song.

FINE.

Thro' His a - tone - ment, pre - cious a - tone - ment, I have found fav - or with God.

Kind-ly he sought me, ten-der-ly brought me Out of the des - ert so wild;
 Un-der his watch-care peace-ful-ly hid-ing, Faith my re-deem-er can see;
 Watch-ing me ev - er, leav-ing me nev - er, Still my pro-ect - or is nigh;

Now I can trust him, thank-ful-ly trust him, Since He has made me His child.
 An - gels in glo - ry, tell-ing the sto - ry, Now are re-joic-ing with me.
 Sav'd by His mer - cy, in - fi - nite mer-cy, Who is so hap-py as I?

D. C.

387.

Christ in me.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. This is my won-der-ful sto-ry, Christ to my heart has come;
 2. Was there e'er sto-ry so mov-ing, Sto-ry of love and pain;
 3. I am so glad I re-ceived Him, Je-sus my heart's dear King;

Je-sus, the King of Glo-ry, Finds in my heart a home.
 Was there e'er Bridegroom so loving, Seek-ing our hearts to gain.
 I who so often have grieved Him, All to His feet would bring.

Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me, O won-der-ful sto-ry,

Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me the hope of glo-ry.

Copyright, 1901, by A. B. Simpson.

4 How can I ever be lonely,
 How can I ever fall;
 What can I want, if only
 Christ is my all in all?

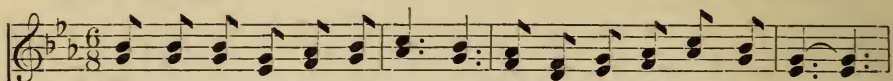
5 Now in His bosom confiding,
 This my glad song shall be;
 I am in Jesus abiding,
 Jesus abides in me.

Rivers of Blessing.

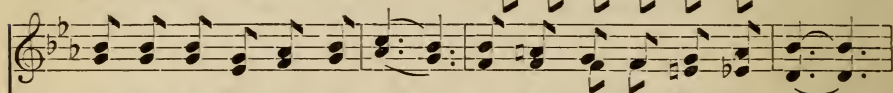
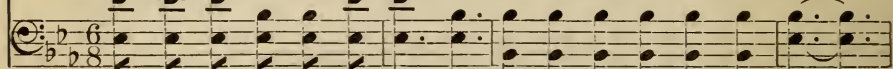
[JOY AND PRAISE.]

JOHN S. HAUGH.

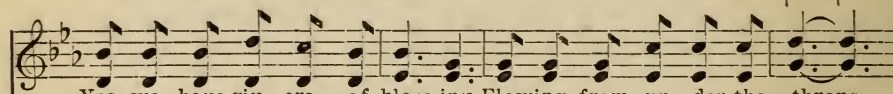
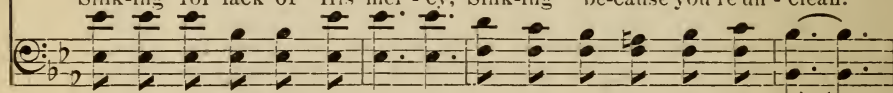
R. KELSO CARTER.



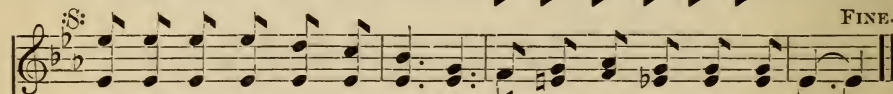
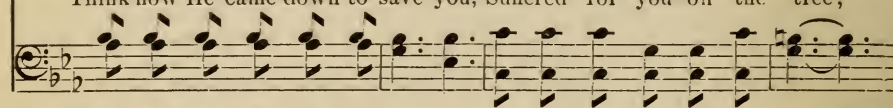
1. Plen - ti - ful showers of bless - ing, Fall from the fountains a - bove,
 2. See, a great o - cean of bless - ing, Wa - ters of in - fi - nite grace;
 3. Tell Him you're tired of re - bel - ion, Burdened and wea - ry with sin;



O - pen - ing windows of heav - en, Pour us out rich - es of love.
 Fath - om - less, boundless, this o - cean, Free for a pen - i - tent race.
 Sink - ing for lack of His mer - cy, Sink - ing be - cause you're un - clean.

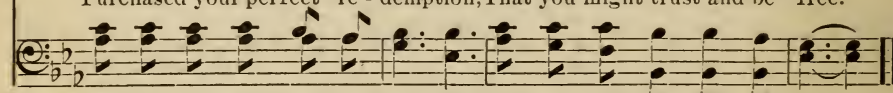


Yes, we have riv - ers of bless - ing, Flowing from un - der the throne,
 Come to these wa - ters of bless - ing, In - stant - ly heed the great call;
 Think how He came down to save you, Suffered for you on the tree;



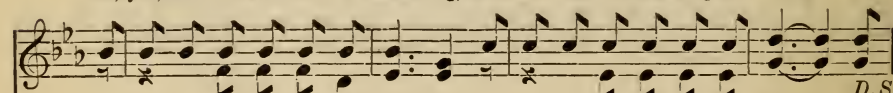
FINE.

Deep - en - ing, wid - en - ing, cleansing, Flow - ing in Je - sus a - lone.
 Has - ten at once for your cleansing, Down be - fore Je - sus now fall.
 Purchased your perfect re - demption, That you might trust and be free.

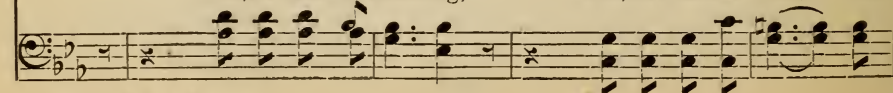


CHO. mer - cy a - bun - dant is flow - ing, Flow - ing in Je - sus to heal.

Oh, yes, there are riv - ers of bless - ing, And riv - ers of blessing we feel, For



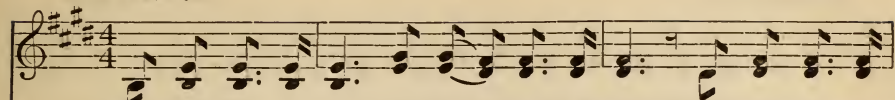
Oh, riv - ers of bless - ing, Yes, riv - ers we feel, For



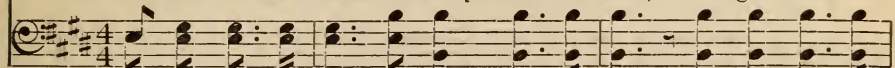
Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON.

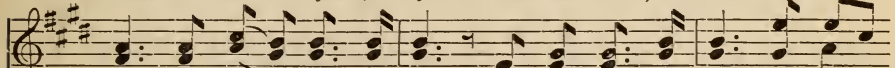
R. E. HUDSON.



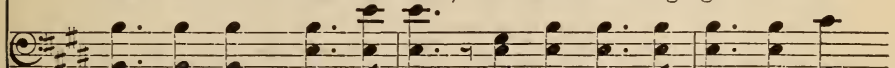
1. Tho' trou-bles as - sail, and dan - gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all
 2. When Sa - tan ap-pears to stop up our path, And fills us with
 3. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain; The good that we



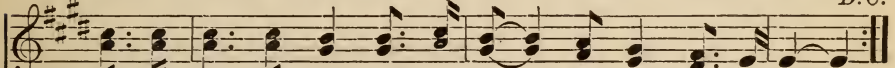
CHO.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord; Yes, I will re-



fail and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing se-cures us what-fears, we tri-umph by faith, He can-not take from us (tho' seek we ne'er shall ob-tain; But when such sug-ges-tions our



joyce, re-joyce in the Lord; Yes, I will re-joyce, in the *D.C.*



e'er be-tide, The prom-ise as-sures us,—The Lord will pro-vide.
 oft He's tried) The heart-cheer-ing promise, The Lord will pro-vide.
 grace have tried, This an-swers all questions, The Lord will pro-vide.



in the Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

The Lord will Provide.

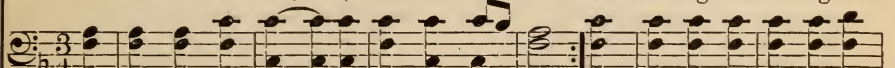
JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by R. K. C.



1. Tho' troubles as - sail, etc., etc.

CHO.—Not fearing or doubting with



Christ on our side; We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will pro-vide."



391. The Mansion's Mine To-morrow.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. My hap-py heart sings all the day, For Je-sus is my life, my way; His
 2 He holds my hand and guides my feet, Assures me safe-ty so complete; He
 3. Nor can I doubt His patient care, Who asks and hears my trusting prayer; His
 4. What-ev-er be my fu-ture lot, Sun-shine or shade, it mat-ters not; I

love my joy, His truth my guide, He bids me in His care con-fide.
 bears the mor-row's care and fret, And ev-'ry need to-day is met.
 broad pa-vil-ion gives me rest, And in His shel-ter I am blest.
 love His will, a-dore His grace, Con-tent with Him in a-ny place.

CHORUS.

I walk to-day in Beu-lah land, With-out a care or
 sor-row; I walk to-day in Beu-lah land, The mansion's mine to-morrow.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

392.

Resting. S. M.

Tune, *Laban*, p. 244.

- 1 In peaceful, calm and quiet,
Waiting to know His will;
"All things are possible" to thee
If thou His word fulfill.
- 2 All things in Him I take,
Unworthy though I be;
The "whosoever" of His word
Is "possible" to me.
- 3 My spirit, soul and mind
With joy I give to Thee;

- Give Thee the choosing of my way,
Whatever it may be.
- 4 Holy, and pure, and clean,
Perfect in heart and soul;
In Him I claim this perfect gift —
Healed! every whit made whole.
- 5 I'm satisfied in Thee,
My joy, my living spring;
My sun, my life, my fountain sweet,
Jesus, my coming king!

Mrs. S. M. SPERRY.

393.

Ishi.

CHO. by H. L. G. Adapted by H. L. GILMOUR. Tune, Bartimeus. 8, 7.

1. Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad;
 2. I - shi, I - shi is the jew-el, Mine He is while a - ges roll;
 3. Ma - ny beauteous names Thou bearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King,
 4. Oth - er joys are short and fleet-ing; Thou and I can nev - er part;

CHO.—Wilt Thou have this pre-cious "I - shi," Bridegroom of thy soul to be?

For I have a prec-ious treasure, Such as prin - ces nev - er had.
 An - gels taste not of such glo-ry Ho - ly I - shi of the soul.
 But they none un - to my spi-rit Such di - vine sup - port can bring.
 Thou art al - to - geth - er love-ly, I - shi, I - shi of my heart.
 D.C. Cho.

Copyright, 1890, by H. L. Gilmour, by permission.

He, the fair - est of ten thousand, Waits in love to wel - come thee.

394. Jesus! Why Dost Thou. C, M.

Tune, Manoah, p. 171.

1 Jesus! why dost Thou love me so?
 What hast Thou seen in me
 To make my happiness so great,
 So dear a joy to Thee!

2 Wert Thou not God! I then might think
 Thou had'st no eye to read
 The badness of that selfish heart,
 For which Thine own did bleed.

3 But Thou art God, and knowest all;
 Dear Lord! Thou knowest me;
 And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
 Thy love's sweet liberty.

4 Ah, how Thy grace hath moved my soul
 With persevering wiles!
 Now give me tears to weep; for tears
 Are deeper joy than smiles.

FREDERICK FABER.

Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears.
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face;
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

(273)

S. MEDLEY.

395. O Could I Speak.

Tune, Ariel, p. 111.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Come, swell the an - them Of Christ's re-deem-ing love : Who brought free sal-
 2. For our trans-gress-ions, He suf-fered on the tree; From griefs and from
 3. Strike harps in glo - ry! Ech - o the ran-som'd song! In strains of sal -

CHORUS.
 va - tion From His throne a - bove. Then sing with all . . . the ransom'd
 sor - row, Bought our lib-er - ty. Then sing with all
 va-tion, Join the blood-washed throng.

throng. . . . with one ac - cord, redemption's song;
 the ransomed throng, with one accord, redemptions song; His

full - - - - - ness we shall know, . . .
 fullness we shall know, His fullness we shall know, For he washed us white as snow.

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397. Sheltered in the Rock.

Tune, p 153.

1 Sheltered in the Rock of Ages,
 Kept from sin and all alarms;
 The eternal God my refuge,
 Safe in everlasting arms.
 Oh, how bulwarks pile around me;
 Towers of strength and beauty shine,
 Mighty fortress I have found Thee,
 Hid in God this soul of mine,

CHORUS.

Though the storms may surge around
 I can sing while billows roll, [me;
 For the mighty arms of Jesus
 Clasp around my ransomed soul.
 2 Blessed covert from the tempest,
 Where secure my feet may stand;

Blessed Rock to give me shadow,
 In a dry and weary land;
 Though the foe may boast of shelter,
 Yet their rock is not as ours;
 Here the soul defies their legions,
 Principalities and powers.

3 Covered in this Rock of Ages,
 How the glory passes by,
 Till, like Moses on the mountain,
 God is seen by mortal eye;
 Changed from glory unto glory,
 Safe from storm and tempest shock,
 Here I rest secure forever,
 In this blessed rifted Rock.

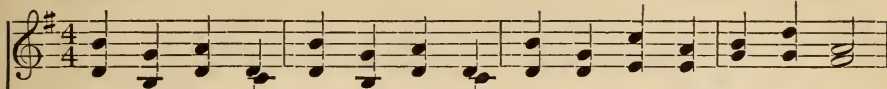
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MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

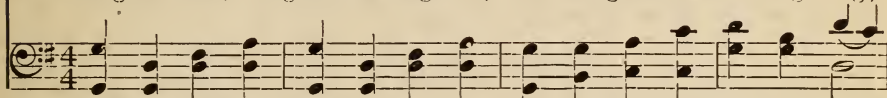
Ring the Bells.

R. K. C.

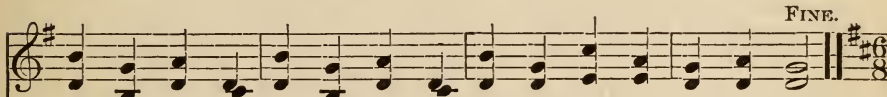
R. KELSO CARTER.



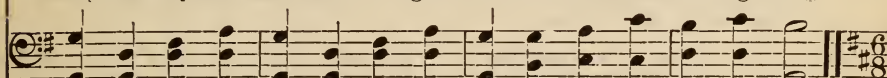
1. Ring the bells of free sal - va - tion, Send the tid - ings far and wide;
2. Ring the help in time of tri - al, Strength in need, in sick-ness health;
3. Ring the word of pow'r com-mand-ing, All the troub-led waves, be still;
4. Ring the bells, though Sa-tan rag-es; Of the glad new morn-ing ring;



Ring the bells, the won-drous sto - ry Men pro-claim, and an - gels sing;

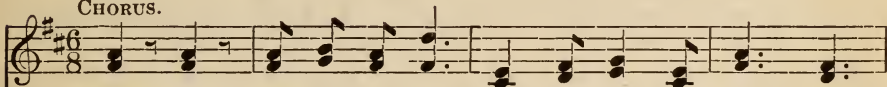


Ring of can-celled con-dem - na - tion, Ring of Je - sus cru - ci - fled.
 Ring of grace with-out de - ni - al, Rich - es from God's boundless wealth.
 Peace that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, Rest-ing in the Sav - iour's will.
 Ring the hope of all the a - ges, Je - sus Christ the com-ing King.

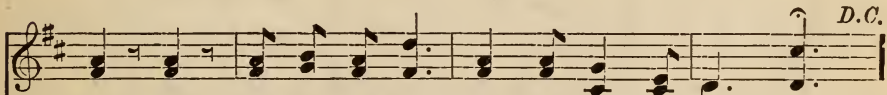
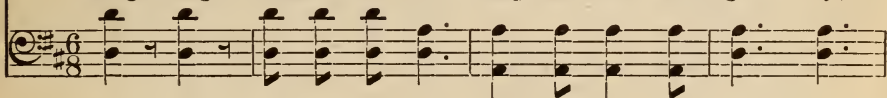


Ring the bells, ye saints in glo - ry; Swell the chor - us, Christ is King.

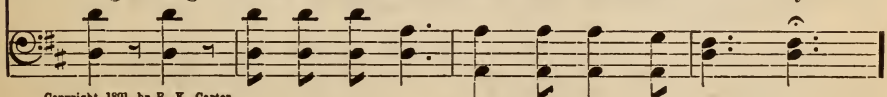
CHORUS.



Ring, Ring, beau-ti - ful bells, Ring the Sav - iour's glo - ry;



Ring, Ring beau-ti - ful bells, with sal - va - tion's sto - ry.

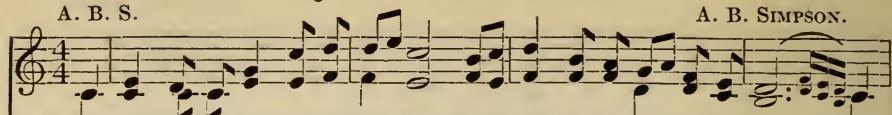


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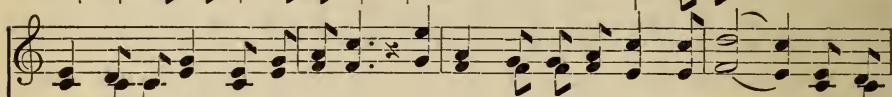
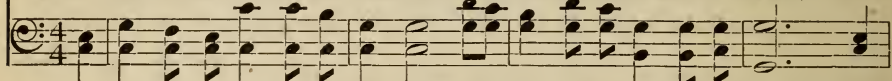
My Beloved is Mine.

A. B. S.

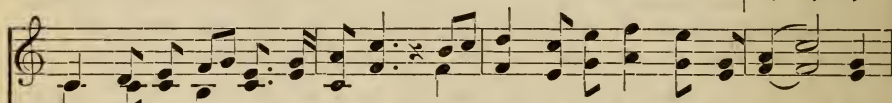
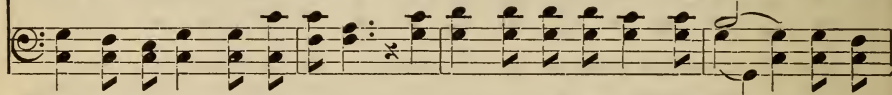
A. B. SIMPSON.



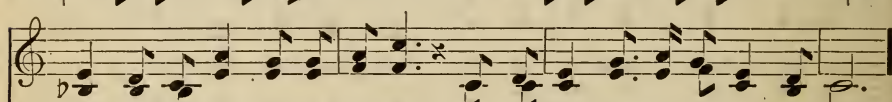
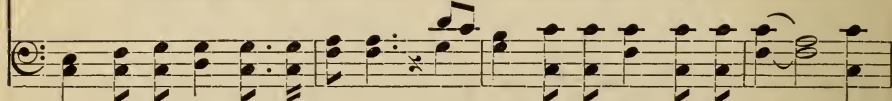
1. My soul is transported with Je - sus, My heart is a heaven of love; . Earth
 2. I stand on the mountains of vis-ion, I look o'er the land far and wide, . . I
 3. Be - lov - ed, Redeem-er, and Master, Oh, how can I tell what Thou art, . Thou



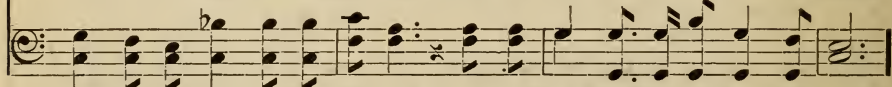
seems like a van - ish-ing bubble, I seem to be dwelling a - bove; In the
 gaze on my King in His beauty, I know He has made me His bride; To His
 gav - est Thy life for my ransom, Thou giv - est Thyself to my heart; On Thy



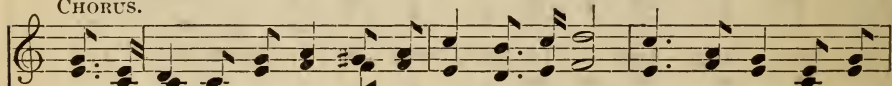
depths of my bos-om is springing A cho-rus of glo-ry di-vine, And
 ban-queting house He has brought me, I am drinking of hea-ven-ly wine, I am
 bo - som oh, keep me a - bid-ing, Oh, let me for-ev - er be Thine, Still



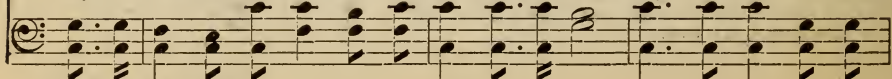
this is the song it is sing-ing, My be-lov-ed for-ev-er is mine.
 sing-ing the song of the ransomed, My be-lov-ed for-ev-er is mine.
 sing-ing with rap-ture un-ceas-ing, My be-lov-ed for-ev-er is mine.



CHORUS.



My Be-lov-ed is mine, He is mine, He is mine, My Be-lov-ed is



JOY AND PRAISE.]

mine, Oh, the rap-ture di-vine, My Be-lov-ed for-ev-er is mine.
He is mine,

460.

Oh, Jesus, Jesus.

Rev. F. W. FABER,
Chorus by R. K. C.

Arr. from TAUBERT by
R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, Je-sus, Je-sus, dearest Lord! Forgive me if I say, For ver-y love, Thy
2. I love Thee so I know not how My transports to con-trol; Thy love is like a
3. For Thou to me art all in all; My hon-or and my wealth; My heart's de-sire, my
4. Burn, burn, O love, within my heart, Burn fiercely night and day, Till all the dross of

CHORUS.

sa-cred name A thousand times a day. Oh, Jesus, Lord, with me a-bide; I
burning fire Within my ver-y soul.
body's strength, My soul's e-ter-nal health.
earth-ly loves Is burn'd, and burn'd away.

rest in Thee, whate'er betide; Thy gracious smile is my reward; I love, I love Thee, Lord!

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

5 O light in darkness, joy in grief
O heaven begun on earth;
Jesus, my love, my treasure, who
Can tell what Thou art worth?

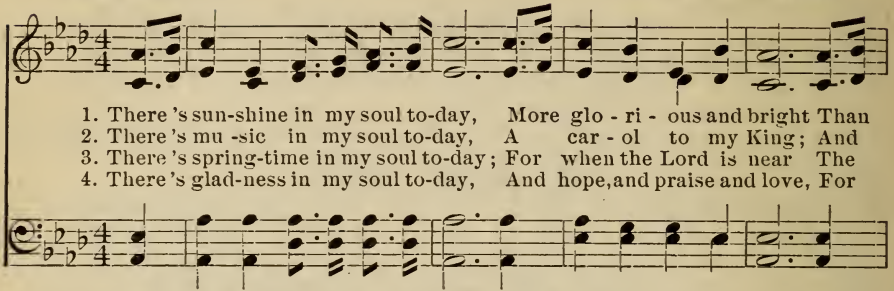
6 What limit is there to this love?
Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay?
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

401.

Sunshine in the Soul.

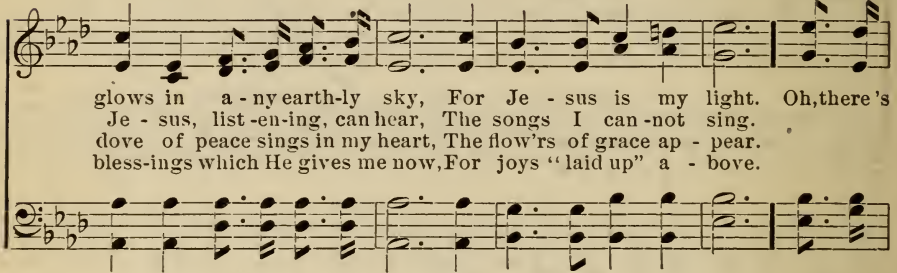
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

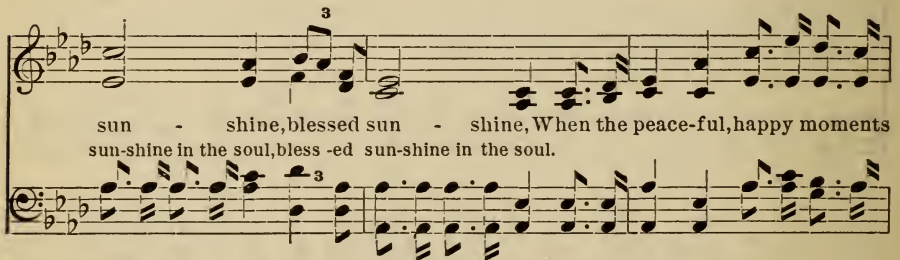


1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King; And
 3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day; For when the Lord is near The
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise and love, For

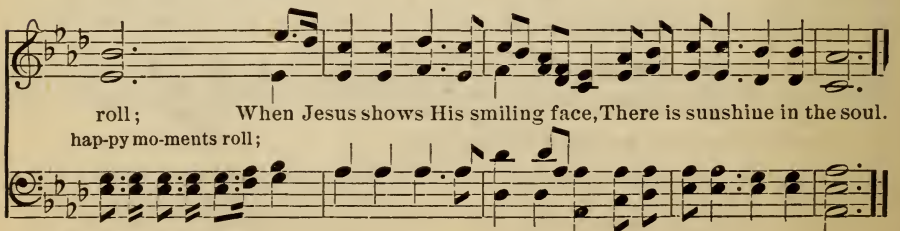
REFRAIN.



glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list-en-ing, can hear, The songs I can-not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peace-ful, happy moments
 sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul.



roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.
 hap-py mo-ments roll;

402. Praise for Love Divine.

R. K. C.

K. KELSO CARTER.

With spirit.

1. Praise the Lord for love di - vine, Love that wakes sal - va - tion mine;
 2. Love that thro' the dark-est night, Sends a ray of ho - ly light;
 3. Love that seek-eth not her own, Love that stoops from heav-en's throne.
 4. Love tran-scend-ing all of earth, Love that gives the sec - ond birth;

Love that saves me from all sin, Love that makes me pure with-in.
 To the wea - ry, tem - pest tossed, Love that seeks and saves the lost.
 Love whose match-less glo-ries shine, Love e - ter - nal, love di-vine!
 Praise the Lord for love di - vine, I am His and He is mine.

D. S. Shout a - loud with one ac - cord; Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

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403. The Heavenly King.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way our Father's trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
 Christ our Advocate is made:
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
 Zion's city is in sight:
 There our endless home shall be;
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below:
 Only Thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

404.

Everlasting Love.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Sweet the words of lov - ing kindness, God hath spoken from a - bove; "Yea," He
 2. Once His on - ly Son He gave us, His un-meas - ured love to prove; Was there
 3. Long a - gainst His lov - ing - kindness, All my sin - ful na - ture strove; But He
 4. If He sometimes sends us chastening, If He sometimes must reprove; It is

tells us "I have loved thee With an ev - er - last - ing love."
 ev - er pledge so won - drous Of His ev - er - last - ing love?
 drew me to His bo - som With an ev - er - last - ing love.
 just be - cause He loves us With an ev - er - last - ing love.

Wonderful, wonderful love of Jesus, Wonderful Friend, all other friends above;

Wonderful, wonderful words He tells us "Yea, I have loved you with an everlasting love."

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5 Like a web of loving-kindness
 All our life His mercy wove;
 Every thread and fibre telling
 Of His everlasting love.

6 Though the everlasting mountains,
 And the earth itself remove,
 Naught can change His loving-kindness
 Or His everlasting love.

Love Found Me.

John iii: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arranged by H. L. G., by per.

1. { When out in sin, and dark-ness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was
I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me; Come wea-ry, heav - y
2. { The Spir - it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con-vic-tion seiz'd me
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His

CHORUS.

tem - pest toss'd, Love found me. } Oh, 't was love, love,
la - den rest, Love found . . me. }
strong and deep, Love found me. }
kind em - brace, Love found . . me. } Oh, 't was love, 't was won-drous love,

Love that mov'd the might - y God, Love, love, 't was love found me.

Copyright, 1893, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;

For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;

Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;

I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.

4 And when I reach the gold-paved street,
Love found me;

I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;

And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me;

Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.

Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our song abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

406. Marching to Zion.

Key G.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;

Antioch. C. M.



407. O for a Thousand Tongues.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame for joy.

CHAS. WESLEY.

408. I Know I Love Thee Better.

Key C.

- 1 I know I love Thee, better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood — it cleanseth me.

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour 'mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

409. Joy to the World.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove,
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. WATTS.

410.

The Grace of God.

R. K. C.

Adapted and arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. When I was down in Egypt's sand, When I was down in Egypt's sand, When I was
 2. My Mo-ses led me thro' the sea, My Moses led me thro' the sea, My Mo-ses
 3. My ty-rant sins they followed fast, My tyrant sins they followed fast, My tyrant

down in E-gypt's sand, I heard there was a promised land.
 led me thro' the sea, And then He set the cap-tive free.
 sins they followed fast, But in the sea they all were cast.

CHORUS.

Oh, the grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of
 the grace of God, it is so sweet,

God, it is so sweet, The grace of God, it is so
 The grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of God,

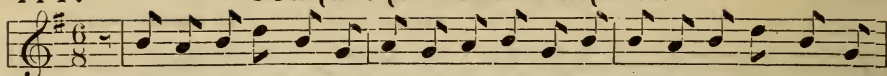
sweet, The grace, the grace, the grace of God.
 it is so sweet,

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4 Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
 Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
 Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.

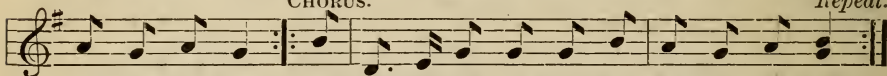
5 My Joshua led me by the hand,
 My Joshua led me by the hand,
 My Joshua led me by the hand,
 And brought me to the promised land.

411. Sound the Loud Timbrel.



1. { Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for the foes shall op-
Bright o'er thy hills dawn the day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy
2. { Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions, was
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them; Oh, vain were their steeds and their
3. { Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee, Extolled with the harp and the
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enclosed thee, The oppressor is vanquished and

CHORUS.

Repeat.

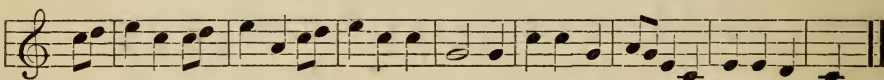
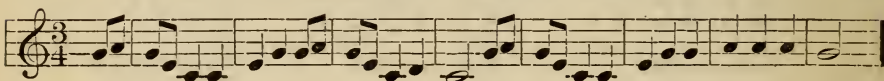
press thee no more; } We'll sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
 sor - row is o'er. } Je - hovah hath triumphed, His peo - ple are free.
 might-i - er far;
 chariots of war. }
 timbrel should be;
 Zi - on is free. }

412. My Soul's Full of Glory.

- 1 My soul's full of glory,
Inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with angels
I'd sing them a song;
I'd sing of my Jesus,
And tell of His charms,
And beg them to bear me
To His loving arms.
- 2 I find Him in singing,
I find Him in prayer;
In sweet meditation
He always is there.

- My constant companion,
Oh, may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus,
He dwells in my heart.
- 3 Oh, who is like Jesus!
He's Salem's bright King!
He smiles, and He loves me,
And helps me to sing;
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him,
Whatever His will,
While rivers of pleasure
My spirit doth fill.

413. I Love Thee. 11s.



- 1 I love Thee, I love Thee,
I love Thee, my Lord,
I love Thee, My Saviour,
I love Thee, My God;
I love Thee, I love Thee,
And that Thou dost know:
But how much I love Thee
I never can show.
- 2 O Jesus! O Jesus!
Thou balm of my soul,
'T was Thou, my dear Saviour,
That made my heart whole.

- Oh, bring me to view Thee
Thou glorious King;
In regions of glory
Thy praises to sing.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour!
With Thee I am blest!
My life, my salvation,
My joy and my rest!
Thy grace be my theme, and
Thy name be my song,
Thy love shall inspire both
My heart and my tongue.

I'm So Happy.

JOHN CENNICK.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. { Je - sus my all to heaven has gone, He saves me now! He whom I've fixed my
His track I see and I'll pur-sue, He saves me now! The nar-row way till

CHORUS.

hopes up - on, He saves me now! } I'm so hap - py, I'm so hap - py,
Him I view, He saves me now! } I'm so hap - py, I'm so hap - py,

I'm so hap - py, Je - sus saves, I can't tell how.
I'm so hap - py, Je - sus saves, He saves me now.

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2 This is the way I long have sought,
He saves me now!
And mourned because I found it not;
He saves me now!
My grief and burden long have been,
He saves me now!
Because I was not saved from sin.
He saves me now!

3 Then will I tell to sinners round,
He saves me now!
What a dear Saviour I have found;
He saves me now!
I'd point to His redeeming blood,
He saves me now!
And say, "Behold the way to God!
He saves me now!"

415. Heart Rest in Jesus.

Tune, Salvation Free. Key G.

1 O blessed rest of heart,
From doubting, fear and sin;
A rest in Christ the risen Lord,
Who sweetly reigns within.

CHORUS.

I'm glad this rest is free,
This blessed rest from sin;
This rest is free for you and me,
A living Christ within.

2 He sought my wayward heart,
Was earnest to come in;
A heart to wandering ever prone,
Whose reigning power was sin.

3 I gave to Him my heart,
A rebel sinful thing;
I gave it, all the heart I had,
It sorely needed Him.

4 My rest is deep and strong,
Abiding, true and clean;
No darkness now, nor fear at all,
For Jesus reigns supreme.

5 Now open wide your heart,
Refuse not Jesus room;
Admit Him now, He'll give you rest,
And bring eternal noon.

JOHN S. HAUGH.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I can sing now the song Of the blood-roused throng In my soul there is peace, rest and
 2. Oh! I know I'm alive In the Lord, and I strive Un-to blood with the sin that would
 3. I have grace for the day, I have help by the way, There is healing and comforting
 4. In the storm and the night, In the midst of the flight Je-sus puts in my hand vict'ry's

calm; I am free from all doubt, And I join in the shout, I'm re -
 damn; As I walk in the light There is strength for the fight, I'm re -
 balm; For my sick-ness there's health, For my pov - er - ty wealth, I'm re -
 palm; O - ver com - ing all foes, In the Lord I re-pose, I'm re -

CHORUS.

deem'd by the blood of the Lamb. I'm redeem'd, I'm re-deem'd,
 deem'd by the blood of the Lamb. I'm re-deem'd, I'm re-
 deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
 deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

deem'd, Je - sus saves me and keeps me just now, Hal - le - lu - jah. And I

join with the throng round the throne in the song, I'm redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

417.

Vale of Beulah.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON, by per.

1. { I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone, But I
'Tis to me the vale of Beu - lah, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful way, For the

CHORUS.

find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o-vergrown. } Vale of Beu-lah! Vale of
Sav-iour walks be-side me, my com-pan-ion each day. }

Beulah! Thou art precious to me; For the love-ly land of Canaan In the dis-tance I see.

2 Not a shadow, not a shadow ever darkens the way,
For a radiance bright as glory shines upon it all day;
And the music, sweetly chanted by the heavenly throng,
Floats in cadence down the valley, and it cheers me along.

3 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward the City of Light,
While each day my joy grows deeper, and the pathway more bright;
And I near the open portals of the Kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to the Kingdom of love.

418. Bless the Lord.

Tune, Wilmot. p. 243.
Ps. 103: 1-5.

1 Bless the Lord, my soul adore Him,
Bless and laud His holy name;
For His benefits unchanging,
Day by day are still the same.

2 Bless Him for His boundless mercy,
Wrought in God the Father's will,
Who thy sins forgiveth freely,
And who healeth all thine ill.

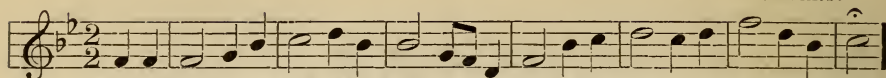
3 He redeems thy life from evil,
Crowns with loving kindness, too,
With His good things satisfieth,
E'en thy strength He doth renew.

4 Sing! and praise this matchless Saviour,
Tell to all around His fame;
Bless the Lord! let all within me
Bless and praise His holy name.

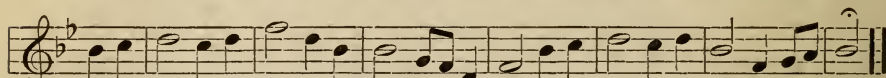
C. WARNER.

419. A. Oh, How Happy Are They.

CONVERT.

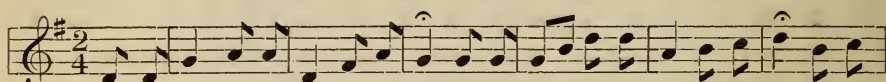


1. Oh, how happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above :

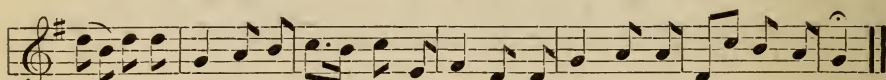


Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

B. Oh, How Happy, How Happy.



1. Oh, how hap - py, how happy are they, Oh, how happy, how happy are they, Oh, how



happy are they Who the Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasures above.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I received —
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 Oh, that all His salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.

420. I Have Entered the Valley of Blessing So Sweet.

Key G.

1 I have entered the valley of blessing so
 sweet,
 And Jesus abides with me there;
 And His spirit and blood make my cleans-
 ing complete,
 And His perfect love casteth out fear.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this valley of blessing so
 sweet,
 Where Jesus will fullness bestow;
 And believe, and receive, and confess
 Him,
 That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing
 so sweet,
 And plenty the land doth impart;
 And there's rest for the weary-worn
 traveller's feet,
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing
 so sweet, [feel,
 Such as none but the blood-wash'd may
 When heaven comes down redeemed spir-
 its to greet,
 And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing
 so sweet
 That angels would fain join the strain,
 As with rapturous praises we bow at His
 feet [slain!"
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

421.

Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me,
 2. O wonderful salvation! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet assurance,
 3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Calvary! I feel its cleansing power,

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I

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422.

Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap-py
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! }
 { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

FINE.

D.S.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live re-joic-ing ev'-ry day;

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;

Nor ever from Thy Lord depart;
 With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hours I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

423.

Precious Saviour.

[JOY AND PRAISE.]

WARREN COLLINS.

WARREN COLLINS.
Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

1. Pre-cious Sav - iour, Lord, I love Thee, Thou my hope, my life, my all;
2. What tho' tri - als oft be - set me, And like bil - lows o'er me roll;
3. In His name I'll rest a - bid - ing, For He bids me on Him wait;

Guid e my fee - ble, err - ing foot - steps, Lord, to Thee I call.
"Peace be still," the storm's a - bat - ing, All He doth con - trol.
To the heart in Him con - fid - ing, He ne'er comes too late.

Je - sus' name the an - gels car - ol, Name to me so sweet.

Je - sus' name the an - gels car - ol, Name to me so sweet;

D.S.

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424.

Jesus, My Saviour and Lord.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I have found the dearest friend, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord; One whose love can
2. Sins of crimson turn'd to snow, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord; Thou hast paid the
3. More and more up - on the way, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord; Shineth to the

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nev-er end, Je-sus, my Saviour and Lord; Now His gracious fet- ters bind
debt I owe, Je-sus, my Saviour and Lord; I have felt the heal- ing flood,
perfect day, Je-sus, my Saviour and Lord; Brighter grows the heav'nly dream.

CHO.—Wondrous love and boundless grace,

All my be- ing, and I find One within my heart enshrin'd, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.
Touch'd the wondrous cleansing blood Of the dying Son of God, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.
Now the golden glories gleam, In my heart He reigns supreme, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.

Such as I may find a place, In the sunshine of Thy face, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.

425. Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken.

Tune, McKendree, p. 168.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known:
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

426. Not a Sound Invades.

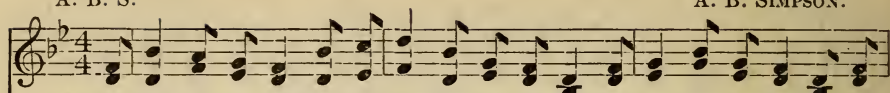
Tune, McKendree, p. 168.

1 Not a sound invades the stillness,
Not a form invades the scene,
Save the voice of my Belovéd,
And the person of my King.
And within those heavenly places,
Calmly hushed in sweet repose,
There I drink, with joy absorbing,
All the love Thou wouldst disclose.

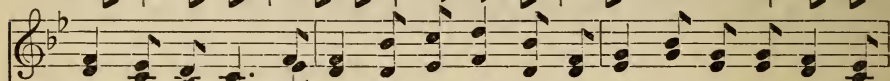
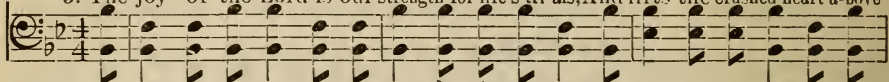
2 Wrapt in deep adoring silence,
Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,
Lest I lose the smallest saying
Meant to catch the ear of love.
Rest then, O my soul, contented;
Thou hast reached thy happy place
In the bosom of Thy Saviour,
Gazing up in His dear face.

A. B. S.

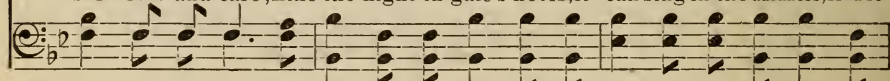
A. B. SIMPSON.



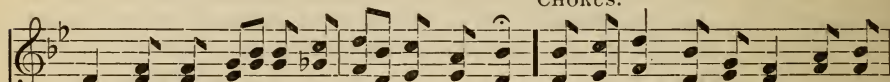
1. The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people, The sunshine that scatters their
 2. The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's burdens, And gives to each du-ty a
 3. The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's tri-als, And lifts the crushed heart a-bove



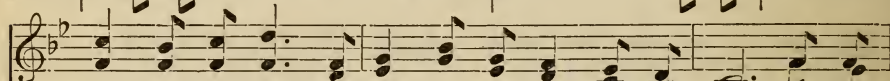
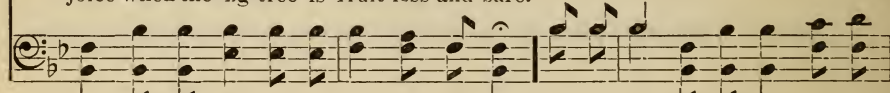
sad-ness and gloom; The fountain that bursts in the des-ert of sor-row, And
 heav-en-ly zest; It sets to sweet mu-sic the task of the toil-er, And
 sor-row and care; Like the night-in-gale's notes, it can sing in the darkness, And re-



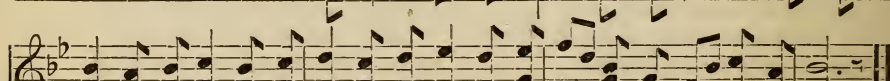
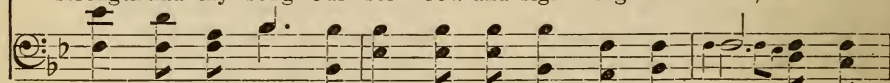
CHORUS.



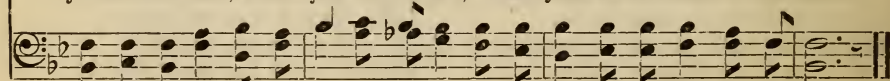
sheds o'er the wilderness, gladness and bloom. O the joy of the Lord is my
 soft-ens the couch of the la-bor-er's rest.
 joy when the fig-tree is fruit-less and bare.



strength and my song. Our sor-row and sigh-ing are o'er; We'll re-



joy in the Lord, We'll re-joyce in the Lord, We'll rejoice in the Lord ev-er-more.



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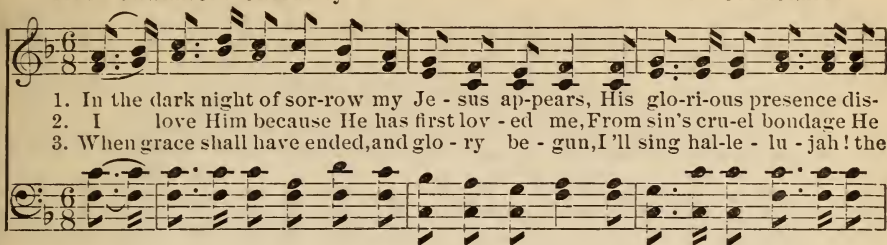
4 The joy of the Lord is the strength of our body,
 The gladness of Jesus, the balm for our pain;
 His life and His fullness our fountain of healing,
 His joy our elixir for body and brain.

5 The joy of the Lord is the hope of our calling,
 And oh, for His coming, how fondly we pray!
 When we shall return with rejoicing to Zion,
 And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

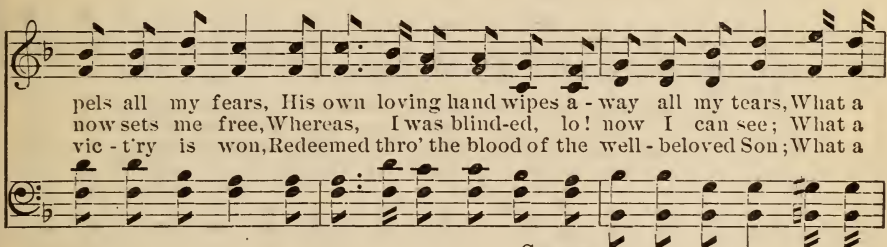
A Wonderful Saviour.

M. D. JEWELSON. Chorus by R. K. C.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

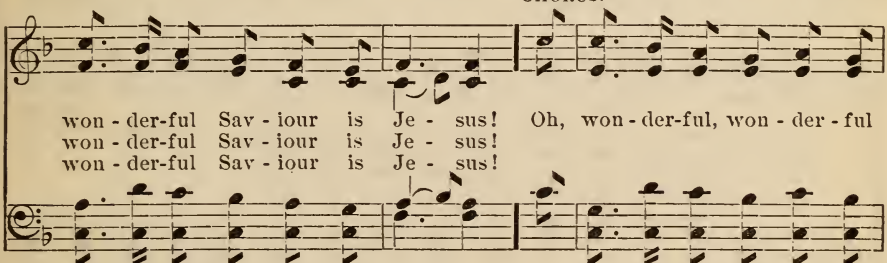


1. In the dark night of sor-row my Je - sus ap-pears, His glo-ri-ous pres-ence dis-
 2. I love Him be-cause He has first lov-ed me, From sin's cru-el bon-dage He
 3. When grace shall have ended, and glo-ry be-gun, I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah! the

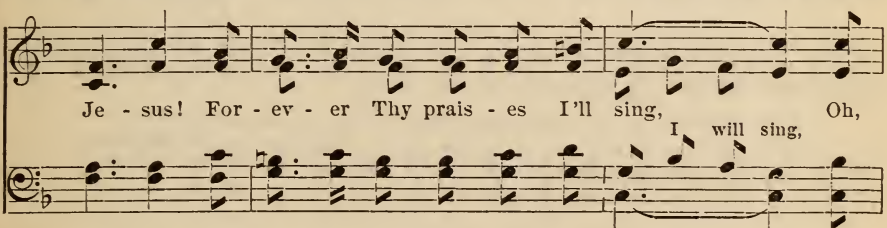


pels all my fears, His own loving hand wipes a-way all my tears, What a
 now sets me free, Whereas, I was blind-ed, lo! now I can see; What a
 vic-try is won, Redeemed thro' the blood of the well-beloved Son; What a

CHORUS.



won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus! Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful
 won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus!
 won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus!



Je-sus! For-ev-er Thy prais-es I'll sing, Oh,
 I will sing,



won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour! Re-deem-er, and Heal-er, and King!

429.

The First and the Last.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There is one a - mid all chang-es who stand-eth ev - er fast, One who
 2. There is one whose arms up-hold-eth this whole cre - a - tion vast, Yet He
 3. There is one whose love has kept us through ev-'ry storm-y blast, And His
 4. First and last O Christ we crown Thee, our fondest love Thou hast, Lord of

cov - ers all the fu - ture, the pres - ent and the past; It is
 bids us on His bos - om our cares and sor - rows cast; Let us
 hand will guard and guide us till all the storms are past; Je - sus
 lords be - fore Thy foot-stool let ev - 'ry crown be cast; Hast - en

Christ the Rock of A - ges, The first and the last. Je - sus is the
 bring them all to Je - sus, The first and the last.
 we will trust Thee ev - er, The first and the last.
 day when all shall crown Thee, The first and the last.

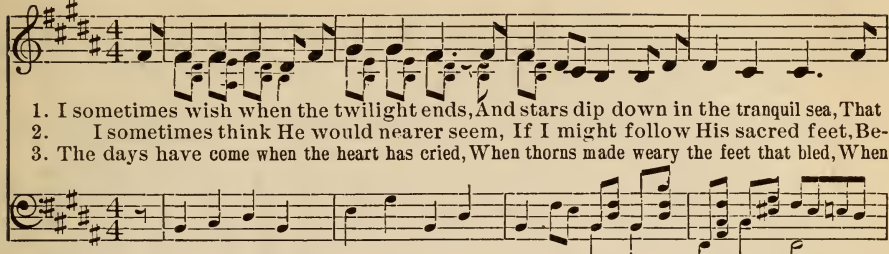
first, Je - sus is the last, Trust Him for thy fu - ture, Leave with Him the past;

Je - sus is the first, Je - sus is the last, Christ the Rock of Ages, The first and the last.

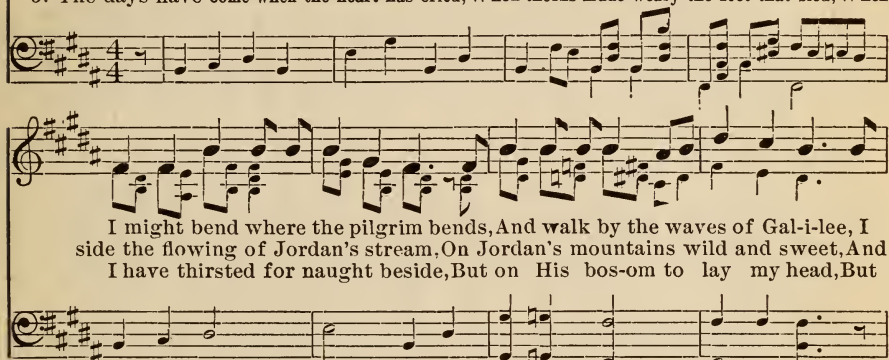
Jesus of Nazareth.

Mrs. E. V. BLAKE.

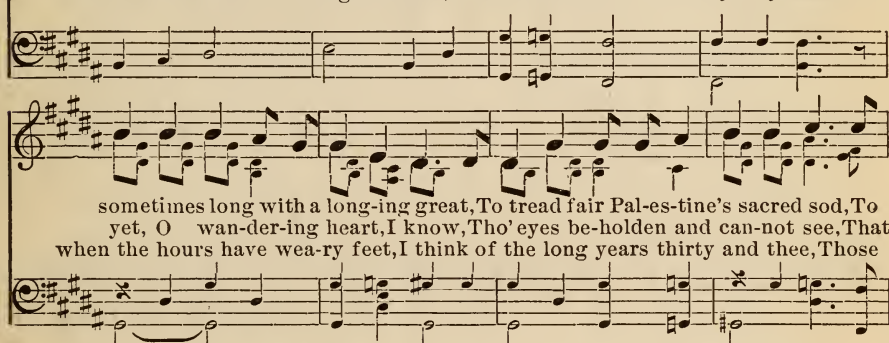
R. KELSO CARTER.



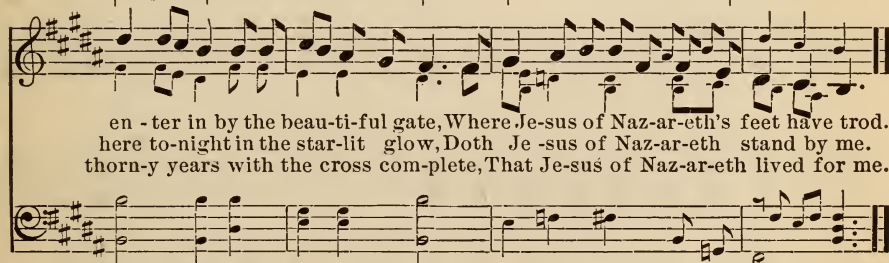
1. I sometimes wish when the twilight ends, And stars dip down in the tranquil sea, That
 2. I sometimes think He would nearer seem, If I might follow His sacred feet, Be-
 3. The days have come when the heart has cried, When thorns made weary the feet that bled, When



I might bend where the pilgrim bends, And walk by the waves of Gal-i-lee, I
 side the flowing of Jordan's stream, On Jordan's mountains wild and sweet, And
 I have thirsted for naught beside, But on His bos-om to lay my head, But



sometimes long with a long-ing great, To tread fair Pal-es-tine's sacred sod, To
 yet, O wan-der-ing heart, I know, Tho' eyes be-holden and can-not see, That
 when the hours have wea-ry feet, I think of the long years thirty and thee, Those



en - ter in by the beau-ti-ful gate, Where Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth's feet have trod.
 here to-night in the star-lit glow, Doth Je - sus of Naz-ar-eth stand by me.
 thorn-y years with the cross com-plete, That Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth lived for me.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 Then bear me up from the things of time,
 Uplift my being, Eternal Hand!
 And grant my vision the view sublime,
 Across the plains to the Promised Land;
 And oh! thou heart, that hath borne the
 sting, [tree,
 Dear feet, nail-pierced to the rugged
 Enfold my soul in Thy brooding wing,
 And Jesus of Nazareth walk with me.

5 Yes, walk with me, if the way be long,
 The sunset-glory the end will crown,
 And sweet will hover the angel's song,
 Across the waters when I go down;
 No more to sorrow, no more to sin,
 And sinning, wander astray from Thee,
 So, when I enter the morning in,
 Dear Jesus of Nazareth wait for me.

431.

No More Sorrow.

[GENERAL.]

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There shall be no more cry - ing, There shall be no more pain,
 2. Hearts that by death were riv - en, Meet in e - ter - nal love;
 3. Sa - tan shall tempt us nev - er, Sin shall o'er - come no more;
 4. Je - sus shall be our glo - ry, Je - sus our heav - en shall be;

There shall be no more dy - ing, There shall be no more stain.
 Lives on the al - tar giv - en Rise to their crowns a - bove.
 Joy shall a - bide for - ev - er, Sor - row and grief be o'er.
 Je - sus shall be our sto - ry, Je - sus who died for me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, our watch we are keep - ing, Longing for Thee to come;

Then shall be end - ed our night of weeping, Then we shall reach our home.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

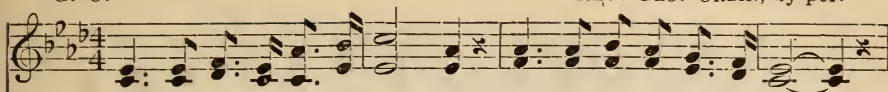
5 Hasten, sweet morn of gladness,
 Hasten, dear Lord we pray;
 Finish this night of sadness,
 Hasten the heavenly day.

6 Jesus is coming surely
 Jesus is coming soon:
 O let us walk so purely,
 O let us keep our crown.

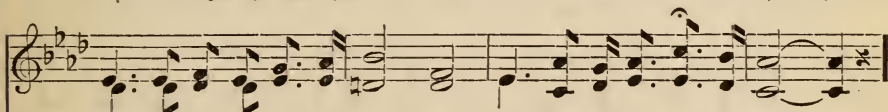
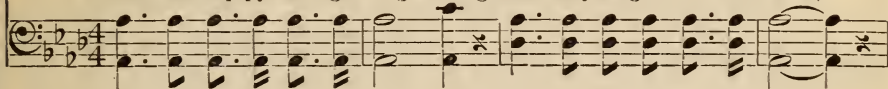
Golden City.

G. O.

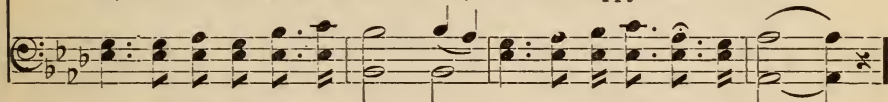
REV. GEO. ORBIN, by per.



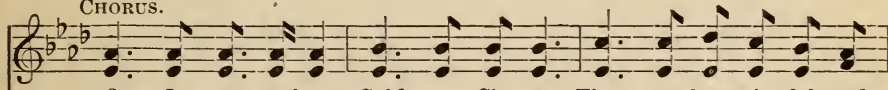
1. In the cit - y of the an - gels, In the mansions of the blest,
 2. All its pal - a - ces are crys - tal, All its tow - ers grandly high;
 3. There the stream of life is flow - ing, And for a - ges it has flown;
 4. There the hap - py throngs are gath'ring, And they sing of Je - sus' love;



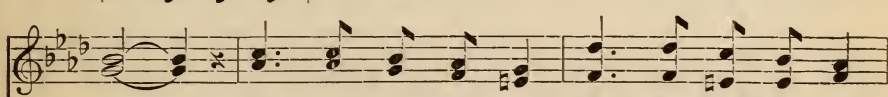
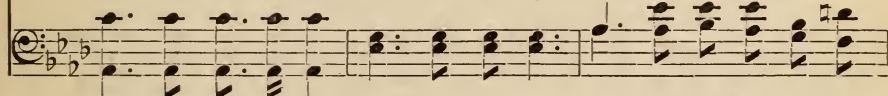
Near the throne of the Re - deem - er, Is the saints e - ter - nal rest.
 Stand - ing firm thro' all the a - ges, On the pil - lars of the sky.
 For it hath its purling fount - ain, 'Neath the ev - er - last - ing throne.
 Oh, how soon shall we be with them, In their happy home a - bove.



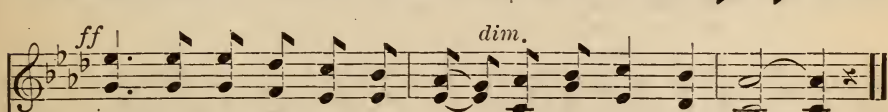
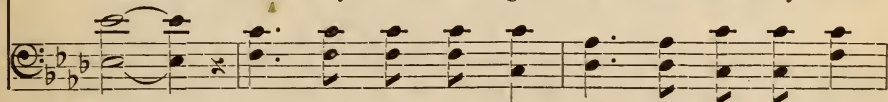
CHORUS.



O Je - ru - sa - lem, Gold - en Cit - y, Thou art beau - ti - ful and



fair. There my friends have gone o - ver one by one.



O Je - ru - sa - lem, I long to be ev - er there.



433.

O Settle it All with Jesus.

[GENERAL.]

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. O doubting, struggling Christ-ian, Why thus in an - guish pray? O
 2. Give up thy will to Je - sus, And trust Him tho' He slay; Hush
 3. O soul so toss'd with tem - pest, Up - on His prom - ise stay; Cast
 4. Lord, I give up the strug - gle, To Thee com - mit my way; I

cease to doubt and strug - gle, There is a bet - ter way.
 all Thy fears and ques - tions, And set - tle it to - day.
 out faith's strong sheet an - chor, And set - tle it to - day.
 trust Thy word for - ev - er, And set - tle it to - day.

CHORUS.

O set - tle it all with Je - sus, O set - tle it all to - day; O

cease to doubt and strug - gle, O cease to plead and pray; O

rest in His word for - ev - er, And set - tle it all to - day.

God be with you.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. xvi: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threatning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

From "Gospel Beils," by per.

435. Asleep in Jesus! L. M.

Tune, Tallis' Evening Hymn, p. 48.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wake to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

436.

Herald Angels. 7. D.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new born King; Peace on
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Veiled in

earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled." Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise!
flesh the Godhead see; Hail, in - car - nate De - i - ty! Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!

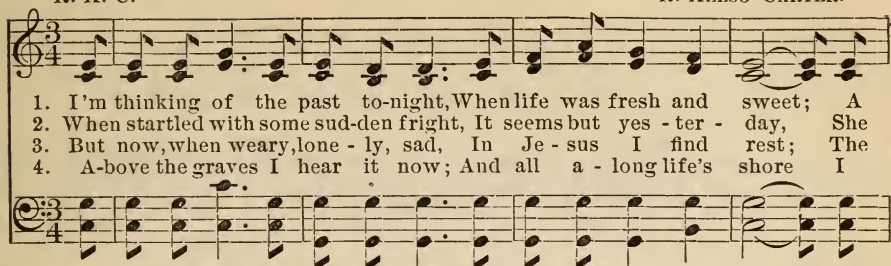
Join the triumphs of the skies; With angelic hosts proclaim "Christ is born in Bethle -
Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His

hem!" With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
wings, Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.

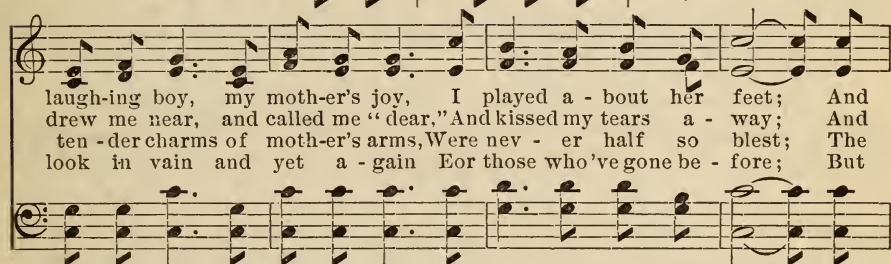
The Old-Time Song.

R. K. C.

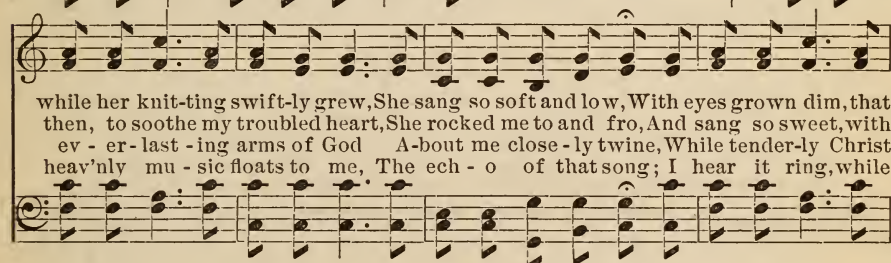
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. I'm thinking of the past to-night, When life was fresh and sweet; A
 2. When startled with some sud-den fright, It seems but yes - ter - day, She
 3. But now, when weary, lone - ly, sad, In Je - sus I find rest; The
 4. A - bove the graves I hear it now; And all a - long life's shore I

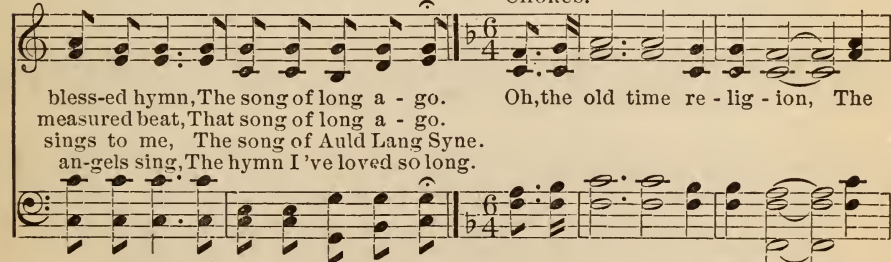


laugh-ing boy, my moth-er's joy, I played a - bout her feet; And
 drew me near, and called me "dear," And kissed my tears a - way; And
 ten - der charms of moth-er's arms, Were nev - er half so blest; The
 look in vain and yet a - gain For those who've gone be - fore; But

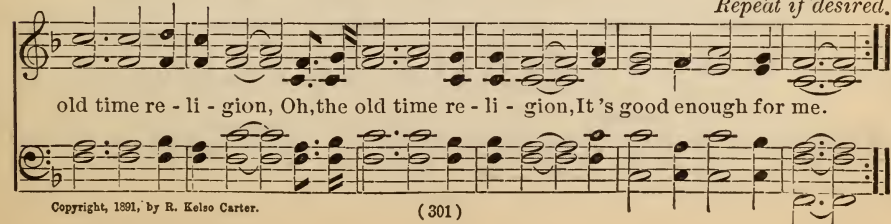


while her knit-ting swift-ly grew, She sang so soft and low, With eyes grown dim, that
 then, to soothe my troubled heart, She rocked me to and fro, And sang so sweet, with
 ev - er - last - ing arms of God A - bout me close - ly twine, While tender-ly Christ
 heav'nly mu - sic floats to me, The ech - o of that song; I hear it ring, while

CHORUS.



bless-ed hymn, The song of long a - go. Oh, the old time re - lig - ion, The
 measured beat, That song of long a - go.
 sings to me, The song of Auld Lang Syne.
 an-gels sing, The hymn I've loved so long.

Repeat if desired.


old time re - li - gion, Oh, the old time re - li - gion, It's good enough for me.

438.

Here and There.

L. HUNT.

A. B. WINCH.



1. Here is the sorrow, the sighing, Here are the clouds and the night,
 2. Here is the fad-ing, the wasting, The foe that so watchful-ly waits,
 3. Here are the locks growing hoary, The glass with the vanish-ing sands,

 The first vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below.

Here is the sickness, the dy-ing, There are the life and the light,
 There are the hills ev - er - last-ing, The cit - y with beauti - ful gates,
 There are the crowns and the glory, The house that is not made with hands,

 The second vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below.

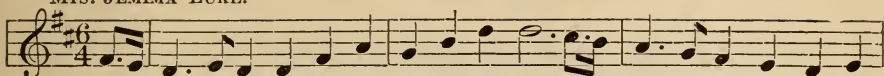
p *mf rit.*
 Here is the sickness, the dy - ing, There are the life and the light.
 There are the hills ev - er - last - ing, The cit - y with beauti - ful gates.
 There are the crowns and the glo-ry, The house that is not made with hands.

 The final vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below, ending with a double bar line.

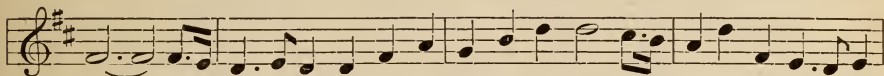
439.

I Think When I Read.

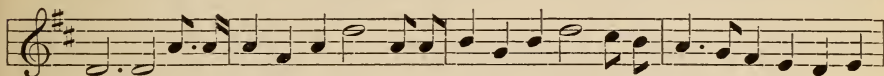
MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.



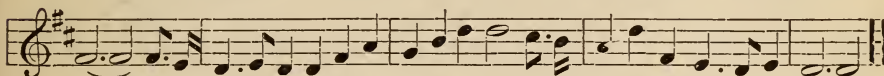
1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong
 2. Yet still to His foot stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share of His



men, How He called little children as lambs to the fold, I should like to have been with Him
 love; And if I thus ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a-



then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around
 bove, In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and for-



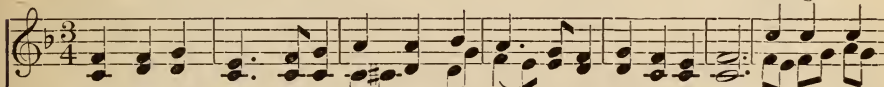
me, That I might have seen His kind look when said, "Let the little ones come un-to me."
 given; And ma-ny dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

440.

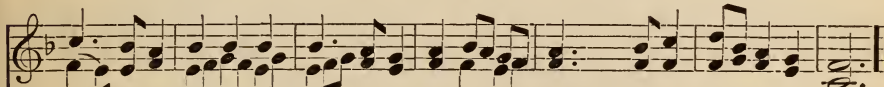
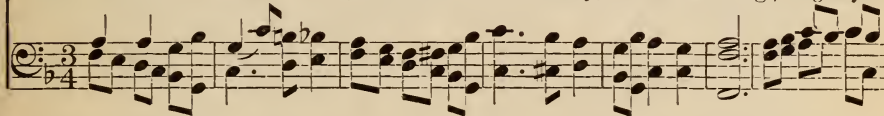
America.

S. F. SMITH.

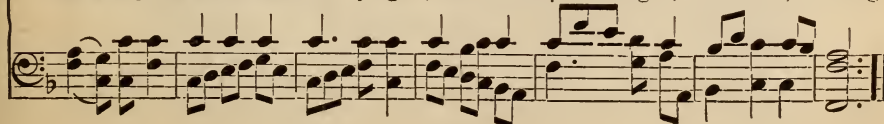
Arranged.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our father's God! to thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our



fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that above.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



441.

Sailing into Harbor.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Slow.

1. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, Sail - ing o'er a troub - led
 2. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, Broth - ers hear the Lord de -
 3. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, And the day is sink - ing
 4. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, And from out the gold - en

sea, Storms and tem - pests sweep around us, Shoals and rocks are on the
 clare; There will be no griefs nor sor - rows, No more tri - als, no more
 low, But the bea - con - lights of heav - en, Bright - ly o'er the wa - ters
 gate, We can hear the an - gel's ves - pers, As the storms of life a -

lee; With our chart and log and com - pass, Held by
 care; No more pain and no more cry - ing, List - en,
 glow; Soon we'll cross the bar for - ev - er, Safe be -
 bate; Gold - en glo - ries from the cit - y, Slant a -

faith's dead reck - on - ing, Home - ward bound we're swift - ly
 for the Sav - iour saith, "No more sick - ness no more
 yond the swell - ing tide, In the long - de - sir - ed
 thwart the heav - en's dome, And each balm - y sun - set

ritard.

sail - ing, To the cit - y of the King.
 suf - fring, No more part - ing, no more death."
 hav - en, An - chored fast, se - cure - ly ride.
 zeph - yr, Whis - pers "one day near - er home."

rit.

442.

Home Longing.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

REV. W. A. SPENCER, D.D., BY PER.

1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful shel - tring dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I flee for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I'll suf - fer on my three-score years, Till my De - liv - 'rer come

When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home.
 This world's a wil - der - ness of love, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - ducts me home.
 To wipe a - way the cap - tive's tears, And take His ex - ile home.

CHORUS.

Home sweet home, home sweet home, Oh, how I long for thee.

Home sweet home, home sweet home, In heav'n my home shall be,

Copyright, 1890, by W. A. Spencer.

443. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy and peace in thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built
 walls,
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend?

Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbath has no end?

- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's
 Nor sin nor sorrow know: [bloom,
 Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

444.

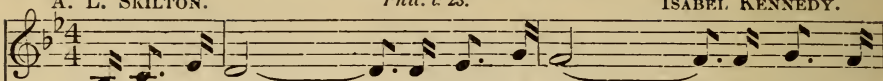
At Home With Thee.

[GENERAL.]

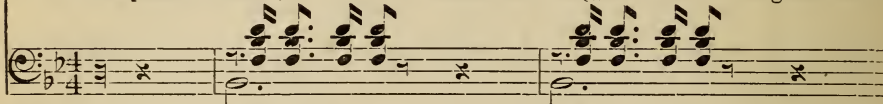
A. L. SKILTON.

Phil. i. 23.

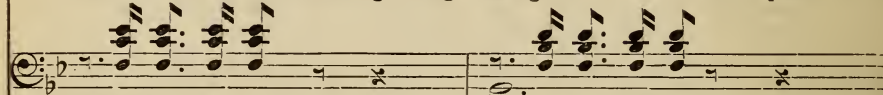
ISABEL KENNEDY.



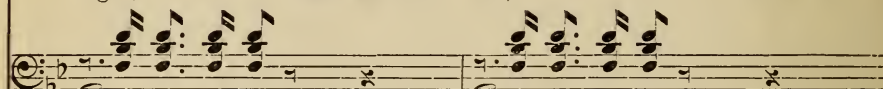
1. The jas - per walls, . . . the streets of gold, . . . The pear - ly
 2. The star-ry crown, . . . the gold - en shore, . . . The lov - ing
 3. The tearless eyes, . . . the crim - son tide, . . . The tree of
 4. The pure in heart, . . . of whom we sing, . . . The gold - en



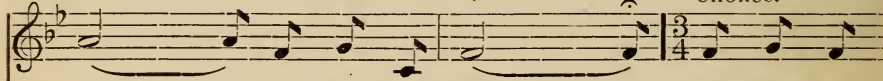
gates, . . . The joy un - told, . . . The an - gels'
 friends . . . Who've gone be - fore, . . . The pal - ace
 life, . . . The cru - ci - fied . . . The ho - ly
 throne, . . . The reign - ing King, . . . The pure de -



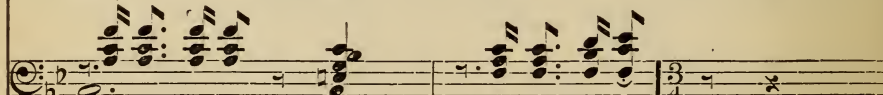
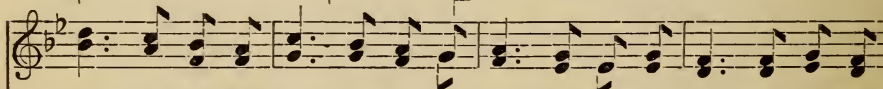
songs, . . . the crys - tal sea, . . . All make me
 bright . . . just o'er the sea, . . . All now in -
 thron'g . . . a - wait - ing me, . . . All make me
 light, . . . that waits for me, . . . All now in -



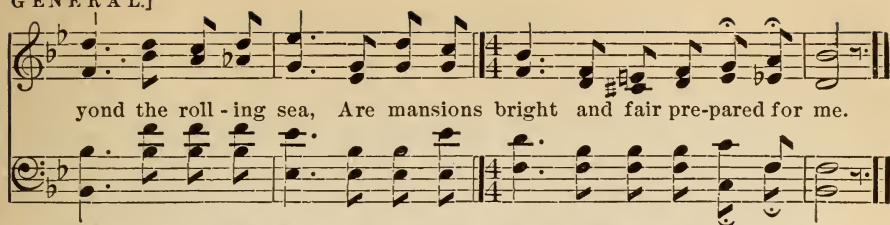
CHORUS.



long. . . . to be with Thee. . . . At home with
 vite, . . . me home to Thee. . . .
 long, . . . to be with Thee. . . .
 vite, . . . me home to Thee. . . .

Thee, at home with Thee, O Je - sus Lord, I long to be; Far, far be -

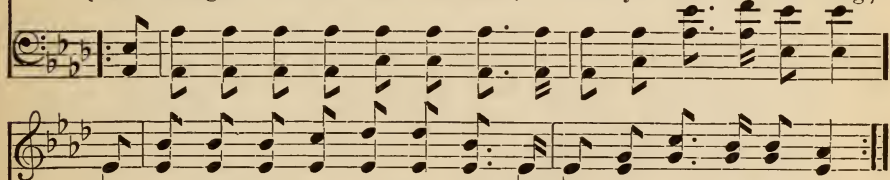
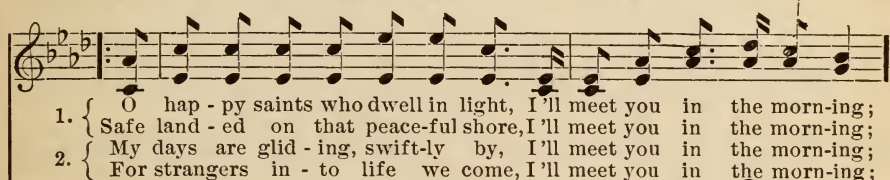
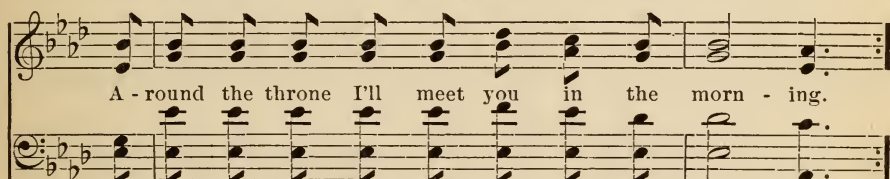
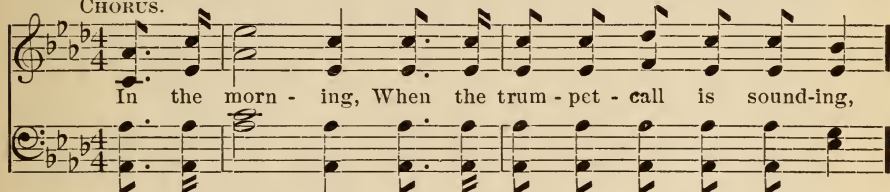


445. I'll Meet You in the Morning.

Chorus by R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

CHORUS.



Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

3 Come on, my partners in distress,
Companions in this wilderness,
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears.

4 When I can read my title clear,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
Then I shall bathe my weary soul,
And not a wave of trouble roll.

446. Jesus the Rock of Ages.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Rock of Ho-reb riven for me, By the law's a-veng-ing rod, Flowing from thy
 2. Following Rock, from day to day, Sending forth on every hand, Riv-ers all a -
 3. Shadowing Rock in weary lands, Let me rest beneath Thy shade, Traveling o'er the

cleft I see, Calvary's sin - a - ton-ing flood. And I wash my crimson stains
 long the way, Un - der-neath the des-ert sand, O - pen deep a liv - ing well
 burn-ing sands, Shelter my defenceless head. Covert from the tem-pest rude,

Whit - er than the wool and snow, While the cleansing wa - ters roll,
 Where Thy hid - den fountains flow, Ev - er near Thee let me dwell,
 Ref - uge 'mid the rag - ing tide, Fort-ress when by foes pur-sued,

CHORUS.

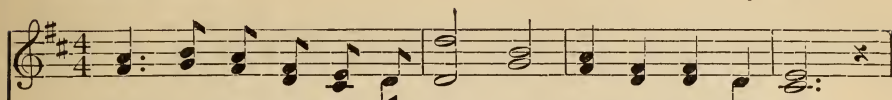
And the liv-ing fountains flow. Wonderful Rock, glorious Rock, Jesus the Rock of
 As I through the desert go.
 Let me in Thy bo-som hide.

A - ges; Won-der-ful Rock, glo - ri - ous Rock, Je - sus the Rock of A - ges.

How I Love to Tell the Story.

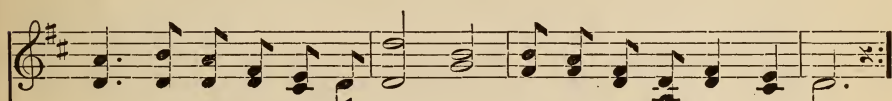
R. KELSO CARTER.

S. C. FOSTER.* Arr. by R. K. C.

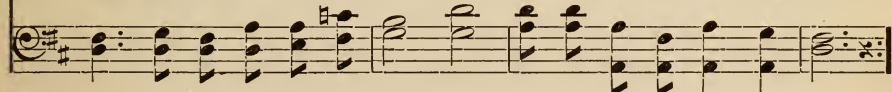


1. { How I love to tell the sto - ry Of the cleansing flood;
When in sin and con-dem-na - tion, Wand'ring, tem-pest-tossed;

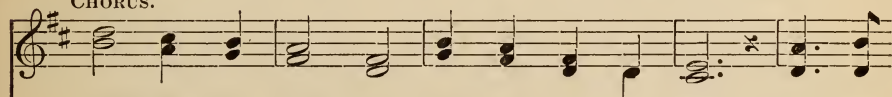
2. { I re-mem-ber when He found me, Lost and dead in sin;
Gave me rich-es with-out meas-ure, Nev-er-fail-ing grace;



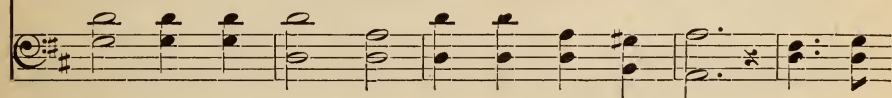
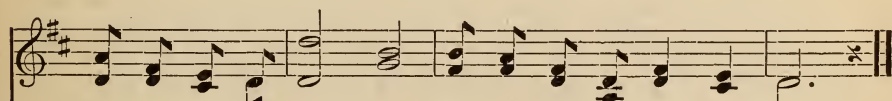
Je - sus left His home in glo - ry, Bought me with His pre-cious blood.
Je - sus, bear-ing full sal - va - tion, Came to seek and save the lost.
Put His arms of love a-round me, Gave me joy and peace with-in.
Filled my soul with ho - ly pleas - ure, In the sunshine of His face.



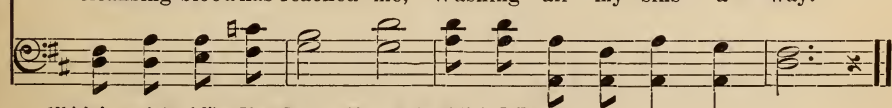
CHORUS.



Down at the cross For - ev - er let me stay; For the

cleansing blood has reached me, Washing all my sins a - way.



*Melody by permission of Oliver Ditson Company. Words copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

3 Close to Jesus I'm abiding,
Walking in the light;
In His shadow I am hiding,
Guided by His grace aright;

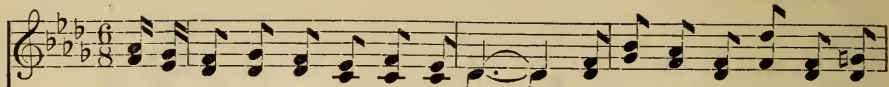
From His presence parted never,
In the realms above,
With the ransomed hosts forever,
I'll tell of His redeeming love.

448.

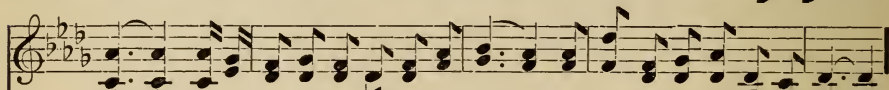
The Fountain of Life.

A. B. S.

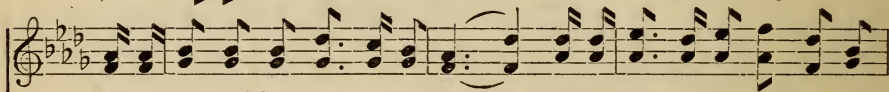
A. B. SIMPSON.



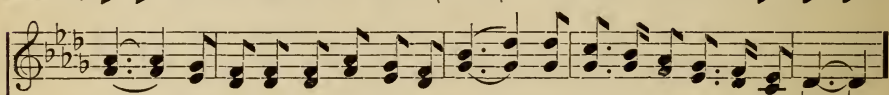
1. I have come to the Fountain of Life, A fountain that flows from a-
 2. I have come to the Fountain of Blood, That for guilt and un-cleanness doth
 3. I have come to the Fountain of Health, A boundless and end-less sup -



bove. I have passed from the waters of strife, And come to the Elim of love.
 flow, I have wash'd in its sin cleansing flood, And my garments are whiter than snow.
 ply, 'Tis a secret, man's wisdom or wealth Can never dis-cov-er or buy.

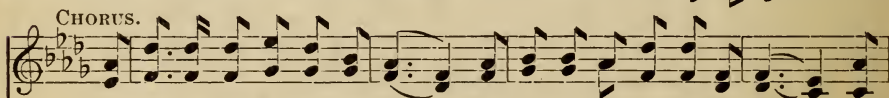


I have drunk of Sa - ma - ri - a's well, In the depths of my be - ing it
 I count not my righteousness mine, 'Tis Je - sus that lives in my
 But the se - cret my Lord hath re - vealed In the fountain that flows from His

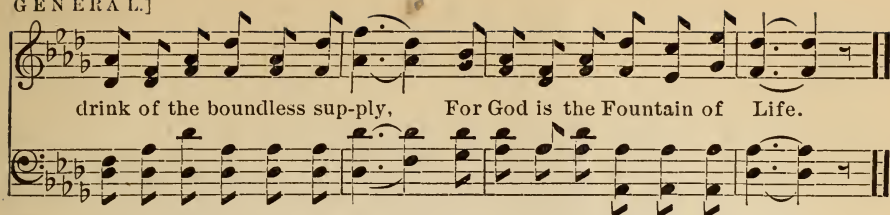


springs. No mortal can measure or tell The gladness the Comforter brings.
 soul; I partake of His na - ture divine, And in Him I am perfectly whole.
 side, In the stripes by whose pain we are healed; In Himself as He comes to abide.

CHORUS.



Oh, come to the Fountain of Life, The fountain that nev - er runs dry; Oh,



4 I have come to the Fountain of Love,
He fills all the springs of my heart,
Enthroned all others above,
Our friendship no power can part;
And so long as the fountain is full,
The streams without measure must flow,
And the love that He pours in my soul
To others in blessing must go.

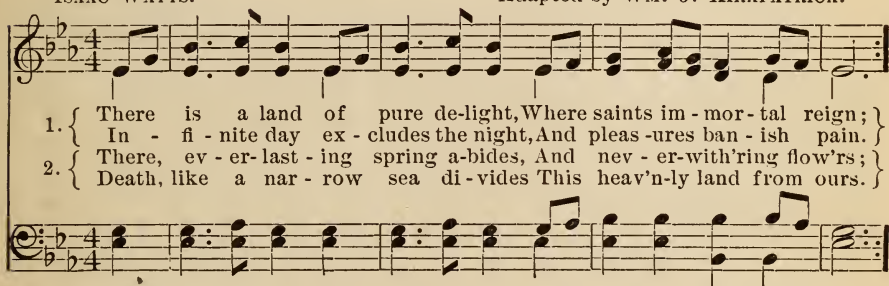
5 I have come to the Fountain of Joy,
His joy is the strength of my heart.
My delight is unmixed with alloy,
My sunshine can never depart;
The fig tree may wither and die,
Earth's pleasure and prospects decline,
But my fountains can never be dry,
My portion, my joy is divine.

449.

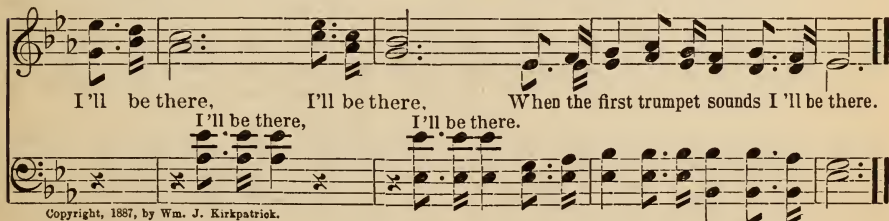
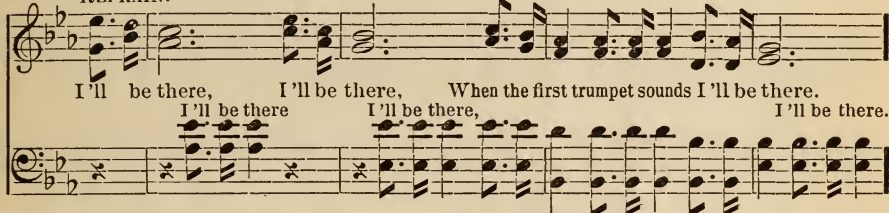
I'll be There.

ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

450.

Harvest Time.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D.D.

1. The seed I have scat-tered in spring-time with weep-ing, And watered with
 2. An - oth - er may reap what in spring-time I've plant-ed, An - oth - er re -
 3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer suns blast-ed The most of the

tears and with dews from on high; An - oth - er may shout when the
 joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know - ing my tears when in
 seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my

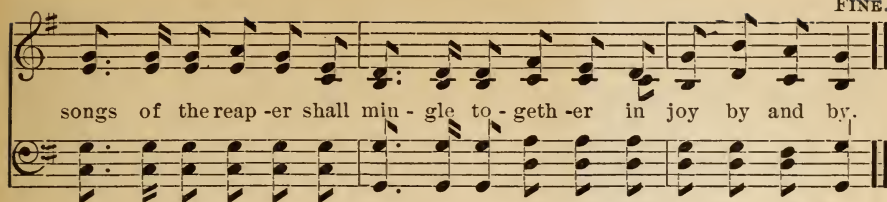
har - vest-er's reap - ing, Shall gath - er my grain in the "sweet by and by."
 sum - mer I faint-ed While toil - ing sad-heart-ed in sun-sline and rain.
 wea - ry toil last-ed Will give me a har-vest for what I have done.

CHORUS

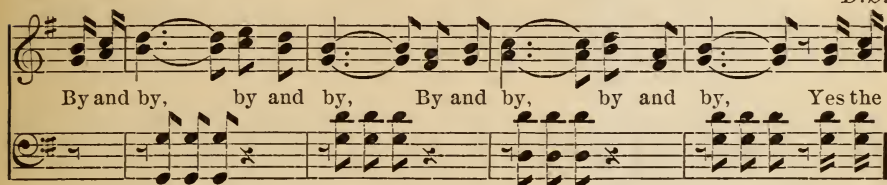
O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced

through with life's sor-row - ing cry, But the tears of the sow - er and

FINE.



D.S.

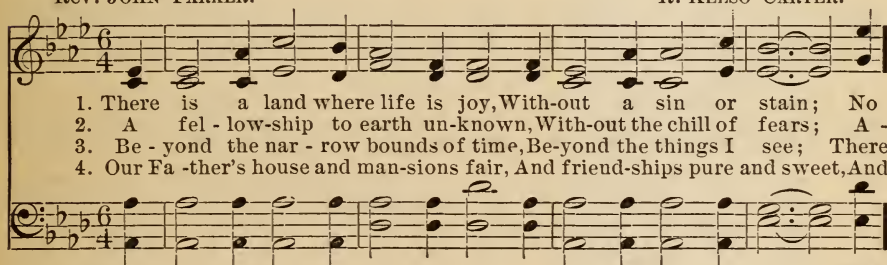


451.

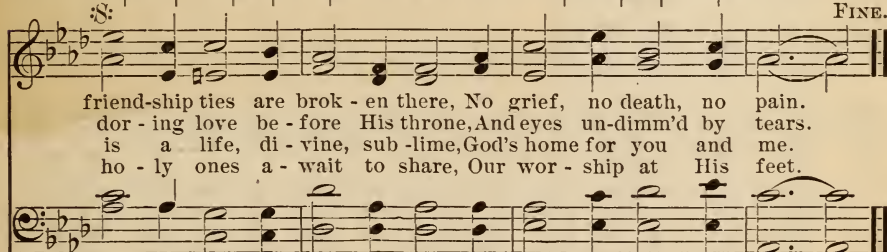
There is a Land.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

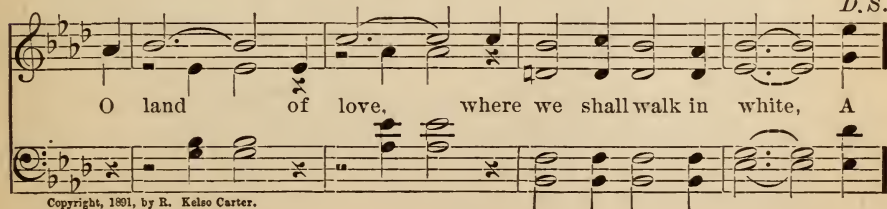


FINE.



CHO.—roy - al wel - come waits us there if faith - ful in the fight.

D.S.

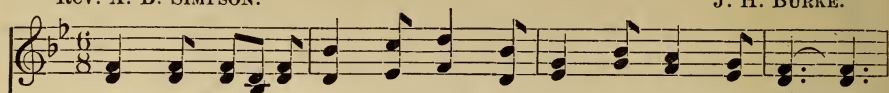


Copyright, 1901, by R. Kelso Carter.

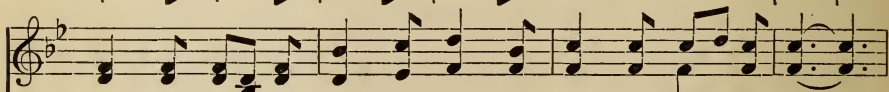
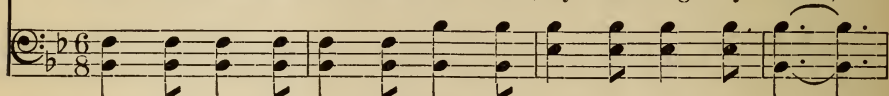
452. Yesterday, To-day, Forever.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

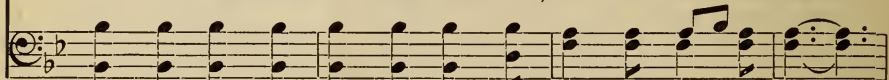
J. H. BURKE.



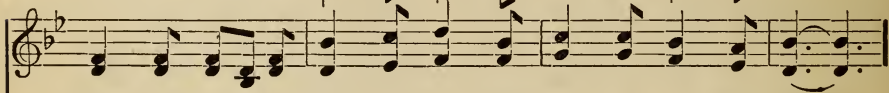
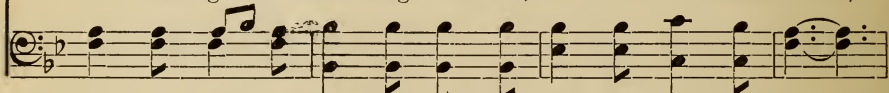
1. O, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;
2. He who was the friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee lost one now;
3. He that pardoned err - ing Pe - ter, Thou need -'st not fear;
4. Oft on earth He healed the suf - frer, By His might - y hand;



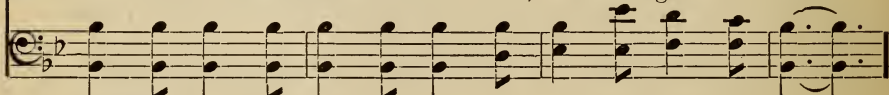
Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.
 Sin - ner, come, and at His foot - stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.
 He that came to faith - less Thom - as, All thy doubt will clear.
 Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows, Go at His com - mand.



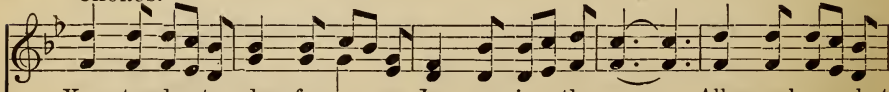
Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;
 He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more;"
 He who let the loved dis - ci - ple, On His bo - som rest,
 He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue, To a wo - man's touch;



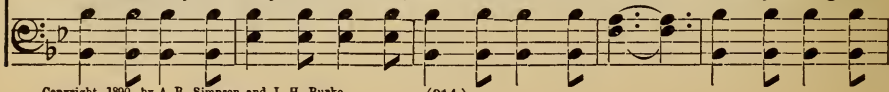
Cheer the mourner, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!
 Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.
 Bids thee still, with love as ten - der, Lean up - on His breast.
 To the faith that claims His full - ness, Still will give as much.



CHORUS.



Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same. All may change, but



Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name.

Glo - ry to His name, All may change, but Jesus never! Glo - ry to His name.

5 He who 'mid the raging billows,
Walked upon the sea;
Still can hush our wildest tempest,
As on Galilee.
He who wept and prayed in anguish,
In Gethsemane.
Drinks with us each cup of trembling,
In our agony.

6 As of old He walked to Emmaus,
With them to abide;
So through all life's way He walketh,
Ever near our side.
Soon again we shall behold Him,
Hasten, Lord, the day!
But 't will still be "this same Jesus,"
As He went away.

453.

The Lord's Prayer.

(CHANT.)

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for - ever. A - MEN.

454.

The Days of Heaven.

A. B. SIMPSON.

Arr. by R. K. C.

1. The days of Heav'n are peace-ful days, Still as yon glass-y sea; So
 2. The days of Heav'n are ho - ly days, From sin for - ev - er free; So
 3. The days of Heav'n are hap - py days, Sor - row they nev - er see; So

calm, so still in God, our days As days of Heav'n would be.
 cleans'd and kept our days, O Lord, As the days of Heav'n would be.
 full of glad - ness all our days As the days of Heav'n would be.

as Thy will is done in Heaven, On earth so shall it be.

D.S.

Walk with us, Lord, thro' all the days, And let us walk with Thee; Till

Copyright, 1890, by A. B. Simpson.

- 4 The days of Heaven are healthful days,
 They feed on life's fair tree;
 So feeding on Thy strength, O Christ,
 Our days as Heaven may be.
- 5 The days of Heaven are endless days,
 Days of eternity;
 So may our lives and works endure,
 While the days of Heaven shall be.

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts, and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

455. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

"Being knit together in love."—Col. iii: 2.

Key, F.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;

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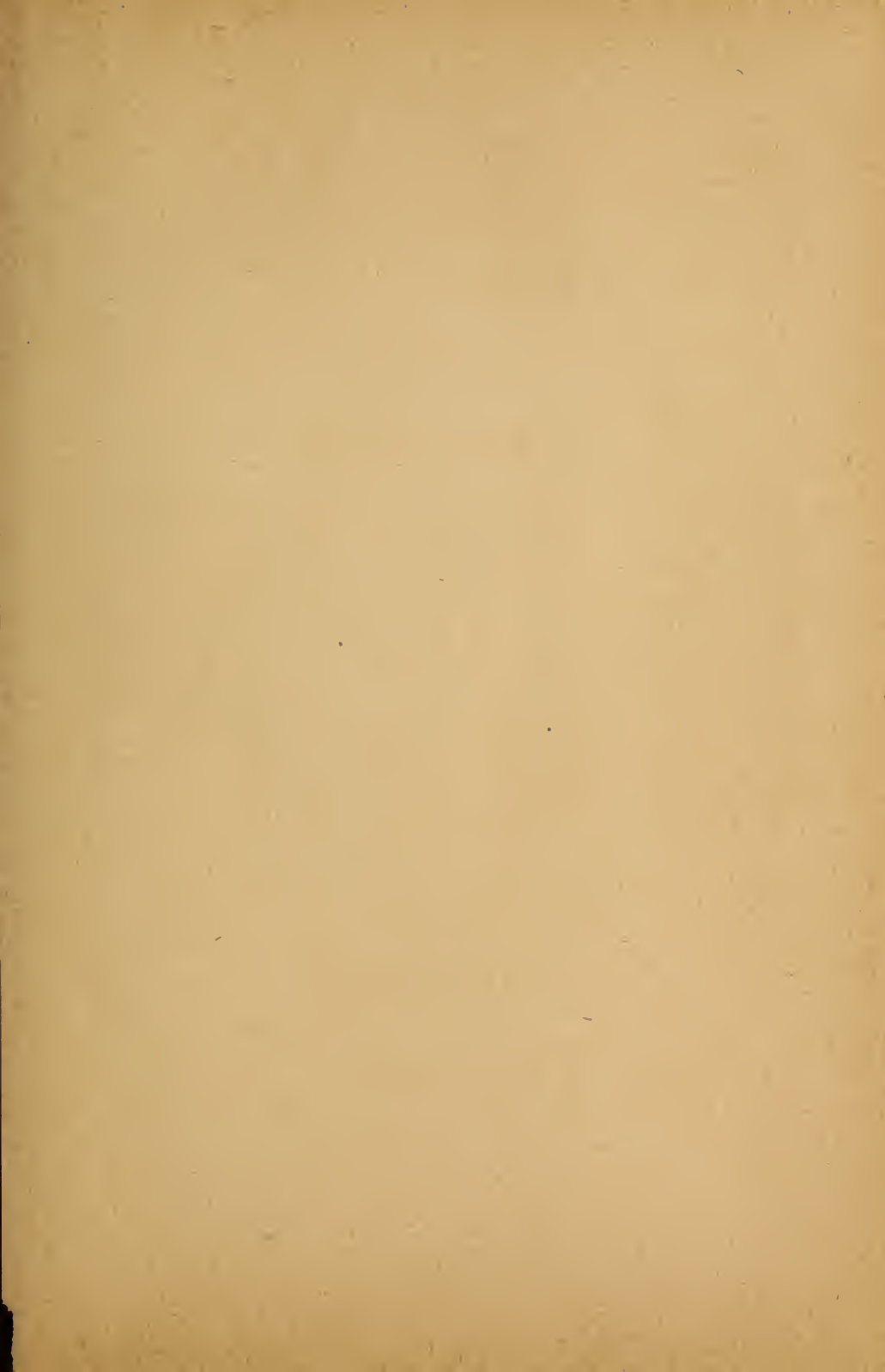
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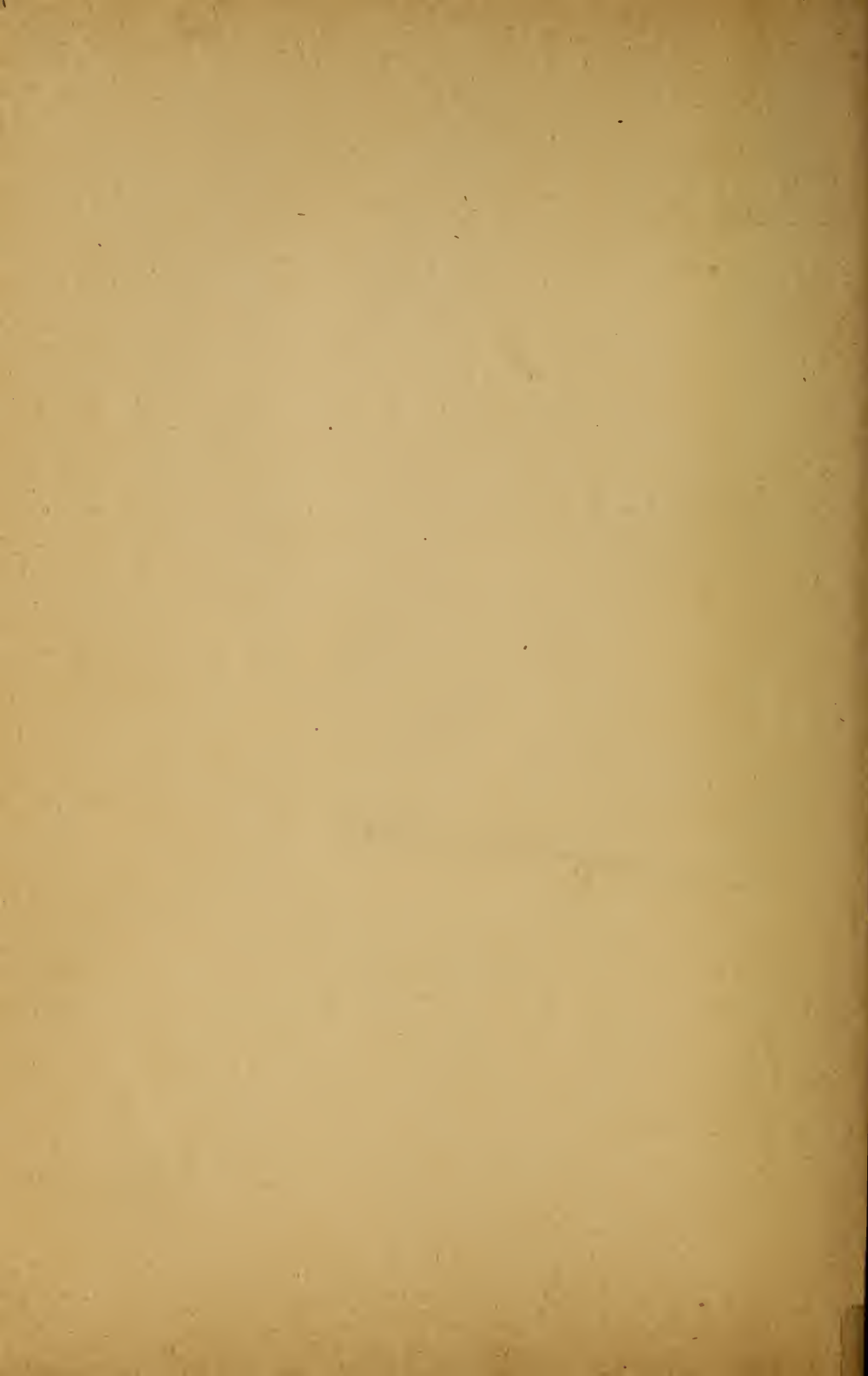
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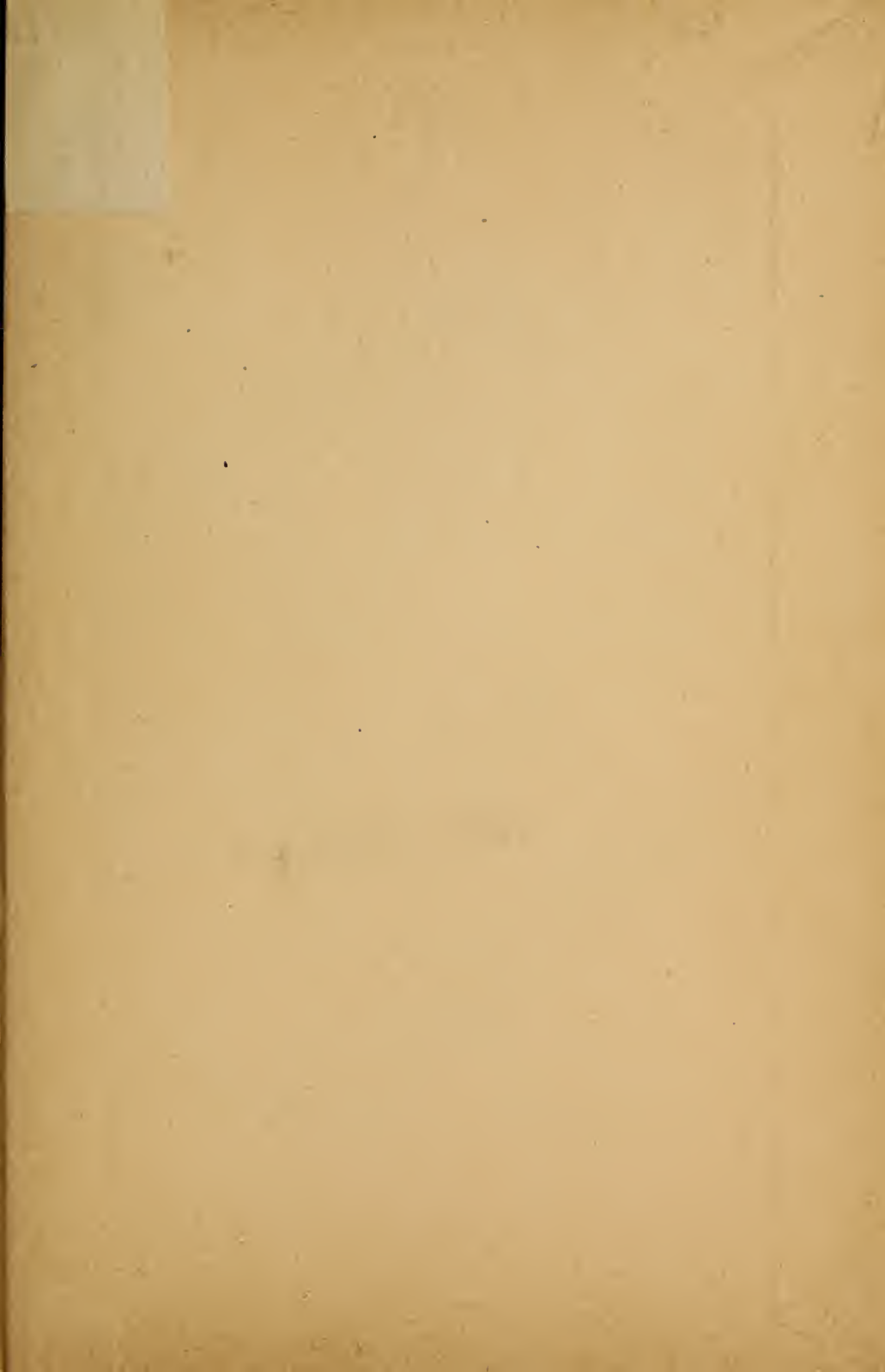
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